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UP

Since LIFE is a LADDER which some have to climb

REAL LIFE IN LONDON

View of London from the Adelphi Terrace
and the Lord Mayors Show by Water

London Published by Jones & Co. Dec. 15. 1821.

Since **LIFE** *is a* **LADDER** *which some have to climb*
From the beginning to the end of Time

REAL LIFE in LONDON.

Vol: 2.

View of London from the Adelphi Terrace

and the Lord Mayors Show by Water.

London Published by Jones & Co.ª Dec.ª 15. 1821

REAL

LIFE IN LONDON;

OR, THE FURTHER

RAMBLES AND ADVENTURES

OF

BOB TALLYHO, ESQ.

AND HIS COUSIN,

THE HON. TOM DASHALL, &c.

THROUGH THE

METROPOLIS;

EXHIBITING A LIVING PICTURE OF FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, AND AMUSEMENTS

IN

HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

BY AN AMATEUR.

EMBELLISHED AND ILLUSTRATED

With a Series of Coloured Prints,

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY MESSRS. HEATH, ALKEN, DIGHTON, BROOKE, ROWLANDSON, &c.

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REAL

LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAP. I.

With what unequal tempers are we form'd!
One day the soul, elate and satisfied,
Revels secure, and fondly tells herself
The hour of evil can return no more:
The next, the spirit, pall'd and sick of riot,
Turns all to discord, and we hate our being,
Curse our past joys, and think them folly all.

MATTER and motion, say Philosophers, are inseparable, and the doctrine appears equally applicable to the human mind. Our country Squire, anxious to testify a grateful sense of the attentions paid him during his London visit, had assiduously exerted himself since his return, in contributing to the pleasures and amusements of his visitors: and Belville Hall presented a scene of festive hospitality, at once creditable to its liberal owner, and gratifying to the numerous gentry of the surrounding neighbourhood.

But however varied and numerous the sports and recreations of rural life, however refined and select the circle of its society, they possessed not the endless round of metropolitan amusement, nor those ever-varying delights produced amid "the busy hum of men," where every street is replete with incident and character, and every hour fraught with adventure.

Satiety had now evidently obtruded itself amid the party, and its attendants, lassitude and restlessness, were not long in bringing up the rear. The impression already made upon the mind of Bob by the cursory view he had taken of Life in London was indelible, and it required little persuasion on the part of his cousin, the Hon. Tom Dashall, to induce him again to return to scenes of so much delight, and which afforded such inexhaustible stores of amusement to an ardent and youthful curiosity.

A return to the Metropolis having therefore been mutually agreed upon, and every previous arrangement being completed, the Squire once more abdicated for a season his paternal domains, and accompanied by his cousin Dashall, and the whole *ci-devant* party of Belville Hall, arrived safe at the elegant mansion of the latter, where they planned a new system of perambulation, having for its object a further investigation of manners, characters, objects, and incidents, connected with Real Life in London.

"Come," cried DASHALL, one fine morning, starting up immediately after breakfast—

"—— rouse for fresh game, and away let us haste,
The regions to roam of *wit, fashion,* and *taste;*
Like *Quixotte* in quest of adventures set out,
And learn what the crowds in the streets are about;
And laugh when we must, and approve when we can,
Where LONDON displays ev'ry feature of man."

"The numerous hotels, bagnios, taverns, inns, coffee-houses, eating-houses, lodging-houses, &c. in endless variety, which meet the eye in all parts of the metropolis, afford an infinite choice of accommodation, as well to the temporary sojourner as the permanent resident; where may be obtained the necessaries and luxuries of life, commensurate with your means of payment, from one shilling to a guinea for a dinner, and from sixpence to thirty shillings a night for a lodging!

"The stranger recommended to one of these hotels, who regales himself after the fatigues of a journey with moderate refreshment, retires to rest, and preparing to depart in the morning, is frequently surprised at the longitudinal appearance and sum total of his bill, wherein every item is individually stated, and at a rate enormously extravagant. Remonstrance is unavailable; the charges are those *common to the house,* and in failure of payment your luggage is under detention, without the means of redress; ultimately the bill must be paid, and the only consolation left is, that you have acquired a useful, though

expensive lesson, how to guard in future against similar exaction and inconvenience."*

---

* *Marlborough Street.*—Yesterday, Mrs. Hickinbottom, the wife of Mr. Hickinbottom, the keeper of the St. Petersburgh Hotel in Dover Street, Piccadilly, appeared to a summons to answer the complaint of a gentleman for unlawfully detaining his luggage under the following circumstances: The complainant stated, that on Thursday evening last, on his arrival in town from Aberdeen, he went to the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly; but the house being full, he was recommended to the St. Petersburgh Hotel in Dover Street; where, having taken some refreshment and wrote a letter, he went to bed, and on the following morning after breakfast, he desired the waiter to bring him his bill, which he did, and the first item that presented itself was the *moderate* charge of one pound ten shillings for his bed; and then followed, amongst many others, sixpence for a pen, a shilling for wax, a shilling for the light, and two and sixpence for other lights; so that the bill amounted in the whole to the sum of two pounds one shilling for his night's lodging! To this very exorbitant charge he had refused to submit; in consequence of which he had been put to great inconvenience by the detention of his luggage. The magistrate animadverted with much severity on such extravagant charges on the part of the tavern-keeper, and advised that upon the gentleman paying fifteen shillings, the things might be immediately delivered up. To these terms, however, Mrs. Hickinbottom refused to accede, adding at the same time, that the gentleman had only been charged the regular prices of the house, and that she should insist upon the whole amount of the bill being paid, for that the persons who were in the habit of coming to their house never objected to such, the regular price of their lodgings being TEN GUINEAS *per week!* The magistrate lamented that he had no power to enforce the things being given up, but he recommended the complainant to bring an action against the tavern-keeper for the detention.

These were the observations directed by DASHALL to his friend, as they passed, one morning, the *Hotel de la Sabloniere* in Leicester Square.

"Doubtless," he continued, "in those places of affluent resort, the accommodations are in the first style of excellence; yet with reference to comfort and sociability, were I a country gentleman in the habits of occasionally visiting London, my temporary domicile should be the snug domesticated Coffee-house, economical in its charges and pleasurable in the variety of its visitors, where I might, at will, extend or abridge my evening intercourse, and in the retirement of my own apartment feel myself more at home than in the vacuum of an hotel."

The attention of our perambulators, in passing through the Square, was attracted by a fine boy, apparently about eight years of age, dressed in mourning, who, at the door of Brunet's Hotel, was endeavouring with all his little strength and influence to oppose the egress of a large Newfoundland dog, that, indignant of restraint, seemed desirous in a strange land of introducing himself to canine good fellowship. The boy, whose large dark eyes were full of animation, and his countenance, though bronzed, interestingly expressive, remonstrated with the dog in the French language. "The animal does not understand you," exclaimed TALLYHO, in the vernacular idiom of the youth, "Speak to him in English." "He must be a clever

dog," answered the boy, "to know English so soon, for neither him nor I have been in England above a week, and for the first time in our lives."—"And how is it," asked TALLYHO, "that you speak the English language so fluently?" "O," said the little fellow, "my mother taught it me; she is an English woman, and for that reason I love the English, and am much fonder of talking their language than my own." There was something extremely captivating in the boy. The dog now struggling for freedom was nearly effecting his release, when the two friends interposed their assistance, and secured the pre-meditating fugitive at the moment when, to enquire the cause of the bustle, the father of the child made his appearance in the person of Field Marshal Count Bertrand.

The Count, possessing all the characteristics of a gentleman, acknowledged politely the kind attention of the strangers to his son, while, on the other hand, they returned his obeisance with the due respect excited by his uniform friendship and undeviating attachment to greatness in adversity. The discerning eye of Field Marshal Bertrand justly appreciated the superior rank of the strangers, to whom he observed, that during the short period he had then been in England, he had experienced much courtesy, of which he should always retain a gratful recollection. This accidental interview was creative of reciprocal satisfaction, and the parties separated, not without an invitation on the part

of the boy, that his newly found acquaintances would again visit the "*friends of the* EMPEROR*."

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* LINES

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE EX-EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN HIS LAST ILLNESS.

Too slowly the tide of existence recedes
For him in captivity destined to languish,
The *Exile*, abandon'd of fortune, who needs
The friendship of DEATH to obliviate his anguish.
Yet, even his last moments unmet by a sigh,
NAPOLEON THE GREAT uncomplaining shall die!

Though doom'd on thy rock, *St. Helena*, to close
My life, that once presag'd ineffable glory,
Unvisited *here* though my ashes repose,
No tablet to tell the lone *Exile's* sad story,—
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE—still shall the name
Exist on the records immortal of Fame!

Posterity, tracing the annals of *France*,
The merits will own of her potent defender;
Her greatness pre-eminent skill'd to advance,
Creating, sustaining, her zenith of splendour;
Who patroniz'd arts, and averted alarms,
Till crush'd by the *union of nations* in arms!

I YIELD TO MY FATE! nor should memory bring
One moment of fruitless and painful reflection
Of what I was lately—an EMPEROR *and* KING,
Unless for the bitter, yet fond recollection
Of those, who my heart's best endearments have won,
Remote from my death-bed—my CONSORT and SON!

Denied in their arms even to breathe my last sigh,
No relatives' solace my *exit* attending;
With strangers sojourning, 'midst strangers I die,
No tear of regret with the last duties blending.
To him, the lorn *Exile*, no obsequies paid,
Whose *fiat* a Universe lately obey'd!

"The Count," said DASHALL to his Cousin, as they pursued their walk, "remains in England until he obtains permission from the King of France to return to his native country: that such leave will be given, there is little doubt; the meritorious fidelity which the Count has uniformly exemplified to his late unfortunate and exiled Master, has obtained for him universal esteem, and the King of France is too generous to withhold, amidst the general feeling, his approbation."

Passing through Long Acre in their progress towards the British Museum, to which national establishment they had cards of admission, the two friends were intercepted in their way by a

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Make there then my tomb, where the willow trees wave,
And, far in the Island, the streamlet meanders;
If ever, by stealth, to my green grassy grave
Some kind musing spirit of sympathy wanders—
"*Here rests*," he will say, "*from Adversity's pains,*
NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE'S mortal remains!"

We have no disposition to enter into the character of the deceased Ex-Emperor; history will not fail to do justice alike to the merits and the crimes of one, who is inevitably destined to fill so portentous a page on its records. At the present time, to speak of the good of which he may have been either the intentional or the involuntary instrument, without some bias of party feeling would be impossible.

"Hard is his fate, on whom the public gaze
Is fix'd for ever, to condemn or praise;
Repose denies her requiem to his name,
And folly loves the martyrdom of fame."

At all events, he is now no more; and "an English spirit wars not with the dead."

concourse at a coach-maker's shop, fronting which stood a chariot carefully matted round the body, firmly sewed together, and the wheels enveloped in haybands, preparatory to its being sent into the country. Scarcely had these precautionary measures of safety been completed, when a shrill cry, as if by a child inside the vehicle, was heard, loud and continuative, which, after the lapse of some minutes, broke out into the urgent and reiterated exclamation of—"Let me out!—I shall be suffocated!—pray let me out!"

The workmen, who had packed up the carriage, stared at each other in mute and appalling astonishment; they felt conscious that no child was within the vehicle; and when at last they recovered from the stupor of amazement, they resisted the importunity of the multitude to strip the chariot, and manfully swore, that if any one was inside, it must be the Devil himself, or one of his imps, and no human or visible being whatsoever.

Some of the multitude were inclined to a similar opinion. The crowd increased, and the most intense interest was depicted in every countenance, when the cry of "Let me out!—I shall die!—For heaven's sake let me out!" was audibly and vehemently again and again repeated.

The impatient multitude now began to cut away the matting; when the workmen, apprehensive that the carriage might sustain some damage from the impetuosity of their proceedings, took upon themselves the act of dismantling the mysterious

machine; during which operation, the cry of "Let me out!" became more and more clamorously importunate. At last the vehicle was laid bare, and its doors thrown open; when, to the utter amazement of the crowd, no child was there —no trace was to be seen of aught, human or super-human! The assemblage gazed on the vacant space from whence the sounds had emanated, in confusion and dismay. During this momentary suspense, in which the country Squire participated, a voice from some invisible agent, as if descending the steps of the carriage, exclaimed—"Thank you, my good friends, I am very much obliged to you—I shall now go home, and *where* my home is you will all know by-and-by!"

With the exception of DASHALL and TALLYHO, the minds of the spectators, previously impressed with the legends of superstition and diablerie, gave way under the dread of the actual presence of his satanic majesty; and the congregated auditors of his ominous denunciation instantaneously dispersed themselves from the scene of witchery, and, re-assembling in groupes on distant parts of the street, cogitated and surmised *on the Devil's visit to the Coachmakers of Long Acre!*

TALLYHO now turned an inquisitive eye on his Cousin, who answered the silent and anxious enquiry with an immoderate fit of laughter, declaring that this was the best and most ingenious HOAX of any he had ever witnessed, and that he would not have missed, on any consideration whatsoever, the

pleasure of enjoying it. "The Devil in Long Acre!—I shall never forget it," exclaimed the animated Cousin of the staring and discomfited 'Squire.

"Explain, explain," reiterated the 'Squire, impatiently.

"You shall have it in one word," answered DASHALL—"VENTRILOQUISM!*

* This HOAX was actually practised by a *Ventriloquist* in the manner described. It certainly is of a less offensive nature than that of many others which have been successfully brought forward in the Metropolis, the offspring of folly and idleness.—"A fellow," some years ago, certainly not "of infinite humour," considering an elderly maiden lady of Berner Street a "fit and proper subject" on whom to exercise his wit, was at the trouble of writing a vast number of letters to tradesmen and others, magistrates and professional men, ordering from the former various goods, and requiring the advice, *in a case of emergency*, of the latter, appointing the same hour, to all, of attendance; so that, in fact, at the time mentioned, the street, to the annoyance and astonishment of its inhabitants, was crowded with a motley group of visitants, equestrian and pedestrian, all eagerly pressing forward to their destination, the old lady's place of residence. In the heterogeneous assemblage there were seen Tradesmen of all denominations, accompanied by their Porters, bearing various articles of household furniture; Counsellors anticipating fees; Lawyers engaged to execute the last will and testament of the heroine of the drama, and, not the least conspicuous, an Undertaker preceded by his man with a coffin; and to crown the whole, "though last not least in our esteem," the then Lord Mayor of London, who, at the eager desire of the old Lady, had, with a commendable feeling of humanity, left his civic dominions, in order to administer, *in a case of danger and difficulty*, his consolation and assistance. When, behold! the clue was unravelled, the whole turn'd out an HOAX, and the Author still remains *in nubibus!!!*

"And who could have been the artist?" enquired TALLYHO.

"Nay," answered his friend, "that is impossible to say; some one in the crowd, but the secret must remain with himself; neither do I think it would have been altogether prudent his revealing it to his alarmed and credulous auditory."

"A Ventriloquist," observed the 'Squire, "is so little known in the country, that I had lost all reminiscence of his surprising powers; however, I shall in future, from the occurrence of to-day, resist the obtrusion of superstition, and in all cases of 'doubtful dilemma' remember the DEVIL in LONG ACRE!"*

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* THE CHILD IN THE HAY.—Not long since, a Waggoner coming to town with a load of hay, was overtaken by a stranger, who entered into familiar conversation with him. They had not proceeded far, when, to the great terror of Giles Jolt, a plaintive cry, apparently that of a child, issued from the waggon. "*Didst hear that, mon?*" exclaimed Giles. The cry was renewed—"*Luord! Luord! an there be na a babe aneath the hay, I'se be hanged;* lend us a hand, mon, to get un out, for God's sake!" The stranger very promptly assisted in unloading the waggon, but no child was found. The hay now lay in a heap on the road, from whence the cry was once more long and loudly reiterated! In eager research, Giles next proceeded to scatter the hay over the road, the cry still continuing; but when, at last, he ascertained that the assumed infantine plaint was all a delusion, his hair stood erect with horror, and, running rapidly from his companion, announced that he had been associated on the road by the Devil, for that none else could play him such a trick! It was not without great difficulty that the people to whom he told this strange story prevailed on him to return, at

"Well resolved," answered DASHALL; and in a few minutes they gained Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, without further incident or interruption.

Amongst the literary and scientific institutions of the Metropolis, the British Museum, situated in Great Russel Street, Bloomsbury, stands pre-eminent.

Entering the spacious court, our two friends found a party in waiting for the Conductor. Of the individuals composing this party, the reconnoitering eye of DASHALL observed a *trio*, from whence he anticipated considerable amusement. It was a family *triumvirate*, formed of an old Bachelor, whose cent per cent ideas predominated over every other, wheresoever situated or howsoever employed; his maiden Sister, prim, starch and antiquated; and their hopeful Nephew, a complete coxcomb, that is, in full possession of the requisite concomitants—ignorance and impudence, and arrayed in the first style of the most exquisite dandyism. This delectable *triumviri* had emerged from their chaotic recess in Bearbinder-lane; the Exquisite, to exhibit his sweet person along with the *other curiosities* of the Museum; his maiden Aunt, to see, as she expressed it, the "*He-gipsyian munhuments, kivered* with *kerry-*

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last, to his waggon and horses; he did so with manifest reluctance. To his indescribable relief, his infernal companion had vanished in the person of the *Ventriloquist*, and *Jolt* still believes in the supernatural visitation!

glee-fix; and her Brother, to ascertain whether, independent of *outlandish baubles, gimcracks* and *geegaws*, there was any thing of *substantiality* with which to enhance the *per contra* side in the Account Current between the British Museum and the Public!

Attaching themselves to this respectable *trio*, Dashall and Tallyho followed, with the other visitants, the Guide, whose duty it that day was to point out the various curiosities of this great national institution.

The British Museum was established by act of parliament, in 1753, in pursuance of the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who left his museum to the nation, on condition that Parliament should pay 20,000*l.* to his Executors, and purchase a house sufficiently commodious for it. The parliament acted with great liberality on the occasion; several other valuable collections were united to that of Sir Hans Sloane, and the whole establishment was completed for the sum of 85,000*l.* raised by lottery. At the institution of this grand treasury of learning, it was proposed that a competent part of 1800*l.* the annual sum granted by parliament for the support of the house, should be appropriated for the purchase of new books; but the salaries necessary for the officers, together with the contingent expenses, have always exceeded the allowance; so that the Trustees have been repeatedly obliged to make application to defray the necessary charges.

FISH MUSEUM. Tom and Bob in search of the Antique

Mr. Timothy Surety, the before mentioned Bearbinder-lane resident, of *cent per cent* rumination; his accomplished sister, Tabitha; his *exquisite* nephew, Jasper; and the redoubtable heroes of our eventful history, were now associated in one party, and the remaining visitants were sociably amalgamated in another; and each having its separate Conductor, both proceeded to the inspection of the first and most valuable collection in the universe.

On entering the gate, the first objects which attracted attention were two large sheds, defending from the inclemency of the seasons a collection of Egyptian monuments, the whole of which were taken from the French at Alexandria, in the last war. The most curious of these, perhaps, is the large Sarcophagus beneath the shed to the left, which has been considered as the exterior coffin of Alexander the Great, used at his final interment. It is formed of variegated marble, and, as Mrs. Tabitha Surety observed, was "*kivered* with *Kerry-glee-fix*."

"Nephew Jasper," said his Uncle, "you are better acquainted with the nomenclature, I think you call it, of them there *thing-um-bobs* than I am —what is the name of *this here*?"

"My dear Sir," rejoined the Exquisite, "*this here* is called a *Sark o' Fegus*, implying the domicile, or rather, the winding-sheet of the dead, as the *sark* or *chemise* wound itself round the fair forms of the daughters of O' Fegus, a highland Chieftain, from

whom descended Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great; and thence originated the name subsequently given by the highland laird's successors, to the dormitory of the dead, the *Sark o' Fegus*, or in the corruption of modern orthography, *Sarcophagus*."

Timothy Surety cast an approving glance towards his Nephew, and whispering DASHALL, "My Nephew, Sir, apparently a puppy, Sir, but well informed, nevertheless—what think you of his definition of that hard word? Is he not, I mean my Nephew *Jaz*, a most extraordinary young man?"

"Superlatively so," answered DASHALL, "and I think you are happy in bearing affinity to a young man of such transcendent acquirements."

"D—n his acquirements!" exclaimed Timothy; "would you think it, they are of no use in the way of trade, and though I have given him many an opportunity of doing well, he knows no more of keeping a set of books by double-entry, than Timothy Surety does of keeping a pack of hounds, who was never twenty miles beyond the hearing of Bow bells in all his lifetime!"

This important communication, having been made apart from the recognition of the Aunt and Nephew, passed, on their approach, unanswered: and DASHALL and his friend remained in doubt whether or not the Nephew, in his late definition of the word *Sarcophagus*, was in jest or earnest: TALLYHO inclined to think that he was HOAXING the old gentleman; on the other hand, his Cousin be-

thought himself, that the apparent ingenuity of *Jaz's* definition was attributable entirely to his ignorance.

Here also were two statues of Roman workmanship, supposed to be those of *Marcus Aurelius* and *Severus*, ancient, but evidently of provincial sculpture.

Mrs. Tabitha, shading her eyes with her fan, and casting a glance askew at the two naked figures, which exhibited the perfection of symmetry, enquired of her Nephew who they were meant to represent.

His answer was equally eccentric with that accorded to his Uncle on the subject of the Sarcophagus.

"My dear Madam!" said *Jaz*, "these two figures are consanguineous to those of *Gog* and *Magog* in Guildhall, being the lineal descendants of these mighty associates of the Livery of London!"

"But, *Jaz*," rejoined the antique dame, "I always understood that Messieurs *Gog* and *Magog* derived their origin from quite a different family."

"Aunt of mine," responded *Jaz*, "the lofty rubicunded Civic Baronet shall not be 'shorn of his beams;' he claims the same honour with his brainless brothers before us—he is a scion of the same tree; Sir W*ll**m, the twin brothers of Guildhall, and these two sedate Gentlemen of stone, all boast the honour of the same extraction!"

Behind them, on the right, was a ram's head of very curious workmanship, from Thebes.

"Perhaps, Sir," said Mrs. Tabitha, graciously addressing herself to 'Squire TALLYHO, "you can inform us what may be the import of this singular exhibition?"

"On my honour, Madam," answered the 'Squire, "I cannot satisfactorily resolve the enquiry; I am a country gentleman, and though conversant with rams and rams' horns in my own neighbourhood, have no knowledge of them with reference to the connexion of the latter with the Citizens of London or Westminster!"

Jaz again assumed the office of expositor.—"My very reverend Aunt," said Jaz, "I must prolegomenize the required explanation with a simple anecdote:—

"When Charles the Second returned from one of his northern tours, accompanied by the Earl of Rochester, he passed through Shoreditch. On each side the road was a huge pile of rams' horns, for what purpose tradition saith not. '*What is the meaning of all this?*' asked the King, pointing towards the symbolics. 'I know not,' rejoined Rochester, 'unless it implies that the Citizens of London *have laid their heads* together, to welcome your Majesty's return!' In commemoration of this witticism, the ram's head is to the Citizens of London a prominent feature of exhibition in the British Museum."

This interpreta ion raised a laugh at the expense

of Timothy Surety, who, nevertheless, bore it with great good humour, being a bachelor, and consequently not within the scope of that ridicule on the basis of which was founded the present sarcastic fabric.

It was now obvious to DASHALL and his friend, that this young man, Jasper Surety, was not altogether the *ignoramus* at first presumed. They had already been entertained by his remarks, and his annotations were of a description to warrant the expectancy of further amusement in the progress of their inspection.

From the hall the visitors were led through an iron gateway to the great staircase, opposite the bottom of which is preserved a model in mahogany, exhibiting the method used by Mr. Milne in constructing the works of Blackfriars' Bridge; and beneath it are some curious fragments from the Giant's Causeway in Ireland.

These fragments, however highly estimated by the naturalist and the antiquary, were held in derision by the worldly-minded Tim. Surety, who exclaimed against the folly of expending money in the purchase of articles of *no intrinsic value*, calculated only to gratify the curiosity of those inquisitive idlers who affect their admiration of every uninteresting production of Nature, and neglect the pursuit of the *main chance*, so necessary in realizing the comforts of life.

These sordid ideas were opposed by DASHALL and the Squire, to whom they seemed particularly

directed. Mrs. Tabitha smiled a gracious acquiescence in the sentiments of the two strangers, and Jasper expressed his regret that *Nuncle* was not gifted and *fated* as Midas of ancient times, who transformed every thing that he touched into gold!

The Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities next attracted the attention of the visitors. Over a doorway in this room is a fine portrait of Sir William Hamilton, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dashall and Tallyho remarked with enthusiasm on these beautiful relics of the sculpture of former ages, several of which were mutilated and disfigured by the dilapidations of time and accident. Of the company present, there stood on the left a diminutive elderly gentleman in the act of contemplating the fragment of a statue in a posterior position, and which certainly exhibited somewhat of a ludicrous appearance; on the right, the exquisite Jasper pointed out, with the self-sufficiency of an amateur, the masculine symmetry of a Colossian statue to his Aunt of antiquated virginity, whose maiden purity recoiling from the view of nudation, seemed to say, "*Jaz, wrap an apron round him!*" while in the foreground stood the rotunditive form of Timothy Surety, who declared, after a cursory and contemptuous glance at the venerable representatives of mythology, "That with the exception of the portrait of Sir William Hamilton, there was not in the room an object worth looking at; and as for *them there* ancient *statutes*," (such was his vernacular idiom and *Bearbinder* barbarism)

"I would not give twopence for the whole of *this here* collection, *if it was never for nothing else* than to set them up as scare-crows in the garden of my country house at Edmonton!"

Jasper whispered his aunt, that *nuncks* was a *vile bore;* and the sacrilegious declaration gave great offence to the diminutive gentleman aforesaid, who hesitated not in pronouncing Timothy Surety destitute of *taste* and *vertú;* to which accusation Timothy, rearing his squat form to its utmost altitude, indignantly replied, "that there was not an alderman in the City of London of better *taste* than himself in the qualities of callipash and callipee, and that if the little *gemmen* presumed again to asperse his *vartue,* he would bring an action against him for slander and defamation of character." The minikin man gave Timothy a glance of ineffable disdain, and left the room. Mrs. Tabitha, in the full consciousness of her superior acquirements, now directed a lecture of edification to her brother, who, however, manfully resisted her interference, and swore, that "where his *taste* and *vartue* were called in question he would not submit to any *she* in the universe."

Mrs. Tabitha, finding that on the present occasion her usual success would not predominate, suspended, like a skilful manœuvreist, unavailable attack, and. turning to her nephew, required to know what personage the tall figure before them was meant to represent. Jasper felt not qualified correctly to answer this enquiry, yet unwilling to acknowledge

his ignorance, unhesitatingly replied, "One of the ancient race of architects who built the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland." This sapient remark excited a smile from the two friends, who shortly afterwards took an opportunity of withdrawing from further intercourse with the Bearbinder triumviri, and enjoyed with a more congenial party the remaining gratification which this splendid national institution is so well calculated to inspire.

Extending their observations to the various interesting objects of this magnificent establishment, the two prominent heroes of our eventful history derived a pleasure only known to minds of superior intelligence, to whom the wonders of art and nature impart the acmé of intellectual enjoyment.

Having been conducted through all the different apartments, the two friends, preparing to depart, the 'Squire tendered a pecuniary compliment to the Guide, in return for his politeness, but which, to the surprise of the donor, was refused; the regulations of the institution strictly prohibiting the acceptance by any of its servants of fee or reward from a visitor, under the penalty of dismissal.*

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* Although the limits of this work admit not a minute detail of the rarities of the British Museum, yet a succinct enumeration of a few particulars may not prove unacceptable to our Readers.

In the first room, which we have already noticed, besides the Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities, is a stand filled with reliques of ancient Egypt, amongst which are numerous small representatives of mummies that were used as patterns for those who chose and could afford to be embalmed at their decease.

Issuing from the portals of the Museum, "*Apropos*," said DASHALL, "we are in the vicinity

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The second apartment is principally devoted to works of art, beginning with Mexican curiosities. The corners opposite the light are occupied by two Egyptian mummies, richly painted, which were both brought from the catacombs of Sakkara, near Grand Cairo.

The third room exhibits a rich collection of curiosities from the South Pacific Ocean, brought by Capt. Cook. In the left corner is the mourning dress of an Otaheitean lady, in which taste and barbarity are curiously blended. Opposite are the rich cloaks and helmets of feathers from the Sandwich Islands.

The visitor next enters the manuscript department, the first room of which is small, and appropriated chiefly to the collections of Sir Hans Sloane. The next room is completely filled with Sir Robert Harley's manuscripts, afterwards Earl of Oxford, one of the most curious of which is a volume of royal letters, from 1437 to the time of Charles I. The next and last room of the manuscript department is appropriated to the ancient royal library of manuscripts, and Sir Robert Cotton's, with a few later donations. On the table, in the middle of the room, is the famous Magna Charta of King John, it is written on a large roll of parchment, and was much damaged in the year 1738, when the Cotton library took fire at Westminster, but a part of the broad seal is yet annexed.

We next reach the great saloon, which is finely ornamented with fresco paintings by Baptiste. Here are a variety of Roman remains, such as dice, tickets for the Roman theatres, mirrors, seals for the wine casks, lamps, &c. and a beautiful bronze head of Homer, which was found near Constantinople.

The mineral room is the next object of attention. Here are fossils of a thousand kinds, and precious stones, of various colours and splendours, composing a collection of astonishing beauty and magnificence.

Next follows the bird room; and the last apartment contains animals in spirits, in endless variety. And here the usual exhibition of the house closes.

of Russell-square, the residence of my stock-broker; I have business of a few moments continuance to transact with him—let us proceed to his residence."

A lackey, whose habiliment, neat but not gaudy, indicated the unostentatious disposition of his master, answered the summons of the knocker: "Mr. C. was gone to his office at the Royal Exchange."

"The gentleman who occupies this mansion," observed DASHALL to his friend, as they retired from the door, "illustrates by his success in life, the truth of the maxim so frequently impressed on the mind of the school-boy, that *perseverance conquers all difficulties*. Mr. C., unaided by any other recommendation than that of his own unassuming modest merit, entered the very respectable office of which he is now the distinguished principal, in the situation of a young man who has no other prospect of advancement than such as may accrue from rectitude of conduct, and the consequent approbation and patronage of his employer. By a long exemplary series of diligence and fidelity, he acquired the confidence of, and ultimately became a partner in the firm. His strictly conscientious integrity and uniform gentlemanly urbanity have thus gained him a preference in his profession, and an ample competency is now the well-merited meed of his industry."

"Combining with its enjoyment," responded the 'Squire, "the exercise of benevolent propensities."

"Exactly so much so, that his name appears as an annual subscriber to nearly all the philanthropic institutions of the metropolis, and his private charities besides are numerous and reiterated."

"This, then, is one of the few instances (said the 'Squire) of Real Life in London, where private fortune is so liberally applied in relief of suffering humanity—it is worthy of indelible record."

Circumambulating the square, the two observers paused opposite the fine statue of the late Francis Duke of Bedford.

The graceful proportion, imposing elevation, and commanding attitude of the figure, together with the happy combination of skill and judgment by the artist, in the display on the pedestal of various agricultural implements, indicating the favourite and useful pursuits of this estimable nobleman, give to the whole an interesting appearance, and strongly excite those feelings of regret which attend the recollection of departed worth and genius. Proceeding down the spacious new street directly facing the statue, our perambulators were presently in Bedford-square, in which is the effigy of the late eminent statesman Charles James Fox: the figure is in a sitting posture, unfavourable to our reminiscences of the first orator of any age or country, and is arrayed in the Roman toga: the face is a striking likeness, but the effect on the whole is not remarkable. The two statues face each other, as if still in friendly recognition; but the sombre reflections of DASHALL and

his friend were broke in upon by a countryman with, "Beant that Measter Fox, zur?" "His effigy, my friend." "Aye, aye, *but what the dickens ha've they wrapt a blanket round un vor?*"

Proceeding along Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, the associates in search of Real Life were accosted by a decent looking countryman in a smock-frock, who, approaching them in true clod-hopping style, with a strong provincial accent, detailed an unaffectedly simple, yet deep tale of distress:

"——— Oppression forc'd from his cot,
His cattle died, and blighted was his corn!"

The story which he told was most pathetic, the tears the while coursing each other down his cheeks; and DASHALL and his friend were about to administer liberally to his relief, the former observing, "There can be no deception here," when the applicant was suddenly pounced upon by an officer, as one of the greatest impostors in the Metropolis, who, with the eyes of Argus, could transform himself into a greater variety of shapes than Proteus, and that he had been only fifty times, if not more, confined in different houses of correction as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond, from one of which he had recently contrived to effect his escape. The officer now bore off his prize in triumph, while DASHALL, hitherto "the most observant of all observers," sustained the laugh of his Cousin at the knowing one deceived, with great good humour, and DASHALL, adverting to

his opinion so confidently expressed, "There can be no deception here," declared that in London it was impossible to guard in every instance against fraud, where it is frequently practised with so little appearance of imposition.

The two friends now bent their course towards Covent Garden, which, reaching without additional incident, they wiled away an hour at Robins's much to their satisfaction. That gentleman, in his professional capacity, generally attracts in an eminent degree the attention of his visitors by his professional politeness, so that he seldom fails to put off an article to advantage; and yet he rarely resorts to the puff direct, and never indulges in the puff figurative, so much practised by his renowned predecessor, the late knight of the hammer, Christie, the elder, who by the superabundancy of his rhetorical flourishes, was accustomed from his elevated rostrum to edify and amuse his admiring auditory.*

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* The late Mr. Christie having at one time a small tract of land under the hammer, expatiated at great length on its highly improved state, the exuberant beauties with which Nature had adorned this terrestrial Paradise, and more particularly specified a delightful hanging wood.

A gentleman, unacquainted with Mr. Christie's happy talent at exaggerated description, became the highest bidder, paid his deposit, and posted down into Essex to examine his new purchase, when, to his great surprise and disappointment, he found no part of the description realized, the promised Paradise having faded into an airy vision, "and left not a wreck behind!" The

Of the immense revenues accruing to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, not the least important is that derived from Covent Garden market. As proprietor of the ground, from every possessor of a shed or stall, and from all who take their station as venders in the market, a rent is payable to his Grace, and collected weekly; considering, therefore, the vast number of occupants, the aggregate rental must be of the first magnitude. His Grace is a humane landlord, and his numerous tenantry of Covent Garden are always ready to join in general eulogium on his private worth, as is the nation at large on the patriotism of his public character.

Dashall conducted his friend through every part of the Market, amidst a redundancy of fruit,

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irritated purchaser immediately returned to town, and warmly expostulated with the auctioneer on the injury he had sustained by unfounded representation; "and as to a hanging wood, Sir, there is not the shadow of a tree on the spot!" "I beg your pardon, Sir," said the pertinacious eulogist, "you must certainly have overlooked *the gibbet on the common*, and if that is not a *hanging wood*, I know not what it is!"

Another of Mr. Christie's flights of fancy may not unaptly be termed the *puff poetical*. At an auction of pictures, dwelling in his usual strain of eulogium on the *unparalleled excellence* of a full-length portrait, without his producing the desired effect, "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot, in justice to this *sublime art*, permit this *most invaluable* painting to pass from under the hammer, without again soliciting the honour of your attention to its manifold beauties. Gentlemen, it only wants the touch of Prometheus to start from the canvass and fall abidding!"

flowers, roots and vegetables, native and exotic, in variety and profusion, exciting the merited admiration of the Squire, who observed, and perhaps justly, that this celebrated emporium unquestionably is not excelled by any other of a similar description in the universe.

Proceeding into Leicester Square, the very extraordinary production of female genius, Miss Linwood's Gallery of Needlework promised a gratification to the Squire exceeding in novelty any thing which he had hitherto witnessed in the Metropolis. The two friends accordingly entered, and the anticipations of TALLYHO were superabundantly realized.

This exhibition consists of seventy-five exquisite copies in needlework, of the finest pictures of the English and foreign schools, possessing all the correct drawing, just colouring, light and shade of the original pictures from whence they are taken, and to which in point of effect they are in no degree inferior.

From the door in Leicester Square the visitants entered the principal room, a fine gallery of excellent proportions, hung with scarlet broad-cloth, gold bullion tassels, and Greek borders. The appearance thus given to the room is pleasing, and indicated to the Squire a still more superior attraction. His Cousin DASHALL had frequently inspected this celebrated exhibition, but to TALLYHO it was entirely new.

On one side of this room the pictures are hung,

and have a guard in front to keep the company at the requisite distance, and for preserving them.

Turning to the left, a long and obscure passage prepares the mind, and leads to the cell of a prison, on looking into which is seen the beautiful Lady Jane Gray, visited by the Abbot and keeper of the Tower the night before her execution.

This scene particularly elicited the Squire's admiration; the deception of the whole, he observed, was most beautiful, and not exceeded by any work from the pencil of the painter, that he had ever witnessed. A little farther on is a cottage, the casement of which opens, and the hatch at the door is closed; and, on looking in at either, our visitants perceived a fine and exquisitely finished copy of Gainsborough's Cottage Children standing by the fire, with chimney-piece and cottage furniture compleat. Near to this is Gainsborough's Woodman, exhibited in the same scenic manner.

Having enjoyed an intellectual treat, which perhaps in originality as an exhibition of needlework is no where else to be met with, our perambulators retired, and reached home without the occurrence of any other remarkable incident.

CHAP. II.

"Look round thee, young Astolpho; here's the place
Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in;—
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.
Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,
Doth Hope's fair torch expire, and at the snuff,
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,
The desperate revelries of fell Despair,
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds
That the poor Captive would have died ere practised,
Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition."

The Prison.—Act I. Scene III.

TRAVERSING the streets, without having in view any particular object, other than the observance of Real Life in London, such as might occur from fortuitous incident; our two perambulators skirted the Metropolis one fine morning, till finding themselves in the vicinity of Tothill-fields Bridewell, a place of confinement to which the Magistrates of Westminster provisionally commit those who are supposed to be guilty of crimes. Ingress was without much difficulty obtained, and the two friends proceeded to a survey of human nature in its most degraded state, where, amidst the consciousness of infamy and the miseries of privation, apathy seemed the predominant feeling with these outcasts of society, and reflection on the past, or

anticipation of the future, was absorbed in the vacuum of insensibility. Reckless of his destiny, here the manacled felon wore, with his gyves, the semblance of the most perfect indifference; and the seriousness of useful retrospection was lost in the levity of frivolous amusement.

Apart from the other prisoners was seated a recluse, whose appearance excited the attention of the two visitants; a deep cloud of dejection overshadowed his features, and he seemed studiously to keep aloof from the obstreperous revelry of his fellow-captives. There was in his manner a something inducing a feeling of commiseration which could not be extended to his callous companions in adversity. His decayed habiliment indicated, from its formation and texture, that he had seen better days, and his voluntary seclusion confirmed the idea that he had not been accustomed to his present humiliating intercourse. His intenseness of thought precluded the knowledge of approximation on his privacy, until our two friends stood before him; he immediately rose, made his obeisance, and was about to retire, when Mr. DASHALL, with his characteristic benevolence, begged the favour of a few moments conversation.

"I am gratified," he observed, "in perceiving ONE exception to the general torpitude of feeling which seems to pervade this place; and I trust that your case of distress is not of a nature to preclude the influence of hope in sustaining your mind against the pressure of despondency."

"The cause of my confinement," answered the prisoner, "is originally that of *debt*, although perverted into *crime* by an unprincipled, relentless creditor. Destined to the misery of losing a beloved wife and child, and subsequently assailed by the minor calamity of pecuniary embarrassment, I inevitably contracted a few weeks arrears of rent to the rigid occupant of the house wherein I held my humble apartment, when, returned one night to my cheerless domicil, my irascible landlord, in the plenitude of ignorance and malevolence, gave me in charge of a sapient guardian of the night, who, without any enquiry into the nature of my offence, conducted me to the watch-house, where I was presently confronted with my creditor, who accused me of the heinous crime of getting into his debt. The constable very properly refused to take cognizance of a charge so ridiculous; but unluckily observing, that had I been brought there on complaint of an assault, he would in that case have felt warranted in my detention, my persecutor seized on the idea with avidity, and made a declaration to that effect, although evidently no such thought had in the first instance occurred to him, well knowing the accusation to be grossly unfounded. This happened on a Saturday night, and I remained in duresse and without sustenance until the following Monday, when I was held before a Magistrate; the alleged assault was positively sworn to, and, maugre my statement of the suspicious, inconsistent conduct of my prosecutor, I was immured in the lock-up house for the re-

mander of the day, on the affidavit of perjury, and in the evening placed under the friendly care of the Governor of Tothill-fields Bridewell, to abide the issue at the next Westminster sessions."

"This is a most extraordinary affair," said the Squire; "and what do you conjecture may be the result?"

"The pertinacity of my respectable prosecutor," said the Captive, "might probably induce him to procure the aid of some of his conscientious Israelitish brethren, whom I never saw, towards substantiating the aforesaid assault, by manfully swearing to the fact; but as I have no desire of exhibiting myself through the streets, linked to a chain of felons on our way to the Sessions House, I believe I shall contrive to pay the debt due to the perjured scoundrel, which will ensure my enlargement, and let the devil in due season take his own!"

"May we enquire," said DASHALL, "without the imputation of impertinent inquisitiveness, what has been the nature of your pursuits in life?"

"Multitudinous," replied the other; "my life has been so replete with adventure and adversity in all its varieties, and in its future prospects so unpropitious of happiness, that existence has long ceased to be desirable; and had I not possessed a more than common portion of philosophic resignation, I must have yielded to despair; but,

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death,—the brave live on!"

"Thirty years ago I came to London, buoyant of youth and hope, to realize a competency, although I knew not by what means the grand object was to be attained; yet it occurred to me that I might be equally successful with others of my country, who, unaided by recommendation and ungifted with the means of speculation, had accumulated fortunes in this fruitful Metropolis, and of whom, fifteen years ago, one eminently fortunate adventurer from the north filled the civic chair with commensurate political zeal and ability.

"Some are born great; others achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them!"

"Well, Sir, what can be said of it? I was without the pale of fortune, although several of my school-mates, who had established themselves in London, acquired, by dint of perseverance, parsimony and servility, affluent circumstances; convinced, however, that I was not destined to acquire wealth and honour, and being unsolaced even with the necessaries of life, I abandoned in London all hope of success, and emigrated to Ireland, where I held for several years the situation of clerk to a respectable Justice of the Quorum. In this situation I lived well, and the perquisites of office, which were regularly productive on the return of every fair and market day, for taking examinations of the peace, and filling up warrants of apprehension against the perpetrators of broken heads and

bloody noses, consoled me in my voluntary exile from Real Life in London. I was in all respects regarded as one of the family; had a horse at my command, visited in friendly intimacy the neighbouring gentry; and, above all, enjoyed the eccentricities of the lower Irish; most particularly so when before *his honour*, detailing, to his great annoyance, a story of an hour long about a *tester* (sixpence) and if he grew impatient, attributing it to some secret prejudice which he entertained against them."* But this pleasant life was not

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* Their method is to get a story completely by heart, and to tell it, as they call it, *out of the face*, that is, from the beginning to the end without interruption.

"Well, my good friend, I have seen you lounging about these three hours in the yard, what is your business?"

"Plase your honour, it is what I want to speak one word to your honour."

"Speak then, but be quick. What is the matter?"

"The matter, plase your honour, is nothing at all at all, only just about the grazing of a horse, plase your honour, that this man here sold me at the fair of Gurtishannon last Shrove fair, which lay down three times with myself, plase your honour, and *kilt* me; not to be telling your honour of how, no later back than yesterday night, he lay down in the house there within, and all the chiidren standing round, and it was God's mercy he did not fall a-top of them, or into the fire to burn himself. So, plase your honour, to-day I took him back to this man, which owned him, and after a great deal to do I got the mare again I *swopped* (exchanged) him for; but he won't pay the grazing of the horse for the time I had him, though he promised to pay the grazing in case the horse didn't answer; and he never did a day's work, good or bad, plase your honour, all the time he

decreed much longer to endure, THE INSURRECTION BROKE OUT, during which an incident occurred

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was with me, and I had the doctor to him five times, any how. And so, plase your honour, it is what I expect your honour will stand my friend, for I'd sooner come to your honour for justice than to any other in all Ireland. And so I brought him here before your honour, and expect your honour will make him pay me the grazing, or tell me, can I process him for it at the next assizes, plase your honour ?"

The defendant now, turning a quid of tobacco with his tongue into some secret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with

" Plase your honour, under favour, and saving your honour's presence, there's not a word of truth in all this man has been saying from beginning to end, upon my conscience, and I would not for the value of the horse itself, grazing and all, be after telling your honour a lie. For, plase your honour, I have a dependance upon your honour that you'll do me justice, and not be listening to him or the like of him. Plase your honour, it is what he has brought me before your honour, because he had a spite against me about some oats I sold your honour, which he was jealous of, and a shawl his wife got at my shister's shop there without, and never paid for, so I offered to set the shawl against the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of all demands, but he wouldn't, out of spite, plase your honour; so he brought me before your honour, expecting your honour was mad with me for cutting down the tree in the horse park, which was none of my doing, plase your honour;—ill luck to them that went and belied me to your honour behind my back. So if your honour is plasing, I'll tell you the whole truth about the horse that he swopped against my mare, out of the face:— Last Shrove fair I met this man, Jemmy Duffy, plase your honour, just at the corner of the road where the bridge is broke down, that your honour is to have the present for this year— long life to you for it! And he was at that time coming from the fair of Gurtishannon, and I the same way: 'How are you,

that had nearly terminated all my then cares in this life, past, present, and to come.

"In my capacity as clerk or secretary, I had written one morning for the worthy magistrate, two letters, both containing remittances, the one 150*l.* and the other 100*l.* in bank of Ireland bills. We were situated at the distance of fifteen miles from the nearest market town, and as the times

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Jemmy?' says I. 'Very well, I thank you, Pryan,' says he: 'shall we turn back to Paddy Salmon's, and take a naggin of whiskey to our better acquaintance?' 'I don't care if I did, Jemmy,' says I, 'only it is what I can't take the whiskey, because I'm under an oath against it for a month.' Ever since, plase your honour, the day your honour met me on the road, and observed to me I could hardly stand, I had taken so much—though upon my conscience your honour wronged me greatly that same time—ill luck to them that belied me behind my back to your honour! Well, plase your honour, as I was telling you, as he was taking the whiskey, and we talking of one thing or t'other, he makes me an offer to swop his mare that he couldn't sell at the fair of Gurti-hannon, because nobody would be troubled with the beast, plase your honour, against my horse; and to oblige him I took the mare—sorrow take her, and him along with her! She kicked me a new car, that was worth three pounds ten, to tatters, the first time I ever put her into it, and I expect your honour will make him pay me the price of the car, any how, before I pay the grazing, which I have no right to pay at all at all, only to oblige him. But I leave it all to your honour; and the whole grazing he ought to be charging for the beast is but two and eight pence halfpenny, any how, plase your honour. So I'll abide by what your honour says, good or bad; I'll leave it all to your honour."

I'll leave it all to your honour, literally means, I'll leave all the trouble to your honour.

were perilous and my employer unwilling to entrust property to the precarious conveyance of subordinate agency, he requested that I would take a morning ride, and with my own hands deliver these letters at the post-office. Accordingly I set out, and had arrived to within three miles of my destination, when my further progress was opposed by two men in green uniform, who, with supported arms and fixed bayonets, were pacing the road to and fro as sentinels, in a very steady and soldier-like manner. On the challenge of one of these fellows, with arms at port demanding the countersign, I answered that I had none to give, that I was travelling on lawful business to the next town, and required to know by what authority he stopt me on the King's highway, "By the powers," he exclaimed, "this is my authority then," and immediately brought his musket to the charge against the chest of my horse. I now learnt that the town had been taken possession of that morning by a division of the *army of the people*, for so the insurgents had styled themselves. "You may turn your nag homewards if you choose," said the sentry; but "if you persist in going into the town, I must pass you, by the different out-posts, to the officer on duty." The business in which I was engaged not admitting of delay, I preferred advancing, and was ushered, ultimately, to the notice of the captain of the guard, who very kindly informed me, that his general would certainly order me to be hanged as a spy,

unless I could exhibit good proof of the contrary. With this comfortable assurance, I was forthwith introduced into the presence of the rebel general. He was a portly good-looking man, apparently about the age of forty, not more; wore a green uniform, with gold embroidery, and was engaged in signing dispatches, which his secretary successively sealed and superscribed; his staff were in attendance, and a provost-marshal in waiting to perform the office of summary execution on those to whom the general might attach suspicion. The insurgent leader now enquiring, with much austerity, my name, profession, from whence I came, the object of my coming, and lastly, whether or not I was previously aware of the town being in possession of the *army of the people*, I answered these interrogatories by propounding the question, who the gentleman was to whom I had the honour of addressing myself, and under what authority I was considered amenable to his inquisition. "Answer my enquiries, Sir," he replied, "without the impertinency of idle circumlocution, otherwise I shall consider you as a spy, and my provost-marshal shall instantly perform on your person the duties of his office!" I now resorted to my letters; I had no other alternative between existence and annihilation. Explaining, therefore, who I was, and by whom employed, "These letters," I added, "are each in my hand-writing, and both contain remittances; I came to this town for the sole purpose of putting them into the post-office, and I

was not aware, until informed by your scouts, that the place was in the occupation of an enemy." He deigned not a reply farther than pointing to one of the letters, and demanding to know the amount of the bill which it enveloped; I answered, "One hundred and fifty pounds." He immediately broke the seal, examined the bill, and found that it was correct. "Now, Sir," he continued, "sit down, and write from my dictation." He dictated from the letter which he had opened, and when I had finished the copy, compared it next with the original characters, expressed his satisfaction at their identity, and returning the letters, licensed my departure, when and to where I list, observing, that I was fortunate in having had with me those testimonials of business, "Otherwise," said he, "your appearance, under circumstances of suspicion, might have led to a fatal result."—"You may be assured, gentlemen," continued the narrator, "that I did not prolong my stay in the town beyond the shortest requisite period; two mounted dragoons, by order of their general, escorted me past the outposts, and I reached home in safety. These occurrences took place on a Saturday. The triumph of the insurgent troops was of short duration; they were attacked that same night by the King's forces, discomfited, and their daring chieftain taken prisoner. On the Monday following his head, stuck upon a pike, surmounted the market-house of Belfast. The scenes of anarchy and desperation in which that unfortunate country

became now involved, rendered it no very desirable residence. I therefore procured a passport, bid adieu to the Emerald Isle, *Erin ma vorneen slan leet go bragh!* and once more returned to London, to experience a renewal of that misfortune by which I have, with little interval, been hitherto accompanied, during the whole period of my eventful life."

The two strangers had listened to the narrative with mingled sensations of compassion and surprise, the one feeling excited by the peculiarity, the other by the pertinacity of his misfortunes, when their cogitations were interrupted by a dissonant clamour amongst the prisoners, who, it appeared, had united in enmity against an unlucky individual, whom they were dragging towards the discipline of the pump with all the eagerness of inflexible vengeance.

On enquiry into the origin of this uproar, it was ascertained, that one of the prisoners under a charge of slight assault, had been visited by this fellow, who, affecting to commiserate his situation, proposed to arrange matters with his prosecutor for his immediate release, with other offers of gratuitous assistance. This pretended friend was recognised by one of the prisoners as a *kidnapper*.

A *kidnapper*, or *crimp*, is one of those fellows of abandoned principles, who enter into the pay of the East India Company in order to recruit their army, and when a guinea or two is advertised to be given to any person that brings a proper man

of five feet eight or nine inches high, lie in wait to entrap men for the money. Some of these gentry assume the character of officers, others of serjeants, drummers, and recruits, without the least shadow of commission among them. They have many ways of inveigling the artless and unthinking. One or two of these kidnappers, dressed as countrymen, go five or six miles out of town to meet the waggons and stages, and enquire if John Such-a-one is come up, which is answered in the negative, no such person being known; they then enter into discourse with the countrymen, and being perfectly complaisant, engage attention, and by the time they get to London, learn their occupations and business to town; whether they are in search of places, trades, or intend to return home again, which intelligence they in general profit by. Coming to the place of rendezvous, the kidnappers propose a pint of porter, which being agreed on, they enter the house where their companions are in waiting, enjoy themselves over flowing bowls, and exhilirating their spirits with loyal toasts and songs, begin their business by enquiring who is willing to serve His Majesty. The countryman, if inclined thereto, is generally deceived; if his desire is for the guards, or any other particular regiment there are at hand, mock serjeants and privates, who will swear they belong to the corps, and the dupe is trepanned for the East Indies, hurried on board a ship, or kept in some dismal place of se-

curity till a sufficient number is collected, and an opportunity serves to send them away.

On the other hand, should the countryman be averse to enlisting, and talk of going away, these crimps will swear that he has received a shilling or more of the bounty-money, insisting that they saw him put the money into such and such a pocket; it is in vain that the countryman denies having received it, search is made, money found, and he is compelled to submit or pay the smart.

Others again, of these prowlers, frequent the places of confinement, and learning the particular case of some prisoner for small debt or slight assault, kindly offer to mediate with the prosecutor or creditor in effecting liberation. The pretended friend assumes the most disinterested feeling of sympathy, ingratiates himself into confidence, and generally terminates his machinations with success; accomplishes the prisoner's release, and sends him ultimately from temporary duresse to perpetual exile.

Such was the character of the fellow now placed in the ominous guidance of an exasperated multitude; they urged him forward to the place of punishment; but the tumultuary assemblage were disappointed in their anticipated vengeance, by the interposition of the turnkeys, and the pretended friend escaped the meditated castigation.

"Observe, again," said the narrator, "that

dashing young fellow, arrayed in the first style of dandyism."

"My good fellow," interrupted Bob, he is not, I should think, one of the community; he has, apparently, the manners of the well bred and accomplished gentleman." "And for that very reason, Sir, is the better qualified to carry on his profession with impunity; he whom you dignify with the appellation of a *well bred and accomplished gentleman*, is all that you have expressed of him, with the exception of one word, that is, substitute for *gentleman*, *swindler*, and the character is justly delineated. This fellow, of desperate enterprize, is one of the numerous practitioners of knavery, who set themselves up for men of property and integrity, the more easily to defraud the unwary and ignorant out of their substance and effects. This Spark, connecting himself with several others of similar pursuit, they took a genteel house in a respectable part of the town, and dividing themselves into classes of masters, clerks, out-riders, shopmen, porters, and servants, and thus making a show of opulence, they easily obtained credit, and laid in goods of every kind, which they sent into the country and sold, or bartered for other commodities; these commodities they brought up to London, and sold for ready money, generally taking in exchange double the quantity, and paying for the same with notes of their own drawing, indorsing, and fabricating, for the purpose of cheating the poor deluded farmer, shopkeeper, and

tradesman in the interior of the country. With respect to tradesmen in town, the goods they took of them on trust they disposed of to Jews, and other receivers of stolen goods, at about thirty per cent under value, for ready money, nay, forty per cent rather than not have the cash; and as their stay in one place could not safely exceed five months, on account of their creditors calling in their debts, and their country notes becoming due, they used to make all possible dispatch to dispose of the various articles, and evacuate the premises before detection. This done, they played the same game elsewhere, when, *Proteus* like, they changed shapes, and disguised themselves so as not to be known, and carried on business in another house, but in a different name; the master became the rider, the rider the master, the clerks descended to footmen and porters, the footmen to porters and clerks, and so on throughout, until they had drained many parts of the town and country, to the ruin of several worthy and honest families. However, the co-partnership is now dissolved, the establishment is broke up, and the different individuals of this nefarious gang of depredators, of whom the *well bred and accomplished gentleman*, the subject of our remarks, is one of the principals, are consigned to different gaols for further examination and final commitment."

Dashall expressed thanks for the interesting communication, and the Squire his astonishment that the credulity of man could warrant the hope

of success to such a combination, however systematically arranged; and where so many were concerned (and the distribution of plunder perhaps by no means equalized,) that some dissatisfied individual did not renounce the dangerous connection in the hope of impunity and reward.

"We know not that there is any subordinate division of spoil," said the other; "but if such there be, it may in this union of interests be the maxim as with other co-partnership concerns, that he, by whatsoever means, who contributes the most to the general stock, shall participate the most in the general benefit.

"Swindlers have other means of cheating and tricking the public, such as answering the advertisements of tradesmen who are in want of a sum to make good a payment, and offering, in consideration of a small premium, to get them the money required, on their note of hand, which they premise must be first given, and the money will be immediately advanced; the necessitated person agrees to the terms, and unthinkingly gives his note, which one of the Swindlers carries away, with a promise of a speedy return with the money wanted, but neither Swindler nor note is forthcoming until it becomes due, after having passed through many different hands, some of whom can ascertain giving a valuable consideration for the same, and fix the drawer to the payment, whose consolation for his credulity is, paying the money or going to prison.

"In case of a stagnation of trade, the Swindlers

advertise themselves to borrow or lend upon good security. If they borrow, they have sham deeds, and make false conveyance of estates in *nubibus*, nobody knows where; if they lend, they artfully inveigle the borrower out of his security, which they take up money upon and convert to their own use, without the deluded person's knowledge; and by absconding, leave him to the mortification of descanting on their roguery, and his own want of foresight."

The triumvirate were once more interrupted; a new comer had arrived, and the prisoners hailed his initiation with the first stanza of an old song:—

"Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor, but merry place,
Where no Bailiff, Dun, nor Setter,*
Dares to shew his frightful face:
But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Else your coat will be in danger,—
You must either *strip* or *pay!*"

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* *Setters*—This appellation is applicable to others than those alluded to in the above stanza, as connected with Duns and Bailiffs. They are a dangerous set of wretches, who are capable of committing any villany, as well by trepanning a rich heir into matrimony with a cast-off mistress or common prostitute, as by coupling a young heiress with a notorious sharper, down to the lowest scene of setting debtors for the bailiff and his followers. Smitten with the first glance of the lady, you resign your heart, the conjugal knot is tied, and, like the Copper Captain, you find the promised land, houses, and furniture, the property of *another*, and not of *yourself*.

The novitiate, neither surprised at his reception, nor adverse to the custom of the place, seemed quite at home, paid his garnish without hesitation, and entered at once into the vacuum of indifference with his new associates.

The attention of Dashall and Tallyho was attracted by the clank of fetters, as one of the prisoners squatted himself on the pavement of the yard. Leaning his back against the wall, he commenced darning an old stocking, chanting at same time an old song from the Beggar's Opera, as if predicting his own fate, yet with a manner indicating the most callous indifference——

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.——

But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land, such numbers would string
Upon Tyburn tree.——

The irreclaimable depravity of this man could not excite any urgent feeling of sympathy in his behalf, and our two friends took no further notice of him.

Their Intelligencer, who in the meanwhile had gone forth for information, now advancing,—"I thought," said he, "that I had seen elsewhere this *Johnny Newcome*; he is a sharper, another precious addition to our respectable community."*

* The Sharper, who has generally had a genteel education, is a person of good address and conversation, has more the power

"Respectable, indeed," exclaimed TALLYHO, as he detected an urchin thief in the act of picking

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of delusion at will than the unlettered cheat, devoid of address and other requisites to complete the pretended gentleman, and therefore should be more carefully avoided. These villains, having run through their fortunes at an early period of life by associating with professed gamblers and sharpers, (who, having eased them of their money, in return complete them for the profession by which they have been ruined) set up for themselves, throw aside honour and conscience, and quote the *lex talionis* for deceiving others, as they themselves have been deceived. These gentry are to be met with at horse-races, cock-fights, the billiard and hazard tables, and at all public places of diversion. On your entering the coffee-house, tavern, or gaming-house, the Sharper views you with attention, and is not long before he becomes acquainted and very intimate with you; if you agree to his propesal to play, if he cannot beat you by fair, he will by foul means. Rather than lose, he will elude your attention, and raise your passion sufficiently to put you off your guard, while he plays his underhand game, and cheats you before your face; and though you are sensible of being cheated, yet you shall not be able to discover by what means it is effected. The various methods sharpers have to cheat and deceive are so many and unaccountable, that it would exceed the limits of our publication to detail even the tenth-part of them; their study is to supply their exigencies by means within their power, however wicked or villanous. If you associate with sharpers, you must not only expect, but deserve to be cheated by them for your credulity; for who would go with his eyes open into a den of thieves, but in expectation of being robbed? Or, who would herd with sharpers, and not expect to be cheated? We would therefore advise the stranger in London to shun these reptiles of the creation, fraught with guile, and artful as the serpent to delude. Beware of their conversation, avoid their company, take no notice of their tricks, nor be caught by their wheedling professions of friendship; listen not to any of their

his pocket of his handkerchief. This hopeful imp, though young in years, was experienced in iniquity, had served an active apprenticeship to the art of picking pockets with impunity, and at last became so great an adept in the profession, that at the early age of thirteen years he was unanimously elected captain of an organized band of juvenile depredators, some much younger, none older than himself, who for a considerable length of time set at defiance the vigilance of the police. These young fry carried on a long protracted successful war of extermination against ladies' *reticules*. One urchin, watching her approach, would lay himself across the path she must pass, and it frequently happened that she tumbled over him; a *grab* was then made at the reticule, the watch, and the shawl, with which the young villains generally got clear off. Others, in detachments of two or three, would hover about the door or window of a tradesman's shop, cut out a pane of glass, and abstract some valuable trinket; or watch the retirement of the shopkeeper into his back-room, when one of the most enterprizing would enter on hands and knees, crawl round the counter with the stillness of

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enticements, if you would preserve your peace and property; be not fond of making new acquaintance with persons you do not know, however genteel in appearance and behaviour,' for many a villain lurks under the disguise of a modern fine gentleman; and if any stranger asks you to play with him for money, set him down in your mind as a Sharper, and leave the room immediately.

death, draw out the till with its contents, and bear off the spoil with impunity. One night, however, luckily for the public, the whole gang was made prisoners of, and dispersed to various gaols, each delinquent being ordered a severe flogging and solitary confinement. Availing himself of this indulgence, the *Captain* had watched the opportunity of approximating towards TALLYHO, and was detected, as we said before, in the exercise of his former propensities; so difficult it is to eradicate vice from the human mind, even though in this instance so early implanted. Lenity in this case would have been equally misplaced as unjust, although the Squire humanely pressed his intercession; the incorrigible pilferer was therefore handed over to the custody of one of the turnkeys, until the Governor might award a punishment suitable to the heinousness of the offence.

The two friends had been here above an hour—it was an hour they thought not idly spent. And now leaving a small donation for distribution amongst such as appeared deserving objects, they returned home gratified by the additional knowledge acquired of REAL LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAP. III.

"- - - - - - - - - - - Would you see
The Debtors' world, confide yourself to me.
Come; safely shall you pass the fatal door,
Nor fear it shuts you in, to ope no more.
See, frowning grimly o'er the Borough Road,
The crossing spikes that crown the dark abode!
O! how that iron seems to pierce the soul
Of him, whom hurrying wheels to prison roll,
What time from Serjeants' Inn some Debtor pale
The Tipstaff renders in default of bail.
Black shows that grisly ridge against the sky,
As near he draws and lifts an anxious eye:
Then on his bosom each peculiar spike,
Arm'd with its proper ill, appears to strike."

The recollection of past enjoyments in the vivacious company of Merrywell, could not fail to be revived in the minds of Dashall and his Cousin; and as some persons, with due attention to his safety, had manifested their interest and regard for him by obtaining his admission to the *Priory*, where he was at this moment pursuing his studies, and could not quite so conveniently call on them, an early visit was determined on.

"We shall," said Tom, "by a call on Merrywell after six weeks residence among the gay blades that inhabit the walls of the King's Bench, have all the benefit of his previous observation. He will be able to delineate the characters, con-

sciences, and conduct of his neighbours. He will describe all the comforts and advantages of a college life, introduce us to the Bloods and the Blacks, and, in short, there are few persons I know, except Sparkle himself, more able to conduct us through the intricacies of the Building, to point out the beauty and excellence of the establishment, its uses and abuses, than Merrywell."

"Do they charge any thing on admittance?" enquired Bob.

"O yes," was the reply, "they charge you, by a public notice in the lobby, not to convey into the interior any spirituous liquors, on pain of being yourself discharged from thence, and confined elsewhere. Bless your soul, why the King's Bench is a little world within itself, a sort of epitome of London; it is in a healthy situation, and the space which it occupies is extensive. There are in all 224 rooms, and they measure each about 14 or 16 feet by 12 or 13; of these, eight are called State-rooms, are much larger than the rest, and more commodious; and a well-breech'd customer may have almost any accommodation. It is the prison most immediately belonging to the Court of King's Bench, and, exclusive of debtors there sued, all persons standing in contempt of that Court, and most of those committed under its sentence, are confined.

"And pretty generally all inhabited?" interrogated Tallyho.

"Yes, and frequently it is difficult to obtain a place to sleep in even as a *chum*."

Bob found himself at fault, and required an explanation of the word *chum*.

"The chum," replied Dashall, "is a partner or bedfellow, a person who has an equal right to all the comforts and conveniences of a room, previously wholly in the possession of one."

"I understand," said Bob; "then when every room has already one occupant, they accommodate him with a companion."

"Exactly so, and he may prove friend or foe. This, however, may be avoided, if the *student* is in possession of the *rubbish*, by an escape into the Rules, which extend for three miles round *the priory*. These Rules are purchaseable after the following rate, viz. Ten guineas for the first hundred pounds, and about half that sum for every hundred pounds afterwards; day-rules, of which three may be obtained in every term, may be purchased for 4*s*. 2*d*. for the first day, and 3*s*. 10*d*. for the rest. Each also must give good security to the Marshal.

"———— The fiction of the law supposes,
That every prisoner, with means to pay,
(For he that has not this advantage loses,)
Either has business in the courts, or may;
Bond, fee, and sureties fresh prepare the way:
And Mister Broothoft's manual sign declares,
'That Mister such-a-one, on such a day,
'Hath got a rule of Court, and so repairs
'To town, or elsewhere, call'd by his affairs.'

This little Talisman of strange effect,
(Four shillings just and sixpence is the price)
From Bailiff's power the wearer will protect,
And nullify a Capias in a trice:
It bears a royal head in quaint device,
At least as true as that which Wellesley Pole,
With taste for English artists much too nice,
Stamp'd by Pistrucci's aid (Heaven rest his soul!
And shield henceforth the Mint from his controul.)

In various ways the various purchasers
That sally forth with this protecting spell,
Employ the privilege this grant confers:
Some, like myself, their lawyer's citadel
Besiege, his speed long striving to impel;
To take a dinner with a friend some go;
In fashion's haunts some for an hour to swell;
Some strive, what creditors intend, to know;
And some the moments on their love bestow."

"Thus you have a full, true, and particular, as well as amusing account, of a Day Rule, or what in the cant language of the day is termed *hiring a horse*, which sometimes proves a *bolter*."

"And what is meant by a *bolter?*"

"He is one," replied DASHALL, "who, having obtained the privilege of a Day Rule, *brushes off*, and leaves his bondsmen, or the Marshal, to pay his debt; or one who transgresses the bounds; but such an one when retaken, usually undergoes some discipline from the inhabitants of the College, who being all *honourable men*, set their faces against such ungentleman-like proceedings."

"Then they do sometimes make an escape?"

"Yes, notwithstanding their restrictive arrangements, such things have occurred, and you must recollect that of Lord Cochrane, confined for the memorable Stock Exchange hoax. The means by which it was effected, I believe, have never been discovered; but certain it is, that he was in the House of Commons, while a prisoner in the King's Bench, and on the first night of his subsequent liberation, gave the casting vote against a proposed grant to a certain Duke."

"I remember it very well, and also remember that the generality of thinking persons considered his Lordship harshly treated."

"However, he is now bravely fighting the battles of independence, increasing both his fame and fortune, while some of the Ministerial hirelings are subjected to a similar privation. We shall have a view of some of the residents in this renowned place of fashionable resort; the interior of which perhaps exhibits a spectacle far more diversified, and if possible more immoral and vicious, than the exterior. There are *quondam* gentlemen of fortune, reduced either so low as not to be able to pay for the Rules, or so unprincipled and degraded as to have no friend at command who could with safety become their surety. Shop-keepers, whose knavery having distanced even their extravagance, dread the appearance of ease exhibited in the Rules and the detection of fraud, by producing the reverse of their independence, and who even grudge the expenditure of money, to

obtain limited liberty. Uncertificated bankrupts, and unconvicted felons; Jews—gamblers by trade —horse-dealers—money scriveners—bill discounters—annuity procurers—disinterested profligates—unemployed and branded attorneys—scandal mongers and libel writers—Gazetted publicans, and the perhaps less *culpable simers* of broken officers —reduced mechanics—starving authors, and cast-off Cyprians."

"A very comprehensive and animated account truly," said TALLYHO.

"And you will find it accurate," continued DASHALL, "for the turn-out of this dwelling of crime and misery, resembles the Piazza de Sant Marco at Venice, in the Carnival time. There are all descriptions and classes in society, all casts and sects, all tribes and associations, all colours, complexions and appearances, not only of human and inhuman beings, but also all shades, features, and conformations of vice. The Spendthrift, or degraded man of fortune, lives by shifts, by schemes, by loans, by sponging on the novice, by subscription, or on commiseration's uncertain aid. He has however in perspective some visionary scheme of emolument and dishonour blended, to put into execution as soon as he obtains his discharge. The uncertificated Bankrupt has many opportunities left yet; he has other dupes, other tricks of trade, other resources in reserve. The Swindler mellows, refines, and sublimates his plan of future operations, and associates in it, perchance, a fallen

fair one, or an incipient GREEK, *put up* in the Bench. Horse-dealers, money scriveners, bill doers, attorneys, &c. have either the means of setting up again, or some new system of roguery to be put in practice, in fresh time and place, which may conduct them to the harbour of Fortune, or waft them over the *herring pond* at the expence of the public purse. The disinterested Profligate here either consumes, corrupts, and festers, under the *brandy fever* and despair, or is *put up* by a gambler, who sells his art to his brother debtors, and thus lives in hope of yet *turning the honest penny* in imitation of those who have gone before him. The Cyprian, still exercising her allurements, lingers and decays until persecution loses the point of its arrow, and drops from the persecutor's hand, grasping more hardly after money, and opening from the clenched attitude of revenge. Then, to conclude the picture, there are youths living upon the open infamy of easy-hearted women, who disgrace and ruin themselves *without* the walls, in order to pamper the appetite and humour the whims of a favourite *within*, thus sacrificing one victim to another. Partners carrying on trade in the world, communing with their incarcerated partners in durance vile. Misery and extravagance, rude joy and frantic fear, with more passions than the celebrated Collins ever drew, and with more scenes, adventures, and vicissitudes, than ever Jonathan Wild or any other Jonathan exhibited."

"Excellent description," exclaimed Bob.

"And you shall have ocular demonstration of its absolute existence; nay, this sketch might serve for many other places of confinement, the Fleet, &c. They are like the streets of the Metropolis, constantly varying in their company, according to entrances and exits of their visitors."

"This, however," continued the Hon. Tom Dashall, "is rather a mental picture of what we shall presently witness in reality, a sort of introductory sketch by way of passport through the doors of this Panorama of Real Life, to which you will shortly be introduced; a sort of ideal, or dramatic sketch of its inhabitants *en masse*, before the drawing up of the curtain."

The eagerness of Bob to listen to his Cousin's sketches of London society, on the one hand, and the earnestness with which Dashall had been exercising his imaginary powers, on the other, had led our perambulators to the foot of Blackfriar's Bridge, on their road to the King's Bench, without any particular circumstance exciting their attention; when Bob, suddenly twitching his Cousin by the arm, and directing his eye at the same time to a thin spare figure of a man, without hat or coat, who was rapidly passing towards Fleet market, enquired who it was, and what was his occupation or calling.

"Don't you hear his *calling?*" was the reply.

"*Hot, hot, hot, pudding hot!*" was in a moment vociferated in his ears, while the active and indus-

trious mercantile pedestrian, with a swing of his head, which was in continual motion from right to left, gave Bob a wipe in the eye with his tail, which by the velocity of the wearer was kept in full play like the pendulum of a clock, or the tail of Matthews in his admirable delineation of Sir Fretful Plagiary.

"Zounds," cries Bob, "it is true I may hear, but I can't pretend to say I can see; who the devil is he? there is no looking at him, he seems to leave time and space behind him; where is he?"

Tom laughed heartily, while Bob rubbed his eyes in vain to obtain another view.

"That," said Dashall, "is a sort of Commissary, a dealer in stores for the stomach—red hot pudding, all hot, and commonly called the Flying Pieman*."

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* James Sharpe Egland, more commonly known in the streets of the Metropolis by the appellation of *the Flying Pieman*, may fairly be held forth as an example of what may be effected by persevering industry and activity, especially in a large and populous city. Those qualities, joined with a moderate share of prudence, cannot fail to ensure to every man at least comfort and respectability, if not competence and wealth, however humble his sphere, and however unpromising his beginnings. He was bred to the sedentary trade of a tailor, and worked for some years with his relation, Mr. Austerbury, of Friday Street, Cheapside; but love, which works so many changes, and which has ere now transformed blacksmiths into painters, and which induced Hercules to exchange his club for the distaff, caused this *Knight of the Steel Bar* to relinquish the shop-board and patch up his fortune by the patty-pan. He

"Then," said Bob, "he is not like some of the London dealers, who invite their customers to

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married his landlady, a widow, who resided in Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell. He had a soul above buttons, and abandoned the making of garments to cover the *outside*, in order to mould cakes, pies, and other small pastry, to comfort the *internals*. His active genius, however, could not brook the tedious task of serving his customers behind the counter, he therefore took up his eatables and went abroad in quest of them, and we doubt not he has found this practice, which he has continued ever since, very profitable. The neatness and cleanliness of his appearance at all times are truly pleasing. Hail, rain, or shine, he may be seen abroad without coat or hat; his hair powdered, his shirt sleeves turned up to his elbows, and a steel hanging on his apron-string. Originally he carried a tin case, something like a Dutch oven, in which he constantly kept a fire, but is now generally seen with a small tray. In serving a customer, he never touches his pudding with his hands, but has a knife for the purpose of presenting it to the purchasers, and his sale is so extensive, that he is obliged to replenish several times in a day; and in order to secure a regular and ready supply, his female partner and himself convey a quantity of pudding to a certain distance, and deposit their load at some public house, where she takes care to keep it "all hot," while Egland scours the neighbourhood in search of customers. The first cargo being disposed of he returns for more, and by this method he has it always fresh, and is never in want of goods.

Many laughable anecdotes are told of this flying pieman, and perhaps a day's excursion in following him during his peregrinations would furnish much of curious and interesting amusement. We shall however select one, authenticated by his appearance at Marlborough Street Police Office on Monday, July 8, 1821, as most intimately connected with Real Life in London; when he preferred a serious charge against a Beggar, no other than the president of a smoking club in the *Holy Land*, and

taste and try before they buy, for he scarcely seems to afford a chance of seeing what he sells."

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others, for stealing his mutton pies, cutting off his tail, and otherwise disfiguring his person. By the evidence of Egland, it appeared that he was introduced, with his goods for sale, to a company chiefly consisting of street beggars in St. Giles's, the chair at that moment being filled by a beggar without hands, well known in the vicinity of the Admiralty as a chalker of the pavement. The dignity of the chair was well sustained by this ingenious colourer, who was smoking a pipe as great as an alderman over a bason of turtle soup; but no sooner did Egland make his appearance, than the company seized upon his goods and crammed them down their throats, in spite of the repeated vociferations of "*honour, honour, Gentlemen,*" from the assailed. Resistance was vain, and Egland in this dilemma began to consider that his only safety lay in flight. This, however, he found equally impracticable; he was detained, and by way of consolation for his loss, was called upon for a song. His lungs were good, and although his spirits were not much exhilarated by the introductory part of the entertainment, he began to "*tip 'em a stave;*" but whilst he was chanting "The stormy winds do blow," a fellow cut off his tail. This was worse than all the rest; it was, as it were, a part of his working tools, and the loss of it was likely to injure his business by an alteration of his appearance, and could not be tacitly submitted to.

The magistrates gravely considering this a most serious charge of unprovoked attack upon an industrious individual, ordered the parties to find bail, in default of fully satisfying the inoffensive dealer in pastry, which was accordingly done.

In the year 1804, scorning to be behindhand in loyalty as well as activity, he became a member of the Clerkenwell Volunteers, and was placed in the *light* company, in which capacity he obtained the character not only of being the cleanest man, but the best soldier in the regiment.

It is said, that for amusement, or the gratification of a whim,

"You did not try him," replied Tom, "nor would he have expected you to be a customer. He is a remarkable character, well known all over the Metropolis. Particularly noted for his activity in disposing of his goods; never standing still for a moment, but accosting with extraordinary ease and fluency every person who appears likely to be a purchaser; always ready with an answer to any question, but delivering it with so much volubility, that it is impossible to propose a second enquiry, suiting at the same time his answer to the apparent quality of the querist, though frequently leaving it unfinished in search of a customer, and moving on with so much rapidity, that you may almost find him at the same moment at Tower Hill, Billingsgate, and Spa Fields; at Smithfield, Temple Bar, and Piccadilly; indeed he may be said to be in all quarters of the town in a space of time incredibly short for a man who obtains a livelihood by seeking customers as he moves along."

"Zounds," cried Bob, "this walking genius, this credible incredible, and visible invisible pe-

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he will sometimes walk a distance of fifty or a hundred miles from the Metropolis, and return the same way. On such occasions he always manages to take some companion or friend out with him, but was never known to come back in the same company; for so irresistibly are they allured forward by his inexhaustible fund of humour and sprightliness of conversation, that they seldom think of the distance till they find themselves too far from home to return on foot.

destrian dealer in portable eatables, has almost blinded me.

" For, by this flying pieman,
I've nearly lost an eye, man."

" Come," said Tom, " I've no fear of your eye while you can muster a couplet; so let us proceed."

Crossing Blackfriars Bridge, and approaching the road, Bob, who had assuaged the pain of which he had previously been complaining, could not help admiring the extensive range of houses on each side of the way, terminated by a handsome building in the distance.

" That Building," said Dashall, " will be the extent of our journey, for very near to it is the habitation of Merrywell, where I entertain no doubt you will find enough for observation of a useful as well as a humorous nature: for an epitome of men and manners is there to be obtained."

" Here are abundance of subjects worthy of inspection in this quarter," replied Tom, " and we therefore ought not to exhaust too much time on one, so let us proceed: do you see that high wall to the right? That is the Magdalen Hospital*, esta-

* The Magdalen Hospital in Blackfriars Road, enclosed from public view, occupies an extensive space of ground, and is from the nature of its inhabitants very properly so enclosed. It was opened in the year 1758, and it must be a delightful reflection to its governors, that during the period it has subsisted, more

blished for the relief and reformation of wretched outcasts from society. The principle on which it is founded, entitles it to the countenance and sup-

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than two-thirds of the women who have been admitted have been reconciled to their friends, or placed in honest employments or reputable services: besides which, a very considerable portion have since been married, and are at this moment respectable members of society: circumstances which prove the great and important utility of this admirable institution.

There is no prescribed time for the objects of this charity to remain in the house, it being varied according to circumstances. Every effort is made use of to find out their relations and friends, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation with them, and if they prove to be persons of character, to put them under their protection. If, however, the young women are destitute of such friends, they are kept in the house till an opportunity offers of placing them in reputable services, or otherwise procuring them the means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and they never discharge any one without providing for her. There have been but few discharged beyond the age of twenty years.

The general business of the establishment is conducted by a Committee consisting of 32 Governors, who meet at the Hospital every Thursday at twelve o'clock precisely, except on the first Thursday of every month, when they meet at eleven. Two of them attend at the Chapel in rotation every Sunday at morning and evening service, when a collection is made at the door on entrance. The hours of divine service are a quarter after eleven in the forenoon, and a quarter after six in the evening; and on account of the fascination of the singing, no place of worship in the Metropolis is more worthy of the notice of strangers.

An opportunity is afforded to companies who wish to visit this charity, by addressing a request by letter to the Committee any Thursday, or to A. Bonnet, Esq. the Treasurer, any day in the week, and no fees are allowed to be taken

port of the public, and particularly of the female sex, the object being to reclaim and restore to virtue such wanderers in the labyrinths of vice as are not totally depraved."

"Admirable intentions indeed," cried TALLYHO, "if they are but as well carried into effect."

"The records of the establishment have proved its advantages to society, or rather, I should say, to its conductors, for they are of a nature which cannot be publicly exposed, without much private injury to the individuals who partake of them. It is, however, not a little remarkable, that till lately, on the very opposite side of the road, the neighbourhood has exhibited scenes of vice, immorality, and indecency, which it is the great object of this Charity if possible to prevent, by an endeavour to reclaim the miserable and deluded wretches from their evil ways. I remember the late John Horne Tooke related in the House of Commons a curious anecdote, in allusion to himself and his situation at the time, in which this institution was mentioned, and which excited considerable interest.

"It is well known that the late John Horne Tooke, of political memory as the reputed tutor of a certain patriotic Baronet of the present day, as well as the author of the *Diversions of Purley*, and a correspondent of the yet undiscovered *Junius*, was a reverend divine of the Church of England; and when he became a Member of Parliament, it was objected against him that no person

in Holy Orders could hold a seat in the honourable House of Commons. In his reply, he very ingeniously observed, that this objection reminded him of an applicant for admission to the Magdalen, who, upon being exhorted by the Chaplain to forsake her evil ways, replied that she was not aware of his meaning, and upon explanation she was excluded from the Charity, because she was not bad enough to require reforming. 'This,' said Mr. Horne Tooke, 'is exactly my case; because I am in Holy Orders I must leave the House, and after committing some act of impropriety to lose my gown, I may yet be eligible for a Member of this Assembly.'"

"Pointed enough," said Bob Tallyho.

"Yes," replied Tom; "and having mentioned the name of the man, you may perhaps recollect *the order of the day*, as well as the curious definition (before the Commissioners of the Income Tax) as to how a man lives who has no income at all. Being interrogated by the Commissioners, as to how he obtained his living, Mr. Horne Tooke replied as follows:—'Why, it appears to me, Gentlemen, that there are three modes by which a person may obtain a living; the first is by begging—now this I am too proud to submit to;—the second, by stealing—this I don't choose to resort to;—and the third is by the exercise of the wits—and this, Gentlemen, I presume, you know nothing about.'

"Here," said Dashall, "is the Surrey Theatre,

formerly denominated the Royal Circus. I shall, however, dispatch my description of it in a very few words, as we will ere long pay a visit to its interior. It is a neat building, and shews a good front to the road; is fitted up with a considerable degree of elegance, and is a very convenient theatre. It was originally conducted by Hughes and Jones, and its exhibitions were both scenic and equestrian, something in the style of what Astley's Amphitheatre is now; but you must see the one in order to form an idea of the other. Horses are now banished at this place, where, under an annual license from the magistrates of the county, burlettas, melodramas, dancing, and pantomimes are got up, and performed in a style which would not disgrace even the patent theatres. It is at present under the management of Mr. Dibdin, a son of the celebrated writer of so many of our national, patriotic, and characteristic ballads.—Just through the turnpike, the building which gives a sort of finish to the road, is the School for the Indigent Blind; at the back of which is the Philanthropic Institution, calculated to unite the purposes of *charity* with those of *industry* and *police*, to rescue from destruction the offspring of the vicious and criminal; and Bethlem Hospital, for the care and cure of insane persons, well deserving of minute inspection; and to the right, at the corner of a road which leads from Westminster Bridge towards Vauxhall, is an Asylum for Female Orphans, which, as the Magdalen was intended

to *reclaim* prostitutes, was originally intended to *prevent* prostitution. To the left again is the King's Bench; and as that is our present place of destination, we will forego any further description, till another opportunity.

"I cannot, however, refrain a few remarks on the situation we are now in, for from this place may be seen the children of penance (the Magdalen); the children of darkness (the School for the Indigent Blind); the insane (New Bethlem); the infatuated and fanatic (the congregations of the Zoar Chapel, and the faithful of mewses, garrets, and wooden tabernacles); the children of Thespis and Terpsichore (the Surrey Theatre), mingled together as it were with the debtor and the captive (the King's Bench): at least, placing ourselves at this obelisk in the centre of the road, the mind's eye can comprehend them within a short distance of each other."

"And a curious admixture of the useful and the sweet it certainly is," exclaimed TALLYHO, anxious to give his Cousin a little respite, while they turned to the left on their way to the Bench.

"You will find," continued TOM, "all the before-mentioned infirmities, blindness, infatuation, madness, and profligacy, within the walls that we shall shortly enter, without the repentant spirit of the Sisters within the walls we have just passed. You will also find there is a plenty of self-interest and hypocrisy combined with them; nay, an hospital of incurables is only wanting to complete the

scene. It is not till lately that a little reform has been effected in this quarter, for Dover Street and its vicinity, as I before observed, so near to these benevolent charities and to the walls of a prison, have been the sink of female profligacy, of the lowest, most dangerous, and most disgusting kind; and suffered too long to pollute the streams of charity and impede the road to reform. However, at length the nuisance is removed, at least the public appearance of it, though the neighbourhood is not altogether bereft of its private negociations and stolen accommodations. But come, now for an interior view of the *Abbott's Park*, its interesting scenery, and its multifarious characters. *There you shall see what you shall see*, and Merrywell will tell you more in ten minutes, than you might wish to know in your whole life, I mean practically, though it is well to know in theory what ought never to be reduced to experiment.

CHAP. IV.

"——— Give me leave to ask a question;
Pray, in the King's Bench have you ever been?
The Bench! Good Heaven! how shocking a suggestion!
Was e'er so saucy a companion seen?
* * * * * * * * *
Well, you ne'er saw the place; or if you did,
'Twere better not too closely to surmise;
Enough, enough, those frowns the thought forbid;
Who sees too much is rarely counted wise;
I rather boast that mine are prudent eyes;
Persons and things so quietly they read,
Nor by a glance confess they scrutinize,
That thoughtless lookers think me blind indeed,
When of themselves I take the strictest heed.
But since you wish me to believe that College
Ne'er gave its finish to your education,
I, of its laws and customs having knowledge,
Ere I take up the thread of my narration,
Must say a little for your information."

THEY had now passed the outer gates of the prison, and entered a court yard surrounded by a wall, which enclosed some good looking houses.

"These houses," said DASHALL, "are occupied by the principal officers of the place, and devoted to purposes of business, or let out by them for the accommodation of those who have purchased the privilege of the Rules. This door directly opposite the gate, is the only entrance to the *Park*."

They next passed up the steps, and entered a gloomy apartment, where after a few minutes a

Turnkey, surveying their persons rather minutely, opened the ponderous door, which admitted them to an inner court of confined dimensions. Bob looked around him with surprize after the description of his Cousin, and began to think he had been vamping up imaginary pictures of what was not to be realized; however, hearing a variety of voices, and perceiving another gate, he quelled his conjectures and followed Dashall, who, upon knocking at the door, was surveyed from a sort of loophole by the keeper within, who quickly gave them entrance; and the spacious appearance of the parade, racquet ground, and habitations, and a moving panorama of personages of both sexes, attracted his immediate attention.

Gazing with enquiring eyes upon this world-within-walls,* they scarcely heeded the variety of salutations with which they were greeted on entering, such as nods, winks, and touches on the shoulder from one who appeared as unconscious of such familiarity as if he had for some time been wholly absorbed in the solution of a mathematical problem, or the horse-laugh of the ignorant and vulgar, by whom they found themselves surrounded. Struggling through the throng, Dashall impelled his Cousin forward, repeating as he proceeded,

"How many o'er this threshold pass that mourn,
Wanting our power at pleasure to return;

* The walls of the King's Bench are about thirty feet high, surmounted by a *chevaux de frieze*, and as a place of confinement, it is of great though uncertain antiquity.

A moment let us pause ere we ascend
The gallery that leads us to our friend;
Survey the place, where all that meets your view,
Is full of interest, and strangely new.
Could we but hide those grinning spikes awhile,
Some spacious barrack we might think the pile."

"However," continued he, "I perceive we are quizzed; we will just take a turn round, and probably we may meet Merrywell, if not, we will soon find him out by enquiry. You perceive, they have the accommodation of a butcher's shop, and a baker's, besides green stalls, fish stalls, and chandlers' shops, which give the place the appearance of a public market, while the racquet players and others amusing themselves in various ways, resemble that of a fair."

"Indeed," said TALLYHO, "your description is just, for I have as yet seen but few sorrowful faces, every one seems to have some object in view, either of business or pleasure, almost as attractive as those without the walls."

"And in many instances," continued DASHALL, "of as much, nay, more interest. However, you perceive the accommodation of the inmates has been studied by the founders of the College. Water is well supplied from four pumps, and were it not that the walls intercept the views, a man here might almost consider himself in his own habitation, with only one drawback."

"And what is that?" enquired TALLYHO.

"Merely, that like the starling, he can't get out."

KINGS BENCH: [illegible] REAL CHARACTERS

"How now," said Merrywell, who had espied the entrance of his friends from the window of his apartment, and immediately descended to greet them—touching the Honourable Tom Dashall on the shoulder, while he seized Bob by the opposite arm.

"What are you *a'ter*, exploring the secrets of the prison-house?"

Mutual congratulations having passed, Merrywell welcomed them to his habitation, significantly informing them at the same time, that notwithstanding his powers of entertainment were just then not what he could wish, all was right, the trick was done, that he was arranging for a house in the Rules, *pro tempore*, and that it would not be long before he should have the honour of meeting them in a way that would be more agreeable to all parties. "However," continued he, "if you can bear a confined apartment, I promise you shall have nothing else to complain of. Can you put up with pot-luck in a prison?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "our object was to spend a convivial hour with you, to wile away a little of the time, to see and learn, to take a peep at things as they are, and to form our judgments upon their existence."

"Then," replied Merrywell, "you have arrived *en bon heure*, for in this place a volume of information may be obtained, which, if judiciously applied, must prove beneficial; and while dinner is preparing, I can afford you abundance of amuse-

ment; so come along, we must move round this way to the gate again, in order to take any thing like an accurate survey, and I can furnish some anecdotes of the paraders, the players, the officers of the Court, and the visitors, which cannot fail to prove interesting. This, however, must be done with caution, for suspicion is ever active, and jealousy constantly awake within these walls; and as I mean to give you sketches of individual characters, rather than a general view of the society with which I am now in association, a little discretion may be well made use of."

"Now let us analyse, but not too loud,
If wise, the composition of this crowd;
Made up from native soil and foreign clime,
Of waste and folly, accident and crime.
Here join the Speculator and the Fool,
Greybeards, and youngsters rather fit for school,
(At least for any school but this alone,
Where College vices in the shade are thrown.)
Of pugilists, of haberdashers, jugglers,
Horse jockeys, swindlers, Bond Street beaux, and smugglers,
By hollow friendship some in prison thrown,
By others' follies some—more by their own."

By this time they had traversed round the open walk of the prison, and on arriving at the place of entrance—

"Do you observe that small building on the right? it is called the State House, and contains the largest and most convenient rooms; it is usually devoted to the accommodation of such as are best enabled to pay; and there are persons residing here, who live as well, and in as dashing a style as

those without the walls, or at least pay as much for their living. On the left hand you may also perceive the chapel, for the spiritual wants of those confined are not to be forgotten."

"There, in the centre, is the chapel door,
With ever changing notices spread o'er:
Whatever doctrines may within be taught,
With words of peace that door is rarely fraught:
For there, mid notices of beds for hire,
Of concerts in the state-house by desire,
Some ill-spelt scrawl demands the mighty debt
Of half a crown, with a ferocious threat;
Some traitorous agent is denounced; some spy,
That blabb'd of gin, is hung in effigy;
Here angry fools proclaim the petty jar,
And clumsy pasquinades provoke to war."

By this time they had reached the door of the Chapel, which, by the various placards pasted against it, fully confirmed the description of Merrywell.

Bob, casting his eyes around him, discovered much for enquiry. "Who are those in the corner in close conversation together?"

"The farthest from us," replied Merrywell, "is a Jew attorney, well acquainted with all the shuffling arts of the place; one who can explain the whole game, from raising the wind, down to the White-washing Act, for the knowledge and experience of gentlemen in these days are astonishing. You would scarcely believe it, but such is the fact, there are rakes of quality and of fashion, who are their own farriers, horse dealers,

who know every trick upon the cards and dice—cutting, shuffling, slipping, cogging, securing; who have cards and dice always at hand, and ready made to their hand; who, although they are awake to a good thing, know the odds to a nicety, and can give or take according as it may best suit their purpose, yet are not properly initiated in all requisite mysteries, till a sort of *finish* is given to their education, by a temporary *retirement* here; where they learn a sufficiency of the law to give information on all the quirks and quibbles of the arrest laws, of bailing, demurring, justifying bail, putting in bail above, of writs of error, county and Marshalsea writs, of letters of licence, the laws against usury, the bankrupt laws, and finally of acts of grace; perhaps the last and only one in their lives bearing that name: but we must walk on, or we may be overheard."

"Then," said DASHALL, "you are by this time pretty well acquainted with the characters of your companions, and expect to leave the College with more information than you previously possessed."

"No doubt of it," was the reply; "but as my case was not desperate, I have not sought desperate remedies. I am at this moment supposed by certain friends of mine to be in the gay city of Paris, enjoying all the luxuries of the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, and the Elysian Fields; and I doubt not I shall be able to convince an old rich uncle of mine of the fact. And as my expectations chiefly rest on him, and he cannot

last long, I shall upon liberation make my approaches to him with a little of the French polish I am preparing while here. This, however, is selfish conversation."

"Yet perfectly in point," continued DASHALL.

"And equally interesting too," said BOB.

"Do you see, said Merrywell, "that young man, buttoned up to the chin, in what has been a blue great coat? He is one of the *lecturers*."

"Lecturers?" enquired TALLYHO; "what, have you lectures in the *College?*"

"Undoubtedly we have, on subjects of the utmost importance too. That young man, who began the world with slender property, but who contrived by a strict adherence to ways and means to cut a dashing figure, and live as if he had a large fortune, is in possession of volumes of information, which he is willing to retail to such as require it. What are termed lecturers here, are needy debtors, who *put up* young men less knowing than themselves, for money or for a dinner; and his experience is great, for when he had worn out all quarters of the town in the way of trick, when the fashionable watering places were teeming with clamorous creditors, when he was expelled from all the clubs in consequence of not paying his subscriptions, nay, when he owed almost all the waiters money, he came to this place nearly pennyless, and now, by singing a good song, telling a tough story, and occasionally giving *lectures* to his bro-

thers in confinement, he manages to get a good dinner daily, and seldom goes to bed sober."

"Then his ways and means are not yet exhausted; he must be a good financier, and might be made very useful to the Minister," replied Tom; "and it is really a pity such talents are not duly appreciated."

"Who is that little stout man who passed you just now with a nod of the head?" enquired Tallyho.

"That," answered Merrywell, "is Capt. W——, a sort of walking automaton, a kind of medley of incomprehensibles, something like pedants' periods, very inanimate, and as you perceive, very round. He was formerly a button maker, but having a desire to sink the *shank*, he enlisted under the banners of Cupid, paid his addresses to one of the Queen's maids, carried the fortress by a *coup de main*, and gained a safe lodgement in the *covert way*, by taking the oath of allegiance at the altar of Hymen. Spurning *buttons*, he aspired to the *epaulette*, and was appointed paymaster to the 7th Hussars. Then he set up a coach to run to and from Maidenhead. This being one iron too many in the fire, soon became too hot for him. He defaulted for a considerable sum, and has been in *quod* for four years. Here comes a beau of the first order, a Colonel, and a most determined Dandy, even in confinement. Colonel R— adheres as much to the nicety of dress in this place, as he would for a military appearance on parade.

He is Colonel of the New Grenada Horse. I have not yet learned much of his former pursuits or his origin. There is, however, an anecdote of him circulated, which proves the admirable fitness of such a person for such a command. It is said that when he obtained his appointment, he very significantly asked the General, what *stocks* he should have for his guns, meaning the gun *carriages*."

"That's a little too severe," cried DASHALL, laughing at the same time, "it was but a *lapsus linguæ*, such as might happen to any man."

"I claim no merit in the relation," was the reply; "however, it has raised many a laugh at his expence, and as I had it so you now have it. But we have other game in view, and must not be exhausting our time in criticising immaterial points of propriety.

"Here ruin'd Lawyers, ruin'd Clients meet;
Here Doctors their consumptive Patients greet,
Sick of one malady that mocks all skill,
Without the true specific golden pill.
Here finished Tailors, never to be paid,
Turn eyes on many a coat themselves have made;
And Bailiffs, caught by their own arts at last,
Meet those their *capias* yesterday made fast.
There stalks a youth whose father, for reform,
Has shut him up where countless vices swarm.
But little is that parent skill'd to trace
The springs of action,—little knows the place,
Who sends an ailing mind to where disease
Its inmost citadel of health may seize."

"You entertain us with a diversity of mental dishes," said Tom; "Manacles, Mammon, and Morality, dance through the mazes of your imagination in rapid and admirable succession—I wonder you don't commence *Lecturer*."

"I do not conceive myself qualified, and as I have no real occasion to be a pretender, I leave it to those who have.—O! there goes a curiosity—

"If you look sharp you'll see the short knee'd breeches,
Brown hat and powdered head of stalking P—tch—s.

"He is known here by the title of Don; he has been a long resident within these walls, has seen much of Life, and is still a gay fellow. He was formerly a Member of Parliament, but not being able to overrule the Speaker, he *out-run the Constable*, and was seized by the *Bailiffs*. He is, however, a jolly companion, and lives well; but to show his contempt for riches, he has actually seated his inexpressibles with the parchment title deeds of his own estate, with impressions similar to the old song—

"Why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A tight heart and a thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world, my brave boys."

"Who is that with the rackets under his arm?" enquired Bob.

"That is Baker, a sort of privileged man, who is allowed the advantages of supplying the inmates

with rackets, balls, &c. He lends rackets, sells balls, keeps scores, and occasionally carries on the *haberdashery trade*."

"Then he is a shop-keeper, I suppose."

"He is a measurer of *tape*," replied Merrywell, "by way of refreshment, or in other words, under safe circumstances, can *spin out Old Tom* or *Blue-ruin*."

"I understand," said Bob, "a little of the *Cratur*."

"Here," continued Merrywell, "is the coach-maker to the late Christophe, King of Hayti, Mr. H— of Long Acre notoriety. This gentleman bought a considerable estate, which, with true parental regard, he settled on his daughter, and paying for his purchase by his residence here, whether his intentions will be fulfilled or not, so as to obtain liberation by the *Whitewashing Act*, no one at present can tell—and Colville is taking his walks—he is one of the Janitors, and Crier of the place. He has a Stentorian voice, which it is a part of his business to exercise in calling the prisoners. I know but little of him, and even that is not worth knowing. He, however, has the character of being an informer, and I am not aware that he is in possession of any good qualities. I shall, therefore, rather give a slight sketch of the office he holds, than of the person.

"Whoe'er one night has slept within these walls,
Has heard the din that each new comer calls,
To where the keen-eyed Turnkeys wait to trace
The lineaments of every novel face.

Each morning thro' the Bench goes forth a cry,
By Colville sent thro' every gallery high.
To number "One," peals round the shout from "Ten,"
Far rolling heard, "*Pull up! now Gentlemen!*"

"This is the custom with every new comer, and is productive sometimes of much mirth to some, but of infinite mortification to others, according to the circumstances of the case. As it would occupy some time to describe them, I shall give you a poetical sketch of a morning in the Bench; and by the introduction of a fictitious name, make you acquainted with a general practice. Imagine for a moment,

"Rous'd by the force of that Stentorian sound,
Rose Belcour, dressed, and soon the lobby found.
About the door a throng of varlets stood,
A grinning and ill-favoured brotherhood,
That scoff and gibe at every wight that wears
Linen less black, or better coat than theirs.
For these, young Belcour was too fair a mark;
'Make way,' cries one, 'he's going to the *Park*:
His *horses* wait; he's going for a *ride*.'
'Fool, 'tis his tilbury,' another cried;
'D'ye think his lordship rides without his spurs?'
'A curse upon such base unmanner'd curs,'
Between his teeth impatient Belcour mutter'd,
As each his wit so truly attic utter'd;
Then, 'mid the laughter of the brutal throng,
Dark frowning through the door he moved along.
Within the upper lobby Morris sate,
And touch'd with easy complaisance his hat;
And cried, not deigning from his seat to stir,
'We hope you're pretty comfortable, Sir.
'These chaps about the door are rather rum;
'But, love you! So they do to all that come.'

Short was the conference; the Turnkey's look
Quick cognizance of Belcour's features took;
And never, from that hour might he pass by
Unnoted by that well-observing eye."

"Well," said TALLYHO, "I must confess such scrutiny on the one part, and such observations on the other, would be more than likely to ruffle my temper, and I should be apt to signify my disapprobation, at least of all that was unnecessary."

"In that case," replied Merrywell, "you would only subject yourself to additional torment: you would have songs, epigrams, lampoons, and epitaphs in abundance, which would prove still more irritating; for this is the seat of learning and of wit, of poets, painters, and musicians, who, being enraptured with their own arts, neglect that of bookkeeping, till a residence here gives them a leisure opportunity to close their ledgers. Speaking on that subject, by the by, we have among us, at this moment, the publishers of the John Bull, whose combined efforts in the way of scurrility have rendered them notorious among the periodicals of present times. There is, however, little of public attraction about them; and although they profess to have a subscription opened, to enable them to pay the fine imposed upon them, it is doubted whether any such is really in existence. Here, however, is a character of another description: Captain R— is still a gay fellow, though I apprehend rather what we call *hard up* just now. He has had the opportunity of expending a very con-

siderable property in *seeing Life*, but if report say true, it has been chiefly exhausted among the fair sex, and coffee-house keepers. Seldom much depressed in spirits, let the world wag as it will, he sometimes gives good dinners and enjoys himself with a friend, though I suspect that can, under present circumstances, only be done when he can *pitch the gammon* to the wine merchant, and induce him to *stand the nonsense.*"

"And do wine merchants give credit to persons in confinement?" enquired Bon.

"Certainly," was the reply, "for services done or promised to be done, or upon the security of some friend, who perhaps intends soon after to pay his engagements by a similar mode to that of the person whose debt he pretends to secure. No place can be found where the study of ways and means is more closely attended to than this. Of our prisons in general, much the same may be said as of our gaming houses: very few get out of them as they went in. A dupe is the general character of those who first enter; but they seldom fail to acquire that of *knave* before their departure. The air is infectious, the society fatal to morality and to honesty; few pass through the ordeal with purity, and return uncontaminated to the world; and yet, after all the frauds, tricks, and speculations practised, it is well to be acquainted with them, in order to guard against the recurrence, if a man can but have fortitude enough to avoid practising them himself.

"Think not that the action of the place
Is all revealed upon this open space;
The darkest portion of the picture lies
Obscur'd and cover'd up from public eyes;
Here much you see, that bids you all mistrust,
Much that provokes aversion and disgust;
New friends, who coolly ask a one pound note,
Or borrow for an hour, then pawn, your coat.
Such stuff as this upon the surface swims;
He little sees who but the surface skims.
How much of fraud and finished wickedness,
How much of deep despair and keen distress,
Thought of by few, and seen by none, the while,
Is chamber'd in the niches of this pile!"

"Zounds," cried DASHALL, "your pictures have so much light and shade, so much to admire, and so much to condemn, that there is scarcely any possibility of arriving at any conclusion.—Bless me, there is Dick Rakewell!"

"Do you know him?" said Merrywell.

"What the devil are you doing here?" cried a young man advancing, and at the same time catching the Honourable TOM DASHALL by the hand; "Are you initiated, or merely come to take a peep at the curiosities of this *menagerie?* Have you *tipp'd* and *shewn* yourself in due form; or do you still sport a game leg among the gallants of Bond Street?"

"Fortunately," said DASHALL, "I can still boast of the latter, and have no very strong inclination to aspire to all the honour and happiness of the former."

"Grown serious and sedate; I suppose married, and ca'nt come—pretty wife—lots of children—love and fire-side comfort at home—pleasure abroad—cash in hand, and care for nobody. *That's the sort*—give you joy with all my heart—*never were such times.*"

"I am glad you find them so," continued Tom; "but your anticipations are a little too rapid, and your imagination rather two vivid for my proceeding; however, there is no knowing what we may come to; life is a labyrinth full of turnings and windings. But what brought you here?"

"Driven in by the Philistines," was the reply; "caught like a harmless *dove* by the *Greeks*—*clean'd out.*—By the *cog*, I was obliged to fly to this *pigeon* house, in order to avoid being *cut up* by my creditors; and, up to a little of the Newmarket logic, I am now *crossing* and *justling*, though it is doubtful at present who will win the *race.*"

"You have not far to run, however," replied Dashall, "and it is therefore fair to presume the *heat* will soon be over."

"As usual," cried Rakewell, "always something short, but pungent, like a pinch of merry-go-up*—satire and sentiment—mirth, morality, and good humour—unmarried and still the same man. These are better subjects of congratulation than the former."

"We shall dine at half past three," said Merry-

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* *Merry-go-up*—Snuff.

well, "and if you are inclined to make one along with us, you will find me *at home*."

"I should have no objection to meet you abroad," exclaimed Rakewell; "but, however, I'm your man. Half past three, d—nd unfashionable; but never mind, I'll pick a bone with you; and spite of dull care and high walls, 'locks, bolts, and bars, we'll defy you;' and my life for it we have a jolly afternoon. Is the *cellar* well stored, and the *kitchen* in good repair?"

"All right, my boy!" exclaimed Merrywell, "bring your *bellows** in good order, and don't be afraid of your *bread basket*.† The *dibs are in tune*.‡ *A ball of fire*, § *a dose of daffy*, or *a blow out of black strap*, will set the blue devils at defiance, give a spur to harmony, and set the spirits a jogging."

"Then at half past three I'll have a turn to with you," continued Rakewell; "so no more at present from your loving Cousin. I am going now to call on Fred. Fearnought; that fellow has deceived me; I thought him a trump, but he's eaten up with hopes and fears, tormented in mind, body, and estate, no more pluck than a dunghill chick. I must stir him up with a long pole, give him a lesson or two, touch him to the quick, and then

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* *Bellows*—A cant term for the lungs.

† *Bread-basket*—The stomach.

‡ *The dibs are in tune*—There is plenty of money.

§ *A ball of fire*—A glass of brandy.

quickly adjourn to you; so adieu for the pre sent."

Thus saying, he made his escape from his friends, and, passing through one of the entrances to the interior, was quickly out of sight.

"That," said DASHALL, addressing his Cousin, "was one of the gayest of the gay in all the leading circles of *haut ton*."

"And I assure you," said Merrywell, "he has not lost one atom of his vivacity, notwithstanding the alteration in his circumstances; he is always full of humour, ready for a bit of fun even in confinement; he plays, laughs, sings, drinks, and is about one of the most cheerful companions I know."

"Then," rejoined BOB, "he is a philosopher, for he has learned to bear."

"Yes," continued DASHALL, "but the other, and by far the most important, part of philosophy is to forbear."

"That," said Merrywell, "he yet has to learn, and I have my doubts whether he will accomplish that desirable object while here. He has, with a moderate allowance from his father, contrived to drive his four in-hand at times, to keep seven or more horses on his hunting and Town establishments; has kept some of the most dashing and expensive ladies, expensive male company; indulged in extravagant habits of all sorts, and has twinkled for a while in the highest gambling circles. A run of ill luck has at last sent him here, but not before

he had honoured almost all the horse-dealers, coach-makers, and saddlers, gunsmiths and tavern-keepers in Town, with his custom, or rather with his name on their books. His father is a man of considerable property, which must eventually come to him, and he may yet form a conspicuous figure in High Life."

"What have we here?" said TALLYHO, stopping to read a paper displayed in the window of a barber's shop.

"The old and only established shop at the prison "price: shave well for one penny, hair fashionably "cut for twopence, at 17 in 16, first staircase "round the corner."

"Seventeen in sixteen—I don't understand this."

"Each of the doors," said Merrywell, "which lead to the apartments is numbered, as is likewise every room in each passage, by which means much facility is afforded to visitors who come to make a call upon their friends. The operator himself is a prisoner, and so are most of those who carry on trades; but opportunities are afforded for any person to come in and supply articles to the inhabitants; and at an early hour in the morning you may hear almost all the cries of London."

"Milk, matches, eggs, and Epping sausages,
Greens, water-cresses, chips, geranium trees;
A brush or broom, deal wood, cow-heel, and tripe,
Fresh butter, oranges all round and ripe;

Rabbits, a kettle, jug, or coffee pot,
Eels, poultry, home-bak'd bread, and rolls all hot;
Shirt buttons, nosegays, coals, and God knows what.
Such are the goods that pass the lobby door,
Cried in all tones that vary, squeak, and roar."

"A little further on," said Merrywell, "is the public kitchen, where, for a trifling fee, cooking is performed for the prisoners, and hot water supplied at a penny per kettle. Then there is a coffee-room and a tap-room for general accommodation, according to the circumstances of the inmates; so that in point of fact there is little to be regretted here, but the loss of liberty, and the want of money."

"Zounds," said Bob, "those two articles constitute all that is valuable in life, and in their absence it dwindles into mere existence.

"And bare existence man to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight."

"I admit the justice of the remark, for to become an article of vegetation, were it sure of continuance, would be one of the most irksome, as well as degrading situations to which a man could be reduced. But you should recollect, that the generality of persons who study in this *College* expect an early termination of their privations, by which hope is kept alive; and when the cherished hope is realized, of escaping from these walls, all recollection of the past is banished; and it is doubtful whether the temporary absence from the

possibility of indulging in folly does not increase the possibility as well as the power, when at liberty."

"Who do you call that man with his hands in his pockets?" pointing to a person at a short distance from them at the moment, in slovenly attire, and with a vacant countenance.

"Hush," replied Merrywell, "for we have modest men here as well as elsewhere; men who, though they have rendered themselves famous (a more delicate term than notorious) are not emulous of having their deeds recorded in history, and are indeed very tenacious of satisfying enquiries: his name is F—rr—ter, not quite so vacant as he looks; for it is, generally speaking, not your empty-headed fellows who can arrive at the honour of a residence here, it is rather those of brilliant imagination, of aspiring talent, who have been determined to have money for a time, without heeding the source from which it was derived—who have been *up to snuff*, till they have reduced themselves to the necessity of resting contented with the *marrow-bone stage* instead of a phaeton or a curricle, and *twopenny* in lieu of claret. The person you allude to, however, is brother to Cecil F—rr—ter of Court notoriety, and has really been in possession of considerable property. It is said that his principal failing has been too strong an inclination to resort to the law, and that upon the law and lawyers he has expended the bulk of his fortune."

"He cuts a curious figure now, however," said

Tallyho, "and every view at first sight would take him for a *fortunate youth*."

"Do you observe that man in mustachios, now talking with P——s? That is Captain R—n, who bears a more striking resemblance in character to the celebrated youth you mention; he had at one time inspired a belief among those who knew him, that he was a man of property—married with a view to realize it; and upon comparing notes after the nuptial knot was tied, both parties discovered they were taken in; but it is not ascertained whether this mutual disappointment ended with smiles."

"Why, it was no laughing matter," said Tom; the lucky *hit* was all a *miss*."

"Yes, there was a *Miss taken*, and a *Biter bit*. Love is a lottery as well as life, and the chances two to one against the adventurer," replied Dashall.

"It may be so," said Merrywell; "I am not *fly** to the subject at present; perhaps Sparkle could by this time unravel some of its mysteries, and give beneficial lessons to us all: however, time is flying, we will just make one more turn, and then to dinner with what appetite we may. Do you observe the pericranium topp'd with a Prussian cap, and the wearer with a pipe in his mouth?"

"I was on the point of enquiry," said Bob; "Pray who is he?"

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* *Fly*—To be *up* to any thing, to understand, to know, or *be awake*.

"That is another Captain."

"Who! One would almost think you have the whole army of Martyrs confined here," said TALLYHO; "at all events, your ranks are not deficient of officers."

"But then," said DASHALL, "they are out of commission and out of practice."

"For want of command," continued Merrywell; "though Capt. S——, although never made a Commander in Chief, has been an exalted character, having once been made *inspector of the pavement*,* or in other words *knapp'd the stoop*; and, if report says true, he has also figured away in other situations equally honourable—a flash turf man—a naval character, and a smuggler. But come, I have given you a sort of index by which you may read, mark, and learn more, when we are more at leisure. It is now half past three o'clock, and punctuality is always my motto."

"Humph," ejaculated TOM; "Cash down, and no grumbling."

"D—n severity," was the reply; "no more of that, or we cut: touch my honour, and you touch my life."

"Dot and go one," cried DASHALL. "Come along, BOB!" and catching his Cousin by the arm, they followed Merrywell in silence to his apartment in the State House.

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* *Inspector of the pavement*, or *knapp'd the stoop*—Cant terms for the pillory.

On arrival, they found the dinner on table; and Rakewell, true to his appointment, arrived before them. The *keen* air of Surrey, though rather confined, had furnished them with good appetites. Apologies were banished, and to it they went without "*let, hinderance, or molestation,*"—the *viands* were good, the wines exquisite and plentiful. The cloth being removed, mirth and conviviality were the order of the day.

Confusion to soft heads and hard hearts!—Parks and pleasure grounds without *priories!* were drank in bumpers with enthusiastic applause. The merriment and hilarity of Merrywell and his fellow student crowned the afternoon with as much pleasure and delight, as Bob conceived he could have found under unlimited circumstances. The good humour and hospitality of the host was manifested in the perfect satisfaction of those he entertained; and about eight o'clock, when Rakewell began to mangle his mother tongue, our friends, after dropping their mites into the canisters held out for their bounty, repassed the gates, well pleased and highly diverted with the information they had obtained, and the occurrences of the day; and not a little exhilarated by the Bacchanalian juice.

"Well," said Tallyho, "this is a scene of *Real Life,* which I should judge could scarcely be equalled, and would almost induce one to wish for an opportunity of a residence along with the *Collegians.*"

"*Provided always nevertheless* with an equal

opportunity of leaving it when we please," said DASHALL; "and probably we have only seen one of the best pictures it contains, for although we have been *as jolly as Sandboys*, there is a large store of misery unseen. But let us proceed. We shall soon be free from *College Rules*, and a thought strikes me, that we can make a call on our road that will afford another view of society equally amusing and refreshing. I have often observed to you, that in order to see *Life*, there is no necessity to *buz* about with court flies, to waste time and money in getting introduced to the *tip tops* of the West, to join what are termed the fashionable circles, and to end a fashionable career by a *whereas* or a *whitewashing*. The true student of *Real Life* should occasionally mingle with all descriptions of persons, mark the characters and their conduct; and, believe me, there are those in the humblest situations, who enjoy themselves in their own way with as much of heartfelt satisfaction as those in the highest, of which, I think, I shall be able to give you a decided proof before we reach home."

They now pursued their way along the London Road and over Westminster Bridge, till TOM called a halt at the door of a friend.

"Come, BOB," said he, "here we must *uncase* —*doff* the present *toggery*, and turn out in new trim for the evening."

"What!" enquired BOB, "another masquerade?"

"No, no," was the reply, "a temporary suspension of the dress and character of a gentleman, in order to avoid being tormented and suspected by the company to which I intend to introduce you."

Finding his friend at home, they were quickly supplied with tatter'd garments and slouch'd hats, in which they again sallied forth, and about nine o'clock they entered a low public-house in Scotland-yard.

"Fear nothing," said Tom, as they passed the threshold; "don't be flurried by any thing said to you, 'tis only a *heavy wet party* among the *coal-heaving coves*."

As Bob entered the room, his very first action betrayed him, for, being accustomed to genteel behaviour, he took off his hat, which was in a moment knocked out of his hand by a hard featured fellow near him, whose face indicated the want of water, although so near the river.

"Order, order," was vociferated in an instant by a jolly good-natured looking man exalted above the rest, who, at the same moment, rapped the table with his knuckles—"This here *vay*, gentlemen—Bill Muggins, mind you I arn't had your penny in the plate for *Backy*."

"*Vy*, that's a lie!" roar'd out a Stentorian voice, "I never takes my seat before I sees my *vay* clear upon the board. I put a crooked *ha' penny*."

"Yes, and two bad fardens *vhat* an't vorth

nothing," said another. "Make him *tip*," cried a third, "or else *stick him in the nitch**."

Bob having regained his *castor*, followed his Cousin to the other end of the room, and after each depositing a penny in the plate, they took their seats at the table, where, being supplied with a flowing quart, they began to look around them.

The first thing which struck Tallyho's eye, was "*No trust*," printed in large letters at one end of the room; a sort of indication, that a man without money would not be likely to meet with agreeable entertainment: then turning his head the other way, he discovered they were in a house of call for Coal Porters. Before the president (who, by way of distinction, had turned the broad flap of his coal-heaving hat forward in the fashion of a huntsman's cap) was placed a small round table, on which stood a gallon measure of *heavy wet*. On his right sat a worn-out workman fast asleep, and occasionally affording his friends around him a snoring accompaniment to a roar of laughter.

"Silence, silence! vy don't you all be more quieter when I am going to begin."

"Order, order, chair, chair!" now resounded from every one.

"*Vell*, you know its no use at all for to make me take this here chair, because *vy*—I an't got no *voice*."

"I knows better nor that," said Bill Muggins,

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* *Stick him in the nitch*—Send him to Coventry.

for, by — ven you fell overboard the other day you roared like a *rum un*, and ven I pulled you out you squeaked like a pig, so *that are* proves *vhat* you have got two woices, and that's one more than you ought to have. Lord, Lord, if you had but seen him and I get drunk a'ter it, you would *ha'* laughed —Dick *hotted blue ruin* till his eyes sparkled just for all the vorld like a *vooden spoon against a soot bag*."

A general laugh succeeded this sally, which was accompanied by the speaker with a violent blow upon the table, which threatened confusion to the candles, glasses, and porter-pots, with which it was loaded.

"Vell," continued the chairman, "you know its all my eye, I an't got no sing in me, so if you're a mind to be friendly, vill you heave out."

"Vy, you know Dick, for the matter *o' that are*, I never refuses you nothing; nor, vhat's more, I never vont, so here goes.

"*Vhat* a hearty blade am I,
Care ca'nt never touch my heart,
Every trouble I defy,
Vhile I views the foaming *qevart*.
A very good song, and very well sung;
Jolly *kimpanions*, every one,
Clap your hats on, keep your heads varm,
A little more liquor will do us no harm.
Blankets and pins, blankets and pins,
When a man's married his sorrow begins."

The six last lines were repeated as a chorus, till every one appeared to be exhausted, and was

succeeded by thunders of approbation, and reiterated cries of "Well done, Bill—go it, Bill—Bill Muggins for ever!" and the still unabated snoring of their companion in the corner.

"Bill Muggins a'nt *nothing but a good'un, Gemmen*," said the President; "here's his health. Landlord, bring him a *bolus of blue ruin*. I say, Bill, vhat shall ve say a'ter that are good song?"

"Here's bad luck and no *blue ruin* to bad masters, and leg o' mutton and turnups for *trumps*—that's all I got to say, so here goes."

The toast being drank,

"Who is *ve* to call on now, Bill?"

"Vy, Bob Martlet's the boy to come it strong."

Bob Martlet was accordingly called upon, but requested a few minutes to prepare himself, as he was rather hoarse.

During this interregnum, DASHALL slipped out of the room, and gave the landlord an order to place two bowls of punch on the tables, cautioning him at the same time to say nothing of the party who paid for it, but to say that a Gentleman, passing by the door and hearing them all merry, had given an order for it at the bar.

Upon re-entering the room, Bob Martlet, with one eye bound up and his hat in his hand, was bawling with lungs of leather,

Lovely nymph! assuage my anguish,
At thy feet a tender swain,
Prays you will not let him languish,
One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long need sue in vain—
Prince of song and dance—you
Scarce will meet his like again !

As this was a song to be sung in character, Bob Martlet determined to profit by the instructions of Shakspeare, " to suit the action to the word, and the word to the action," and consequently at the word " dance," he introduced some steps to the great entertainment of the company ; but unfortunately jigging to another tune, in which all the *broad brims* joined, he forgot the connexion of the words, and was compelled to sing it over again, and to give his hornpipe by way of conclusion, which was accompanied by the barking of a dog.

Tallyho laughed heartily at this ; the grotesque appearance of the " tender swain," and the dance in wooden shoes, were admirable, and highly relished by his companions. The room resounded with applauses, and it was some moments before silence could be obtained, when, lo and behold, the landlord entered the room as a peace-breaker with two bowls of punch.

Consternation and surprise were visible in every countenance. The confusion of tongues could scarcely equal the enquiries made in a moment ; but the landlord, having his cue, made no reply, But there it is, will you drink it ? It is all your own —and, to set you a good example, here goes—Success to trade !—and took a hearty swig from the bowl he placed before the President ; then, taking

the other bowl to the lower end of the room, he evaporated, but soon returned with glasses. Where it came from or how it was obtained, was banished from consideration, and to make more, the remnant of a pot of *heavy wet* was thrown into the bowl to mellow it, as the President observed, because *vy* he liked things mellow. The punch was handed about, the song and the toast passed merrily in succession till near twelve, when an unlucky disturber of harmony, with a candle set fire to the whisker of Phill. *the flue faker*, so called from his having in his younger days been a chimney-sweeper. Phill, who had slept during the noise of the evening, was, notwithstanding his former trade, not fire-proof, awoke in a flame, and not knowing the real depredator, upset the President, and nearly knock'd him through a window just behind him—*mill'd* away in all directions, growling with as much melody as he had before snored. During the confusion of this affray, Tom and Bob took their departure from *Charley's Crib*, which they understood was a nickname given to the place, and, throwing themselves into a *rattler*, soon arrived in Piccadilly, where we shall for the present leave them to their repose.

CHAP. V.

"Since LIFE's but a jest, let us follow the rule,
There's nothing so pleasant as playing the fool,
In town we may practise, as well as at school.

The world turns about the same things o'er and o'er;
We fool it—our forefathers fool'd it before;
They did what we do, which our sons will *encore*.

LIFE's but a half holiday, lent us to stare;
We wander and wonder in vanity's fair,
All, baby-like, bawling for each bawble there:

We, children like, covet the glitter of gay things,
Make racket for ribbands, and such sort of play-things,
Which we cannot have tho'—without we can say things.

We *take*, or are all in our turns, *taken* in;
The world to be sure—'tis a shame and a sin,—
Might soon be much better—but who will begin?"

"LONDON," said the Hon. TOM DASHALL to his Cousin, "abounds with so much of munificence, that notwithstanding all its intricacies and inconveniences, he who travels through life without visiting it, may justly be said to know nothing; for it is all Life, its remotest corners are full of animation, and although it is difficult to fancy how all live, there are few but could give some satisfactory information if they chose, though I am willing to believe many would rather wish to avoid interrogation. We have already explored some parts of it, but be assured there is still much to admire, much to applaud, and much to deprecate.

Our researches, after all, have been rather confined than extensive. It is such an ever varying and never ceasing mine of observation, that it is almost like the wishing cap of Fortunatus, with this exception, that although every wish may be supplied, it requires something more than putting on the cap to obtain the object desired."

"From what I have already seen," replied TALLYHO, "I perfectly coincide with you in the latter part of your observation, for I have no doubt but perseverance and integrity, with some portion of ability, is sure to meet reward."

"You are right," continued TOM; "many instances could be pointed out in proof of the justice of that remark: some of the greatest men of the present day have rose from the lowest origin. Shop-boys and porters have become tradesmen and merchants; shoe-blacks have become statesmen, and servants councillors. But on the other hand, many who have been born, as the old saying is, 'with a silver spoon in their mouths,' have 'fallen from their high estates,' and lingered out the latter parts of their lives in prisons or workhouses, laying the blame on fate, rather than attributing failure to their own want of ability, prudence, or active exertion. But come, I perceive the curricle is ready; let us take a spank through the City, and look a little more minutely at the mercantile world."

This call was instantly obeyed by TALLYHO, who never doubted but his Cousin had some object in

view, though he frequently started from Piccadilly without being previously acquainted with it.

Passing out at Hyde Park Corner, Bob remarked that he thought the City lay the other way.

"Never mind," replied Dashall, "we shall come to the point without doubt. Why, man, there are more ways than one, and I am not particularly partial to being blocked up in the public streets, amidst *knowing jarveys* and *cramp carmen*, sugar hogsheads, molasses, and slush carts, which is so frequently the case, when by a slight deviation from the direct way, we can give the *tits* a rattler on a good road without obstruction, and pocket a handful of time into the bargain."

He now turned into the road which leads directly to Vauxhall Bridge; on arriving at which, Tallyho was much delighted with an extensive view of the Thames.

"This," said Dashall, "will bring us to a favourite place of amusement, where you have already cut a conspicuous figure."

"What do you mean?" enquired his Cousin.

"A masquerade," replied he significantly. "Go along Bob."

Passing gently over the Bridge, "Do you observe," continued he, "that extensive building? That is called the Penitentiary. It is a building designed for the punishment, employment, and reformation of offenders of secondary turpitude, usually punished by transportation for a term of years. It has been conceived since the commence-

ment of the disputes which terminated in the separation of the American States. The plan of it is known to be partly that of Mr. Jeremy Bentham. The culprits are confined in circular buildings, the windows of which are so constructed, that the overseer from his room in the centre may be able to view every one of their rooms. The external wall encloses no less than eighteen acres of ground, within which are six of these circular buildings, each capable of lodging and employing from 150 to 200 prisoners, with a chapel, infirmary, and other conveniences. Its situation is called Millbank."

"It looks," said Bob, "like a castle, or tower, of impregnable strength."

"It is, however," continued Tom, "a useful institution, since it supersedes that indiscriminate transportation so long practised, and which, as applied to definite periods, was *cruel* and *unjust*, since the wretched objects were precluded from the power of ever returning to their native land, however short the intended period of their banishment. This part of the world is much improved of late years. The Bridge we are now passing, is an admirable light and elegant structure, but recently erected, according to the plan of Mr. J. Walker, and connects, as you perceive, by a straight line of road with Hyde Park Corner. The road before us leads to Newington Cross, and thence by various ways to the City. The Bridge

consists of nine arches, of equal span, in squares of cast iron, on piers of rusticated stone formed of fragments, united by means of Parker's cement. Its width is 809 feet, the span of the arches 78 feet, the height 29 feet, and the clear breadth of the road way is 36 feet. It cost above 300,000*l.* But we shall shortly cross another bridge, far surpassing it in point of magnificence."

"It is wonderful indeed," said Bob, "that in a country complaining of a starving population, such serious sums of money should be expended in the erection of splendid mansions and magnificent bridges."

"Not at all," was the reply, "for perhaps it is one of the best ways of expending, as it gives employment to thousands who would otherwise have become beggars on private charity, or paupers on public bounty, either of which is revolting to the mind of an Englishman: besides, if your observation applied at all, it would cut at every improvement of the day; and you should recollect, that, whether upon true foundations or not, every generation think the age they live in is the most enlightened: so it may be with respect to the preceding, and indeed, so much so, that the succeeding will rather decline than improve upon it, but it would be difficult to convince them of the fact. It is certain, however, that scarcely a day passes but some new invention or improvement is offered to public notice. The perusal of the newspapers

is an evidence of my assertion; and as London is the centre of attraction, so it is the seat of knowledge, of science and information."

"I should judge, that if a person who had lived some two hundred years ago, even in this wild place, were to rise up amongst us, his surprise and astonishment would be strongly excited," said Bob, endeavouring to draw forth more of his observations as they bowled along the road.

"There can be no question on that subject," said Tom, "for how would the high ideas he entertained of the ingenuity of the age in which he had lived, dwindle into nothing! Nay, should he appear in the country first, what would he think of the various implements of husbandry, for ploughing, and preparing the land; the different machines for sowing the corn, for threshing, grinding, and dressing it; and in numerous instances (though perhaps not quite so much now as it has been, on account of the present agricultural distresses) he would find something else too which he might not consider an improvement: instead of meeting the honest homely farmer, assisting personally in the gathering in his crops, and his daughter following the cart with a rake, he would find the former mounted on his *Prad* following the hounds, and the latter at boarding school. Instead of the farmer's son bringing home his cows of an evening, and his sister going out to meet him at the sound of his well known voice, with her milk-white pail, he would find the one poring over Latin and Greek,

and the other running her fingers over the chords of a harp or piano-forte."

"These," said Bob, "are refinements in manners at least."

"Then, should he take a peep at London, as we are now doing, he would be struck dumb with admiration. But here we are on the Waterloo Road. That building on the right is the Coburg Theatre, so named in compliment to the Prince of Saxe Coburg, who married the unfortunate Princess Charlotte of Wales, the much regretted daughter of our present King. Before us is Waterloo Bridge, which leads to the Strand, and was originally denominated the Strand Bridge; it is acknowledged to be one of the most majestic structures of the kind, perhaps, in the known world, and was built under the direction of the late Mr. Rennie, to whose memory it is said a monument is intended to be erected. The Bridge consists of nine equal arches, and like the bridges of the ancients, is perfectly flat, which you perceive the road we are now travelling is not, for in some instances you may look over the wall upon another world below, as we are above the tops of the houses. Its being level is a circumstance highly favourable to the draught of carriages across it, and without any apparent subtraction from its beauty. We will alight here and walk leisurely across, taking time for remark."

The servants now took charge of the curricle, with orders to wait at the corner of the Strand,

while our heros, having each deposited his penny at the toll-house, strolled forward.

Tallyho appeared delighted with the views around him: In the front, a fine prospect of one of the finest cities in the world, and behind an equally pleasing sight over the Surrey hills. The day being fine, and the sun darting his refulgent beams on the bosom of the Thames, contributed to form, altogether, one of the most enraptured sights he had ever beheld. The passing and repassing of boats and barges below; and carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, crossing the bridge, alternately attracted his attention.

"Each arch of this bridge," said Dashall, "is 120 feet span; the piers 20 feet thick, with Tuscan columns; the width between the parapets 42 feet; these footpaths are seven feet each, and the road-way is 28 feet. The cost has been immense, and it is not likely that the original subscribers will ever realize the capital expended."

At this moment the sound of music attracted the ears of Tallyho.

"What have we here?" said he, thrusting his head through the balustrades, by which he found himself almost suffocated with smoke, which stopped further enquiry.

"Behold," said Tom, "another improvement of the age; that is the Richmond Steam Boat, proceeding with a cargo of live stock to that celebrated place of public resort, and, in spite of wind and weather, will return in the evening. They

always have a band of music on board, for the amusement of their passengers."

"Zounds," said Bob, "they ought to have a smoke-consumer."

"They had one just now," replied Tom; "for I apprehend you assisted them in some degree, though not voluntarily."

"You are smoking me," said Bob.

"Never mind, you have only been puffing a cloud."

"However, as the mist is dispelled," said Tallyho, "and we have a clear sky before us again, let us make use of our senses."

"To the right you perceive Blackfriars' Bridge, and beyond that the Southwark Bridge. By the way, we were speaking of the alterations to be witnessed in a country life. We will now pursue the subject, and suppose for a moment our two-thousand-years-ago friend, after his visit among the Swains, inclined to transfer his observations to the Great Town. The first question would be, How shall I get there? Oh, there are plenty of night coaches, and day coaches too, Sir. Well, then fancy him seated in a night coach, and having supped on the road, on resuming his corner of the vehicle, he falls into a sound sleep. Guess what must be his surprise on waking in the morning, to find himself in the bustle and apparent confusion of the streets of the Metropolis. But how altered! Wide streets and upright houses, instead of narrow lanes with houses meeting each

other at the tops. Then what elegant shops!—He would exclaim, rubbing his eyes, 'Why, this is all a dream

"Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain!"

'It cannot be reality!'—However, he swallows a hasty breakfast, and sallies out again to look about him. From London Bridge he espies the one I have just mentioned, the Southwark Bridge.—'What have we here?'—'Oh, Sir, that is the cast-iron bridge, with three arches, over the Thames.' He hastens to it, and when upon it, what must be his astonishment, at the power of the human mind to form, and of the human body to bring together, such immense pieces of iron? To connect Queen Street, Cheapside, with the Kent and Surrey Roads by three arches, the centre of which is 240 feet span, and the side ones 210 feet each, the arches all composed of cast iron, the piers and abutments of stone. 'Zounds,' he would exclaim, 'if the race of man dwindle in stature, they grow daily more stupendous in intellect!' But we will suppose, like you, with an anxiety to see all that can be seen, he perceives a machine sailing down the river with astonishing velocity; 'Why, formerly,' said he, 'wind and tide against a vessel were insurmountable obstacles in its passage, but now they seem to add to its swiftness; how is this to be accounted for?'—'Easily enough,' replies a bye-stander; 'Lord bless you, it's all done by

steam. Hot water and smoke do every thing now-a-days! Why there are a great number of machines, which formerly required from two to forty or more horses each to put and keep in motion, entirely worked by the steam arising from boiling water.'—'PRODIGIOUS! Steam do all that! ASTONISHING!'"

"And truly," replied BOB, "notwithstanding I have witnessed many improvements, I confess I am astonished at the various uses to which this discovery has already been devoted, and the extraordinary powers it possesses.

"Well, we will pursue the train of thought a little further: Suppose, perambulating the streets till he is quite tired, and seeing alterations and changes out of number, he enters a Coffee House, eats a hearty meal, and taking a glass or two of wine, he falls into a musing train of ideas of the wonders he has been witnessing, from which he is not disturbed, till the hoarse voice of a *Charley* sounds in his ear, 'Past ten o'clock, and a cloudy night,' at which he hastily starts up, discharges his bill, and prepares, by buttoning up close and securing his trusty stick, for (as he would naturally expect) a dull dreary walk. He sallies out thus equipped, and, to his utter astonishment, finds the streets as busy as in the middle of the day, and almost as light. He steps up to one of the lights to examine it—'What can this be? It is not oil, there is no vessel to contain it; surely this can't

be steam also! But what can it be?'—'Gas, Sir,' says a passenger, who overhears the question, 'Gas; it is produced from coals set on fire and confined in a furnace, the subtle vapour from which is conveyed by means of pipes, and, light applied to it, immediately bursts into a flame.' His astonishment would now be complete, and if he did sleep after, it would be difficult to persuade him it was not all a dream."

"Our wise forefathers knew the worth of land,
And bank'd the Thames out with laborious hand;
From fresh encroachments bound it's restless tide
Within a spacious channel deep and wide.
With equal pains, revers'd, their grandsons make
On the same spot a little inland lake;
Where browsing sheep or grazing cattle fed,
The wondrous waters new dominion spread;
Where rows of houses stood through many a street,
Now rows of ships present a little fleet.
Nay, we had made, had Nature not refus'd,
Had Father Thames not begg'd to be excus'd,
A pretty tunnel underneath his bed,
And left him running, grumbling, over head;
Had scratch'd a track out, like a grubbing mole,
Through a long, dark, and damp and dirty hole—
Like rats in sewers, had flounder'd through the mud,
Instead of sailing, duck-like, o'er the flood;
But bubbling springs chok'd up the project *deep*,
And trickling waters on our folly weep."

By this time they had crossed the Bridge, and having regained the curricle, the Hon. Tom Dashall tickled the *tits* in prime style along the Strand, in the road to the City. Soon after passing Tem-

ple Bar, they were attracted by a vast concourse of persons surrounding the shop of Mr. Carlile,*

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* Perhaps some of the most remarkable occurrences in the City of London have taken place at the house of Carlile. The whole family have been tried and convicted of selling treasonable or seditious works, and are now suffering the sentence of the law. But, notwithstanding the combined efforts of a powerful body, the shop is kept open, and it is more than likely that a greater business is carried on now than ever. In a recent Number of the Republican, published by him, he makes the following observations :—

" Since my last went to press, we have thought it prudent to resort to stratagem to defeat the schemes of the Gang, in taking out every new hand from the shop by a warrant. We now sell all publications, to suspicious and unsuspicious customers, through a hole in a part of the shop, where it is impossible for the purchaser to identify the seller, as there are always two or three serving in the back ground, none of whom can be seen or heard, to be identified individually. These persons are frequently changed, so that even if the enemy resorted to burglary and house-breaking, upon the strength of any warrant, the seller of any pamphlet or pamphlets could not be identified. Where the statue of Paine stood, we are about to caricature the defeat of Murray and Sharpe, and make them watch the hole through which the money and pamphlets pass, without being able to prevent it. There are fifty stratagems by which I could give full effect to the sale of my publications, as well as if they were sold openly, and which would defy prosecution, as the vender could not be identified. I dislike this mode of doing business; I like open, fair play; and I now make a proposition to Stoddart, Clarke, Murray, and Sharp, that I will do every thing openly, and give them the name of every individual in my employ from time to time, if they will confine themselves to the professions they have made through " Cato," their scribe, and not arrest until a Grand Jury have pronounced a true Bill

from whence upon enquiry they learnt the officers of the Police had just taken one of the shopmen in

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against the individual. If they will not accept this proposition, they shall arrest no more, and my business shall go on just the same. I tell them, for their comfort, that the pamphlets sold daily through the hole, have doubled the number of those sold openly heretofore. Public curiosity *they* have excited, and *I* am reaping the benefit. They cannot put *me* down. I will put *them* down. Let the result bear witness. My friend in the enemy's camp and councils, has my thanks for his valuable information. He will perceive that all his information and instructions have been acted upon."

The previous observations of Mr. Carlile are admirably elucidated by the following Police Report of one of the Newspapers:

The Bridge-street Association.—After a cessation of hostilities for two or three days, Mr. Secretary Murray, and the forces of the Bridge Street Association under his command, reassembled at this Justice-room [Guildhall] on Saturday.

Mr. Honorary Secretary Sharp was also in attendance, and remained in the public room with the Yeomen, while the Co-Secretary was indulged with a private interview with the Magistrate, Mr. Alderman Birch, in the parlour. Mr. Newman, the City Solicitor, was also called into council, and remained in consultation with Secretary Murray some time; there was much marching and countermarching in and out of the office on the part of the Secretary and the Yeomen, but no public application on the part of the Association was made to the Alderman, and it was understood that there was much difficulty in determining the manner of renewing, with any prospect of success, the attacks upon the inmates of "The Temple of Reason."

The difficulty, it seems, arose from the new mode of defence adopted by the besieged. The little parlour which adjoins the shop has been converted into a citadel, the glass partition which separates them is closely blinded, and the operations carried on in ambush behind it; two of the squares of glass have

custody, for vending an alleged seditious or treasonable publication, upon the information of a Yeoman in the pay of the Bridge Street Gang. The crowd of persons induced our friends to make a little further enquiry into the cause, who were soon informed, that in consequence of the repeated attempts to stop the issue of books and pamphlets sold, at what is denominated the Temple of Reason, a part of the shop had been boarded off, so as completely to screen the venders of any publication from the eye of the purchaser, and by this means to render abortive all future attempts to identify any supposed offender.

"Why," said DASHALL, "it is an old saying, and I believe a very true one, If you tread upon a worm it will turn. Such appears to be exemplified in the case of this man. You have also heard me

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been taken out, and in the place of one of them is erected a box with an aperture for the receipt of money, over which is an inscription, "Put your money in here;" and in the other, a contrivance by which the pamphlet wanted is slid down to the purchaser from the inside of the citadel. This machinery, however, is used only for the sale of such works as have already been made the object of prosecution. The seller is invisible, and the identification of his person rendered impracticable, unless the citadel be taken by storm. Little Waddington, heretofore the Radical standard-bearer, whose own experience has procured for him an extensive acquaintance with the persons of officers and informers, has assumed the command, and conducts the operations in the front shop, where the sale of such of Carlile's publications as have not as yet come under the censure of the law, is carried on as usual.

remark, that in London it signifies little by what means a man obtains popularity, and here is a case exactly in point. An extensive body of rich men have combined their efforts to crush an individual of little importance in the world, and who perhaps would before this have been forgotten, but for their indiscreet interference with his pursuits. They are now not only foiled in their endeavours to obtain fresh exercise for their *Yeomen*, and more work for their Lawyers, but, in consequence of their determined opposition, the world is likely to be deluged with every obnoxious publication, without any chance of detecting the sellers."

"It is a curious manœuvre," said TALLYHO.

"Yes, and it appears to have the desired effect with the Carliles and their adherents. They carry on the war in ambuscade, and are selling, without fear, books and pamphlets, of which but for the *Constitutional Committee*, as they call themselves, perhaps half the world would have known nothing. Such, however, is frequently the effect of intemperate zeal, and these Gentlemen have blown into notoriety that which they intended to suppress, whether upon the substantial grounds of reason or propriety, I leave others to decide."

Becoming now entangled in a double row of carriages, with little prospect of making further progress for some time, our friends resigned the curricle to the care of the servant, and proceeded

on foot to the City Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, for refreshment.*

This Coffee House is much resorted to, and, in point of comfortable accommodation, is perhaps not surpassed by any in London.

Having regaled themselves, and looked over the leading papers of the day, they proceeded to inspect the interior of that noble edifice, the pride of the British empire, St. Paul's Cathedral.

"According to vulgar tradition," said DASHALL, "this church occupies the site of a Roman temple, which was consecrated to Diana; but the son of Sir Christopher Wren, in his Parentalia, controverts this opinion, and contends, that the first cathedral of the Episcopal see of London was built in the area, the seat of the Roman Prætorian camp, the precise spot on which the present church

* When the City Coffee House was first opened, Dr. Johnson frequently called there, and one morning observing a large book upon the table, took it up, and after inspecting the outside with great attention, he found it to be Minshew's Dictionary of Twelve Languages; upon which he turned round to the master of the house and asked him, "What use he could have for such a book?" "To amuse literary Gentlemen," was the reply. "Do you understand any of these languages?" "I find it a very difficult task, Sir, to understand my own, and I am not possessed of the erudition of a Johnson." The Doctor looked at him stedfastly and replied, "Sir, you are a very impudent fellow." "Sir, I am sorry you think so," replied the proprietor, "and I hope we shall both of us mend our manners." On this the Doctor drank his chocolate, and marched out of the house.

stands. It is supposed to have been destroyed in the general persecution under the emperor Diocle-sian, to have been re-edified under Constantine, to have been demolished by the Pagan Saxons, and to have been restored in the seventh century, when the Saxons embraced Christianity. From this period it has been four times rebuilt, and at the great fire of London was totally destroyed."

These remarks premised by DASHALL for the information of his friend, they proceeded to view the several statues and funeral monuments, dis-played with uniformity and executed with consi-derable taste, by which the interior of the church has been much improved in appearance.*

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* The statues of Dr. Johnson, and Howard the philanthro-pist, both executed by the late Mr. Bacon, were opened for public inspection in 1796. That of Dr. Johnson represents a moral philosopher, with the attitude and expression of intense thought, leaning against a column, indicative of the firmness of mind and stability of principles of the man whom it is in-tended to commemorate.

The statue of Howard, in which the character of active be-nevolence is well expressed, stands upon a pedestal of white marble, on which is a group of bas-relief, representing a scene in a prison, where the philanthropist, having broken the chains of the prisoners, is bringing provision and clothing for their relief.

The statue of Sir William Jones, a man well known for his extensive and multifarious erudition, whose study it was to make the British name honoured and revered amongst the na-tions of the east, is also the work of Bacon, and was erected by the East India Company.

Amongst the monuments lately raised in commemoration of

After having examined these stately and expressive *mementos* of mortality, the two visitors were asked by their attendant, whether they would pass to the stone and iron galleries outside of the church; but this, having so lately enjoyed the extensive prospect from the Monument, they declined, and proceeded at once to the Library, the first object to be seen in the ascent.

Our two visitors were very much pleased with this handsome room, which in its dimensions is about fifty feet by forty, having shelves of books to the top, with a gallery running along the sides. The floor is of oak, consisting of 2376 small square pieces, and is not only curious for its being inlaid, without a nail or a peg to fasten the parts, but is very neat in the workmanship, and beautiful in its appearance. The principal things pointed out to a stranger, are several carved stone pillars, some Latin manuscripts, written by Monks 800 years ago, and an English manuscript illuminated, con-

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departed worth, is that of Nelson, and in design and execution it is not exceeded by any in the Cathedral.

In the open part of the Cathedral, the stranger will be struck with the appearance of numerous tattered flags, the trophies of British valour. Those over the aisle leading from the western door, were taken in part during the American War, and the rest by the Duke of York at Valenciennes. Those on both sides near the north door, were reprisals made from the French by Lord Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794; opposite to which, on the right hand, are the flags taken from the Spaniards by Lord Nelson, in 1797; and on the left are those taken from the Dutch by Lord Duncan, at Camperdown, and by Lord Keith at the Cape of Good Hope.

taining rules for the government of a convent, written in old English, about 500 years since, all in fine preservation.

The clock-work and the great bell were the next curiosities that attracted the attention of our visitants. On the latter, weighing 11,470lbs. the hammer of the clock strikes the hours. It was now noon, and the ponderous hammer put itself into motion, and slowly, yet with astounding impetus, struck the bell, and the reverberation tingled on the auricular organs of the two strangers with painful and stunning effect throughout the long protracted intimation of the hour; nor was it until a considerable time had elapsed, that their hearing recovered from the clanging agitation.*

They were now ushered into the *Whispering Gallery*, which is constructed on the very simple principle of an unbroken communication. It is 140 yards in circumference, and a stone seat runs round the gallery along the foot of the wall. On the side directly opposite to the entrance door,

* This bell is never tolled but upon the death of some of the Royal Family, of the Bishop of London, or of the Dean of St. Paul's, and then the clapper is moved and not the bell. In the stillness of night, the indication of the hour by the deeply sonorous tone of this bell may be heard, not merely over the immense Metropolis, but in distant parts of the country. The fact is well known of the sentry at Windsor, who, when accused of having been asleep one night on his post, denied the charge, saying, "That he had been listening to St. Paul's in London, which had just struck *thirteen!*" And this assertion was, upon enquiry, satisfactorily corroborated.

Dashall and his friend seated themselves, when the person who shewed the gallery whispered close to the door, at the distance of 140 feet, and yet they heard his voice seemingly at their ear. The shutting of the door resembled a clap of thunder. From this gallery, round the inner circle of which is an iron ballustrade, the marble pavement of the church exhibits a beautiful appearance, and the paintings of the dome, which have greatly suffered by time, are thence seen to the greatest advantage.

The ascent to the ball is attended by some difficulty, and is not encountered by many. Our two visitants therefore declined its inspection. The interior diameter of the ball is six feet two inches, and will contain twelve persons.*

The best view of the metropolis is obtained, in a clear day, from the gallery at the foot of the lantern. The diminutive appearance of the passengers and other objects beneath is extremely amusing, and resembles the Elfin Panorama of the capital of Lilliput.

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* A new ball and cross have lately replaced the former, of similar dimensions. The erection of the scaffolding, and subsequent proceedings of the workmen, at so fearful a height from the "haunts of men," excited a very general interest, more particularly so on the recent happy accomplishment of the undertaking, when the intrepid *aëronauts* cheered the admiring multitude far beneath, and, seated in the clouds like the deities of Mount Olympus, drank to the prosperity of their friends in the nether regions.

The calm serenity of the interior, the awful grandeur of the structure itself, and the reflections arising from the contemplation of monuments erected to the memory of departed worth, with the splendid achievements of heroic minds, formed a strange contrast to the scene which presented itself to their view on leaving this magnificent pile. The hurry, bustle, and confusion of the street, the noisy vociferations of coachmen, carmen, &c. burst upon their senses at a moment when the mind had been soothed by reflection, and the eye gratified with a sight which led imagination into futurity, before which the past and the present had appeared to evaporate. The Hon. Tom Dashall, however, was quickly recalled by observing his curricle so completely hemmed in between contending parties to obtain liberation at the corner of Paul's chain, as to afford but little chance of escape from its intricate situation for some time.

"Zounds," said Tom, "we had better return and take a seat among the worthies within, for I have do idea of mounting the curricle, to sit and be quizzed."

"Any chance," said Bob, "is better than that; but at all events your man is able to take care of the carriage and cattle, and we are competent to the care of ourselves."

"Well hinted," replied Tom, "and it shall be acted upon."

Thus saying, he made his way through the throng, and gave orders for the curricle to proceed

home as soon as it could be extricated from its present confinement. Then returning to his Cousin,

"It is not the first time I have been disappointed; I had made up my mind to proceed much farther; but the very scenes we have been inspecting are proofs of the inability of man to perform all his wishes, although equally a proof of the splendid talents and determined valour of our renowned and deservedly remembered countrymen, and are well calculated to inspire us with patience, fortitude, and forbearance. At the other door we can escape from the bustle of this side; and perhaps the best thing we can do under existing circumstances, will be to speed homewards, and after dinner relax a little from our toils, in order to recruit for further activity."

"Have with you," said Bob; "we have enjoyed the first part of the day on a variety of interesting subjects, and after a cheerful and refreshing ride, have at last arrived at the threshold of eternity. We may as well escape for this time if we can, and cheat the grim tyrant of mankind. Although our ride has been a long one, our walk back is but short, so let us lose no time."

In accordance with this recommendation, he caught hold of Dashall's arm, proceeded through the Cathedral, and arrived at Piccadilly without any thing remarkable or particular to record, where we shall for the present leave them to their enjoyments among the able writers with which Tom's bookcase was well stored.

CHAP. VI.

Hail! venerable pile! with awe I tread
The sacred mansion of th' illustrious dead!
Where rise, o'er forms now mould'ring into dust,
The "storied urn," and "animated bust."—
Beneath the fretted dome, aspiring high,
Here monarchs, heroes, poets, sages, lie!
"Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,"
Here sleeps the bard with those whom erst he sung;
And all consigned to one *impartial* doom,
Lo! kings and subjects levelled in the tomb!

In a perambulation westward, our friends shortly reached the precinct of Westminster Abbey, or the collegiate Church of Saint Peter; the most ancient religious structure in the metropolis.

Divested of fabulous narration, its history is briefly as follows. Its name is obviously derived from its situation, in the west, and from its original destination as the church of a monastery. It was founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons; was destroyed afterwards by the Danes; was subsequently re-built by king Edgar in 958; the church was again re-built by Edward the Confessor in 1065; and by Pope Nicholas II. it was constituted a place of inauguration of the English Monarchs. Henry III. re-built it from the ground, and Henry VII. added a magnificent

chapel at the east end of it. The monastery was surrendered by the abbot and monks to Henry VIII. who first converted it into a college of secular canons, and afterwards into a cathedral, of which the county of Middlesex was the see. His successor, Edward VI. dissolved the see, and restored the college, which was again converted by Mary into an abbey. That institution was dissolved by Elizabeth in 1560; she founded the present establishment, which is a college consisting of a dean, 12 secular canons, and 30 petty canons; to which is attached a school of 40 boys, denominated the Queen's or King's scholars, with a master and usher; and also twelve alms-men, an organist, and choristers.

The form of the abbey is that of a long cross; its greatest length is 489 feet; the breadth of the west front 66 feet; the length of the cross aisle 189 feet; and the height of the roof 92 feet; the west end is adorned with two towers, which were built by Sir Christopher Wren. The nave and cross aisles are supported by two rows of arches, of Sussex marble, one above the other, each of the pillars of which is a union of one massy round pillar, and four others of a similar form, but slender. These aisles are lofty, and each of the small pillars being extended from the base to the roof, they produce an idea at once sublime and awful. Besides the cross aisle there are two side aisles, which are lower than the nave; and, being in a just proportion, they unite with the other parts

of the edifice to produce a harmonious effect. The choir, from which there is an ascent by several steps to a magnificent altar-piece of white marble, is divided from the western part of the great aisle by two iron gates, and is perhaps, the most beautiful choir in Europe: its roof was materially injured by fire, occasioned by the carelessness of the plumbers who were repairing it in 1803, but it has since been completely restored, at an expence of upwards of £4000. In this choir is performed the coronation of the Kings and Queens of England.

This succint account will not prove unacceptable, we hope, to our readers.

The attractive spot at the southern extremity of the cross aisle was now entered by the two friends. "This" said DASHALL, "is called Poet's Corner, and never could a place be named with more propriety."

TALLYHO cast an eye of intense observation on these sacred records of departed excellence. Here he found the names of Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, Johnson, Milton, Dryden, Butler, Thomson, Gay, Goldsmith, &c. There also, as though the spot were dedicated to genius of the highest rank, are the tombs of Handel and Garrick. The Squire in his admiration of the British Poets, now gave full scope to the ardency of his feelings, and surrounded by the sculptured images of the bards of former days, he seemed as if environed by a re-animated constellation of genius,

and wrapt in the delirium of its inspiritive influence.

Westminster Abbey contains a great number of monuments of kings, statesmen, heroes, poets, and persons distinguished by genius, learning, and science; but many of these monuments can be regarded as little better than so many disfigurements of the buildings. Some however are to be spoken of with praise, and the best are the productions of Reubilliac and Bacon.

The curiosities of Westminster Abbey consist chiefly of twelve chapels, the principal of which were visited by DASHALL and his cousin; but to the chapel of Henry VII. their chief attention was directed. This chapel is contiguous to the eastern extremity of the church, and opens into it: it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is one of the finest specimens of Gothic antiquity in the world. On its site formerly stood a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and also a tavern, distinguished by the sign of the White Rose: Henry resolving to erect a superb mausoleum for himself and his family, pulled down the old chapel and tavern, and on the 11th of February in the year 1503, the first stone of the new structure was laid by Abbot Islip, at the King's command. It cost £14,000, an immense sum for that period, particularly considering the rapacious temper of the king.

The exterior of the chapel is distinguished by the richness and variety of its form, occasioned

chiefly by 14 towers, elegantly proportioned to the body of the edifice, and projecting in different angles from the outermost wall: the inside is approached by the area at the back of the chapels of Edward the Confessor and Henry v. The floor of this chapel is elevated above that of the area, and the ascent is by a flight of marble steps: the entrance is ornamented with a handsome gothic portico of stone, within which are three large gates of gilt brass, of curious open workmanship, every pannel being enriched with a rose and a portcullis alternately. The chapel consists of the nave and two small aisles: the centre is 99 feet in length, 66 in breadth, and 54 in height, terminating at the east in a curve, and having five deep recesses of a similar form: the entrance to these recesses is by open arches, and they add greatly to the relief and beauty of the building: it is not improbable that they were originally so many smaller chapels, destined to various uses. The side aisles are in a just proportion to the centre, with which they communicate by four arches, turned on gothic pillars; each of them is relieved by four recesses, a window, with minute and curious divisions, running the whole height of each recess. The upper part of the nave has four windows on each side, and ten in the eastern extremity, five above and five below. The whole of the roof of the chapel, including the side aisles and the curve at the end, is of wrought stone, in the gothic

style, and of exquisite beauty. An altar-tomb erected by Henry, at the cost of £1000, to receive his last remains, stands in the centre of the chapel. It is of basaltic stone, ornamented and surrounded with a magnificent railing of gilt brass. This monument was constructed by Peter Torregiano, a Florentine artist, and possesses extraordinary merit. Six devices in *bas-relief*, and four statues, all of gilt brass, adorn the tomb.

In addition to these venerable antiquities, which all deserve to be seen, a variety of figures in wax, and in cases with glazed doors, are shewn as curiosities to the stranger; but they ought to be removed, as disgraceful to the grandeur and solemnity of the other parts of the scene, and as a satire on the national taste, which can scarcely be excused, when such things are exhibited in a room for children's amusement.

Every lover of the arts must lament that this beautiful relic of gothic taste is falling rapidly to decay; notwithstanding, within the last twenty four years, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster have expended the sum of £28,749 in general repairs of the abbey. Parliament, however, has at last granted the requisite aid, and the sum of £20,000 has been voted to commence the repairs, which are now going on. It has been estimated that the necessary repairs of Henry the VIIth's chapel will cost about £14,800 and the ornamental repairs about £10,400.

The prospect from the western tower of the

Abbey is more beautiful and picturesque, though less extensive, than that from St. Paul's. The west end of the town and its environs, the Banquetting-house at Whitehall, St. James's park. the gardens of the Queen's palace, the extremity of Piccadilly and Hyde-park, with the Serpentine River, and the distant groves of Kensington Gardens, present a varied and magnificent view towards the west. On the other hand, the bridges of Westminster, Waterloo, and Blackfriars, with the broad expanse of the Thames, and Somerset-house on its banks, and St. Paul's towering pile, together with the light Gothic steeple of St. Dunstan's in the East, present a most noble and interesting prospect. From this tower the exterior form of St. Paul's, when the sun falls upon it, is distinctly seen, and here its exquisite beauty will be more fully comprehended than in any part of the city, for a sufficient area to take in the entire outline is not to be found there.

This prolixity of description will not, we presume, be considered by our readers, as a tedious digression from the main subject.—REAL LIFE IN LONDON cannot be better elucidated, than by uniting incident with appropriate anecdote, and amidst the perambulations of our respectable associates, which led them to the ancient and interesting edifice of Westminster Abbey, it necessarily followed that we should illustrate the subject, by a brief, yet accurate and interesting

account of the antiquity, et cetera, of the object under consideration.

Having gratified their wishes by a cursory inspection of what their guides were pleased to denominate "Curiosities," our two heroes were on the eve of departure from the Abbey, when Bob begged that the guide would repeat the terms of admission to view these repositories of mortality.

"The tombs," said the conductor, "at the east end of the church, with the chapel of Henry VIIth, the price of admission to view these, sir, is six-pence; the models three-pence; the tombs at the northern part of the cross aisle three-pence; and the west end and tower of the abbey six-pence."

Tallyho expressed his surprise that the house of God and the depository of the dead, should be so shamefully assigned over to the influence of Mammon, and a price of admission as into a place of public amusement, exacted by those to whose mercenary government the ancient structure of Westminster Abbey had devolved. "Was it thus, always," asked he, "from the time of Henry IIId?" To this enquiry, the guide replied merely by a shrug of his shoulders, rather indicative of contempt than otherways, and to a further question of "Who is the receiver general of these exactions, and to what purpose are they applied?" he preserved a sullen taciturnity.

From the south aisle of the abbey there are two entrances into the cloisters, which are entire, and consist of four arched walks on the sides of an open quadrangle. There are many monuments in these walks, but four of them, beneath which are the remains of four of the abbots of Westminster, at the east end of the south walk, are all which merit particular attention.—

Amongst the ancient records deposited here, the two friends were gratified with a sight of those of the Court of star-chamber, and of the original Domesday-book, which is still as legible as the first hour it was written.

Against the south-west part of the west front of the abbey, is the north front of the Jerusalem chamber, remarkable for being the place where king Henry IV. breathed his last.*

North from the abbey stood the Sanctuary, the place of refuge allowed in old times, to criminals of a certain description; and, on the south side, was the eleemosynary or almonry, where the alms of the abbot were distributed.—This place is remarkable for being the spot in which the first printing-press ever used in England was set up; and here, in 1474, Caxton printed the *Game and Play of Chesse*, the first book ever printed in England.—A new Court House is now built on the site of the sanctuary.

Having seen in the Abbey every curiosity of

* See Shakespeare's Play of Henry IV. Part II.

note, its two visitants directed their course into Westminster Hall, the great national seat of justice.—This together with the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, are the remains of the palace of Westminster, built by Edward the Confessor, the situation of which was close to the river Thames, and the stairs leading from it still retain the name of palace stairs. The hall itself is the largest room in Europe, except the theatre at Oxford, unsupported by columns. It is 275 feet in length, 74 in breadth, and 90 in height, the roof being of oak, of curious gothic architecture. It was originally used as a place of festivity, and Richard IId entertained 10,000 guests within its walls. In this hall Charles I. was tried and condemned; and at present it is occasionally fitted up for the trial of peers or of any person impeached by the Commons.

Our heroes now relinquishing the contemplation of the olden times for the enjoyment of the passing scenes of the modern, turned their steps in the direction of Whitehall; passing through which, and facing the Banquetting-House,* their observation was attracted to a gentleman on horseback, followed by a number of people, by whom he was frequently and warmly cheered;

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* In front of the Banquetting House, on a scaffold, Charles I. was beheaded on the 30th of January, 1648;—His Majesty passed from the Banquetting House to the scaffold through one of the windows.

and *en passant* was recognized with other popular feeling of regard and respect. DASHALL stept forward to reconnoitre, and ascertained that the favorite was no other than the worthy representative of the borough of Southwark, SIR ROBERT WILSON, Knt. lately deprived of his rank as a General, "for," continued DASHALL, "*nobody knows what*, unless the enormous crime of paying his last tribute of respect to the memory of an "injured Queen;" and endeavouring, in the temperate language of remonstrance, to prevent the effusion of human blood! His character however, is too firmly rooted to sustain injury from the breath of slander; and the malignity of his enemies has recoiled on themselves: thanks to a brave, just, and generous people, who are ever prone to save whom persecution aims to destroy."

DASHALL seemed warm in defending the cause of this gallant officer, and the Squire listened with correspondent satisfaction.

"The allied Sovereigns" observed DASHALL, "in General Sir Robert Wilson, found all the essential requisites of a good soldier: of skill to plan, and of valour to execute. They were chiefly indebted to his judgment and intrepidity for the victory of LEIPSIC; to which ample testimony was given by the Emperors of Russia and Austria; the latter of whom, during the intensity and perils of the engagement, he extricated from the imminent hazard of captivity. His services have

not been of less importance in the armies of his own country, as acknowledged by the Commander in Chief, who has now *rewarded* him by recommending his dismissal, at the instance, no doubt, of Ministers ; anxious by this procedure to annihilate his independent feelings, and render them more subservient to the doctrine of non-resistance and of passive obedience to the existing authorities !"*

Pursuing their course along the Strand, and ruminating on tho alarming increase of juvenile depravity, THLLYHO could not avoid remarking on the numerous temptations held out to the vicious and necessitous in this wide-spreading and wealthy metropolis—" For instance," making a full halt, with his friend, against the spascious and unlatticed window of a jeweller's shop, DASHALL admitted the truth of his companion's observation. Here on promiscuous display were seen most valuable articles of jewelry, stretching multitudinously from one extremity to

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* This object is already defeated.—Amongst all classes Sir Robert Wilson's dismissal has excited strong feelings of reprobation. Certainly, whatsoever other name may be given to the act, it cannot be called a *just* one, to degrade an honourable man from his rank, and deprive him of the half pay (which in a great measure accrued to him from purchase,) without accusation, arbitrarily, and on secret and suborned information of having merited the inflicted contumely. But futile has been the effort of malevolence ; Sir Robert Wilson's half pay was £460 per annum, and the subscriptions in indemnification of his loss, already exceed £10,000.

the other of the window, consisting of gold and silver watches, elegant and richly wrought seals, musical snuff-boxes, diamond rings, diamond pins, &c. embracing, in vast variety, a property of immense value, divided from the street by thin and undefended squares of glass only; and that the lure might prove still more attractive, each article marked at its price, some 25, some 50, 75, 100, and 200 guineas each! A *dash* and a *grab* might secure to the depredator possession of wealth; and while such temptations are held out, the surprise is, not that so many street robberies are, but that a great many more are not committed. The many thousands in London out of employment, and of these perhaps the greatest number unhoused and famishing, would it be much to be wondered at if some of these sons of misery, goaded onwards to crime by the extremity of human suffering, were to attempt the possession of spoil, so carelessly exposed, and apparently so easily obtainable.*

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* Lord Mansfield once presided as Judge, when an unfortunate man was tried for stealing an article of jewellery from a shop-window, exposed by its ungarded state to depredation, and more encouraging than otherwise, the hope of success.—It proved differently, and the prosecutor seeming determined to proceed against the wretched man, even to capital punishment, Lord Mansfield, indignant at the severity of the owner of the trinket, and compassionating the state of misery and destitution, under the influence of which the poor prisoner at the bar stimulated too, by its careless exposure, had committed the felony, desired the Jury to value the trinket in question at tenpence.—The prosecutor started up in sur-

"Here comes silly Tom and staggering Bob," exclaimed a fellow, as he approached towards our pedestrians. TALLYHO had grasped more firmly his oaken sprig, with the intention of trying the crankness of the observer's pericranium, when DASHALL perceived that the obnoxious remark was directed to a simple looking old man, dejectedly leading a horse "done up," and apparently destined for the slaughter-house.

"Where now, Tommy," continued the querist, "with thy decayed bit of blood?"

"Aye, aye," answered Tommy, despondingly, "even to the naggers,*—'tis what we must all come to."

"And so thy master has passed the doom of death against his old servant Bob, on whose back he has been safely borne, in the chase, "many a time and oft," as the song says, "o'er hedges, gaps, ditches and gates; and fleet of foot as thou wert," patting the animal with feelings of commiseration, "and often as thou

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prise, and exclaimed, "Tenpence, my Lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me ten times the sum!" "That may be," returned his Lordship, "*but we must not hang a man for fashion's sake!*"

* A Naggerman is a wholesale horse-butcher! his business is frequently so extensive as to enable him to employ a vast many hands, and so lucrative as to ensure him a fortune in a very few years; the carcases are sold to the dealers by whom they are cut up, and sold in quarters to the retailers, and purchased by the street venders; these latter form one of the prominent intinerant avocations, and supply with food all the dogs and cats of the metropolis!

hast replenished thy master's purse, thou art now going to the slaughter-house !"

"Even so—the faithful servant, now no longer useful, is discarded.

"And put to death!"—Why man thy master is a d——d unfeeling, ungrateful scoundrel, else he would have turned this poor nag at large on the green sward, to roam as he list in summer, with a warm stable in winter, and have left him to die the death of nature."

An assemblage of passengers had now collected round the doom'd horse and his sympathizing friend, whose vehemence of expression had attracted much attention. The feelings of his auditory were in full unison with his own, and as the throng increased, with inquisitive curiosity, the advocate in the cause of humanity, repeated the following lines :

"And hast thou doom'd my death, sweet master, say,
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray;
A little longer hobble round thy door!"

The spectators were evidently affected. He next sung the stanza of an old song, extemporaneously produced (with the exception of the first two lines)

At last having labored, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees he draws on to his fate :
His blood must the Naggerman's sluicing knife spill;
His carcase the Naggerman's slaughter-house fill!

Now led to his doom, while with pity we view
Boor *Bob*, may mishap still his master pursue;
Who callously spurning humanity's bounds,
Now sells his old servant as food for the hounds.

The Squire having occasion to call at a banker's in Fleet Street, the two friends entered at the moment when a countryman with a most rueful expression of countenance, stood transfixed to the floor, like the statue of Despair, incapable either of speech or motion. After an absorption of mental faculty of several minutes duration, he burst out into the incoherent exclamations of

"Murrian take un, zay I!—Icod, I'ze in a voine pickle! I ha brought my pigs to market wi a vengeance! O luord! O luord! whoa would ha thought en't?"

He then began exercising his feet by stamping each alternately on the floor, with a violence that shook the room to its foundation; and this vehement thunder he accompanied by correspondent energy of gesticulation; distorting his visage, and casting about his arms with the action of an infuriated maniac. The place was thrown into alarm, and business was suspended. DASHALL now addressing himself to the presumed lunatic, begged him to compose himself, and endeavour briefly to state what had happened, that if he had sustained an injury, redress might be obtained.

After several fruitless attempts at narration, he at length told his story; and that it may lose

nothing of its originality, we shall give it in the first person.

" I'ze cuom zur, frae Zumersetzshire to Lunnon, first time o' my loife, by coach, where it putt en at a pleace called the two Gooses necks, and zo having a cheque on this house for Fifty Pounds, and not knowing the way, I axed a vera civil gentleman whom I met wi' hovering about Inn-yard; and telling him my business, I'ze go with you, zaid he, vera kindly, and help thee to take care o' thy money, vor there be a desperate set o' sharp fellows in Lunnon ready to take every advantage of a stranger; and zoa we came along, and just avore we gotten into house here, he said to I, zays he, I'ze take thy money and zee that all's right, vor there be a vast many bad sovereigns about.—Well, zur, zoa he did; and just as I wur looking about, it seems he had taen himself off wi' the money, vor when I looked round he wur no where to be zeen; and zoa zur, I have lost Fifty good Pounds to my sorrow.' Who would ha thought it!—I wish the murrian had ha hold on me avore I had come to this wicked world o' Lunnon!"

Here the countryman concluded his narrative, exciting the amusement of some and the sympathy of others of his auditory.—The banker dispatched one of his clerks with the unlucky wight to one of the Public Offices, for the purpose of describing the depredator, altho'

with very small chance of recovering the property.*

Ruminating on the folly of this credulous countryman, our perambulators now proceeded down Fleet Street, where casting a look into Bolt Court—"Here," said DASHALL, "lived and died the colossus of English literature, Doctor Samuel Johnson,† a man whose like the world

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* In all the Coach and Waggon yards in London there are fellows loitering about with the view of plunder; they frequently are taken by the unwary countryman, for domestics of the Inn, and as such are entrusted with property with which they immediately decamp, and by many other artful manœuvres secure their spoil.

† The most trivial circumstance in the life of a great man, carries with it a certain somewhat of importance, infinitely more agreeable to the generality of readers than the long details which history usually presents. Amongst the numerous anecdotes of Doctor Johnson, perhaps the following is not the least amusing.—When the Doctor first became acquainted with David Mallet, they once went, with some other gentlemen, to laugh away an hour at Southwark-fair. At one of the booths where wild beasts were exhibited to the wondering crowd, was a very large bear, which the showman assured them was "cotched" in the *undiscovered* deserts of the remotest Russia. The bear was muzzled, and might therefore be approached with safety; but to all the company, except Johnson, was very surly and ill tempered. Of the philosopher he appeared extremely fond, rubbed against him, and displayed every mark of awkward partiality, and ursine kindness. "How is it, (said one of the company,) that this savage animal is so attached to Mr. Johnson?" From a very natural cause, replied Mallet: "the bear is a Russian philosopher, and he knows that Linnæus would have placed him in the same class with the English moralist. They are two barbarous animals of one species."—Johnson disliked Mallet for his tendency to infidelity, and this sarcasm turned his

may perhaps never see again; yet with all his vast erudition he had his prejudices and superstitions; he believed in apparitions, and he despised all countries save his own.—The Scotch and Irish he affected particularly to dislike.—In his poem of "London," in imitation of *Juvenal*, he says,—

> For who unbrib'd would leave Hibernia's land,
> Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?—
> There none are swept by sudden death away,
> But all whom Hunger spares, with age decay!

But, with all his foibles, (and who is there without human infirmity?) Doctor Samuel Johnson was the most highly talented writer of any age or nation.

Facing the Obelisk, "let us stroll down the market," said DASHALL, "considered the cheapest in London.—Flesh, fish and fowl, fruits, roots and vegetables, are here abundantly attainable, and at moderate prices."

Amongst the various venders, our two observers passed on, unmolestedly, excepting the annoyance and importunity of "What d'ye buy? what d'ye buy, buy, buy?" from barking butchers, who instinctively reiterated the phrase as the casual passenger approached, like so many parrots, unconscious of its import being unproductive in effect; for who would be induced to

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dislike into downright hatred. He never spoke to him afterwards, but has gibbeted him in his octavo dictionary, under the article "Alias."

purchase by the clamorous invitation universally in use by these vociferous butchers of the metropolis?—"My fine fellow," observed TALLYHO to one who annoyed him, "good wine, they say, needs no bush, neither does good meat require a barker."

"Bad luck to my mother's own daughter, and that is myself, sure," exclaimed a retail venderess of vegetables, to her opponent in trade, "if I wouldn't for the value of a tester, or for the value of nothing at all at all, give you freely just what you ask for my jewel.—Arrah now, is it law that you want of me! Faith and troth then you shall have it, *club-law*, when and where you plase, my darling!"

"Dirty end," rejoined the other lady, "to the girl who fears you!—Here am I, Kate, of the Maclusky's of Ballymena, in the county of Antrim, long life to it! and it would be a hard case, and a shameful one to boot, if a well educated northern lass should suffer her own self to be disgraced by a Munster-woman."

"The devil fly away with Ballymena, and the Macluskys along with it!" retorted the other; "and is it Munster and *heddication* that you are bothering about? Whillaloe gramachree! my sweet one! and did you begin your *larning* in Ballymena, and come to finish it in Fleet-market? By my conscience, Kate Maclusky, if you are not very much belied, you know more than you ought to do?"

"And what would you *'sinuate* by that?" demanded Kate;—"What do you *'sinuate* by that, Ma'am?—I acknowledge that I'm both a whore and a thief?—what then? *Bating that* I defy you to say, black is the white of my eye!"

Here Mrs. Maclusky with arms a-kimbo, and a visage strongly expressing exasperation and defiance, advanced towards the Munster-woman.

"Let us step aside," said DASHALL, "hostilities are about to commence."

He was right; a few more irritable preliminaries, and the heroines came in contact, in due order of battle.

"Two to one on the Munster-woman." "Done! Ulster for ever! go it Kate!—handle your dawdles, my girl;—shiver her ivory;—darken her skylights;—flatten her sneizer;—foul, foul,—ah you Munster b—ch!"

"Fair, fair;—arrah, now for the honor of Munster;—dig away;—mind your hits;—rattle her bread basket;—set her claret-spout a-going;—stand firm on your pegs;—what, down!"

Thus ended round the first; the amazons had, in the fray, reduced each other from the waist upwards to nearly a state of nudity. On either side the partizans were numerous, the combatants eager to renew the fight, and the spectators, the majority of whom were of Irish *distraction*, anxious for the result, when the *officious* interposition of *official* authority, terminated the "tug

of war," and the honor of the two provinces remained undecided.—

"Success to the land that gave Patrick his birth." Tranquillity thus restored, a new scene in the *drama* of Fleet-market attracted the attention of the two visitants.

A rabbit pole-woman passing through the market, was accosted by a lady, who enquiring the price of the Rabbits, purchased a couple, in front of the shop of a similar exhibitant.—This was considered by the rabbit-dealers of the market, a gross breach of privilege, more particularly as the obnoxious female had presumed to undersell them, even with a superior article. Not willing, however, from prudential reasons, to appear in avowed personal hostility against the object of their vengeance, and that, too, a woman, who had inadvertently incurred the displeasure of their high mightinesses, the subordinate agency of boys was deputed for the purpose of wrecking summary retribution; and the juvenile deputation quickly overthrew in the apparent wantonness of mischief, the whole of the poor girl's day-property, and scrambling for the spoil, disseminated themselves in different directions, leaving not the vestige of a rabbit behind!

A torrent of tears, feelingly shewed the anguish of her mind. She was ruined beyond hope of redemption, the rabbits she had every morning on credit; she plied the streets in selling them,

through many a wearisome hour in the day, happy if next morning, having realized a very moderate profit by her laborious vocation, she could settle accounts with the wholesale dealer, and take a fresh cargo with which to commence another day's adventure.—But now, wringing her hands in an agony of grief, "It is all over with me!" she exclaimed,—"my means of subsistence is gone,—my credit is lost,—and God's will be done,—I must go home and starve!"*

Ever prone to relieve distress, DASHALL and TALLYHO sympathized most sincerely with this unfortunate girl; there was an indescribable something of extreme interest about her, which was well calculated to excite a feeling of generous commiseration.

Shall we now say the two philanthropists? for such they proved themselves? Each then, in the same moment, expanded his purse, and together more than compensated the delighted and astonished girl for her loss, who, blessing her benefactors, went home rejoicing.

Gaining the extremity of the market, at the bottom of Skinner-street, the two friends rounded

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* It is scarcely credible that one salesman in Leadenhall market, at the present time, sells on an average 14,000 rabbits weekly. He contracts with the coach masters for the carriage, and pays them eleven pounds per thousand, amounting, weekly, to £154. The way he disposes of them, is by employing 150 travelling polemen and women; in the morning they are started upon credit, and the next day they return, bringing back the skins, settle the accounts and then take a fresh cargo.

the corner, and verged towards Ludgate-hill by the Fleet Prison. Here a fresh claim, though of lesser magnitude, obtruded itself on their benevolence. "Pity the poor debtors, having no allowance!" exclaimed an emaciated being, gazing with an eye of wistful expectancy, through the thrice-grated window of a small apartment on a level nearly with the street; "Pity the poor debtors!" The supplicating tone of deep distress in which these words were uttered spoke irresistibly to the heart, and the blessing of Heaven was once more invoked on the donors.

"And this is the prison," observed the Squire, where a presumed scion of the Royal branch, a few days ago surrendered to her bail, as a prisoner for debt."—"The same," rejoined his Cousin, "and the Princess is now most unroyally domiciled at a private-house within the rules of the Fleet, on Ludgate-hill.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

"Certainly," said the Squire, "this London produces extrordinary sights, and not less extraordinary occurrences;—but of all the scenes of REAL LIFE which has hitherto come within the scope of our observation, the most singular is that of the presumed legitimate cousin of the King of England, recently in a Spunging-house, and now confined for a debt of a few hundred pounds to the rules of the Fleet.* "Some Kings are not

* *Ci-divant* Princess of Cumberland.

To the Right Hon. Lord Sidmouth.

My Lord,—When I reflect on the injuries I have received by the refusal of your Lordship to forward my claims in a proper way to

partial to female cousins; and the legitimacy (said DASHALL,) of this pretended Princess of

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his Majesty, I consider it as a duty that I owe to my high descent, to enquire of your Lordship, why I have been suffered to remain so long neglected and deprived of the rights, which in common with other younger branches of the Royal Family, I am entitled to? As soon as the demise of my late Royal Uncle, his late Majesty, occurred, I addressed your Lordship, for his present Majesty's gracious knowledge. In my letters, repeatedly sent to your Lordship, I assured you for the King's knowledge, that I had but one anxious desire, which was to act in conformity to his Majesty's Royal will and pleasure, after an audience had been allowed to shew my papers. If, my Lord, I had been an impostor, it was the duty of Ministers to have enquired into my claims, and to have exposed them if unjust or illegal. But, no! my Lord; every application was treated with cold and apathetic contempt; and although all the writings of my parent's marriage and my birth have been verified according to law, at Judge Abbott's chambers, Sergeants' Inn,—at Master Simeon's Office, Court of Chancery,—before Sir Robert Baker and Barber Beaumont Esq.—and twelve affidavits sworn and sent in to your Lordship, yet at this late moment I find myself neglected and oppressed, and without one guinea of support from the Government or Royal Family! My dear late cousin, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, supported and protected me several years before his lamented death. His Royal Highness saw the papers delivered to me by the Earl of Warwick of my legitimacy, and there are at least a hundred papers connected with my parent's affairs and my own; and General Wetherall, Comptroller to his late Royal Highness, looked over many such papers, at my residence in his Royal Master's life-time. The excellent heart of the late Duke of Kent, was of a nature to decide, in all events of life meeting his eye, with religion and moral justice. Thus has he loved and cherished me, his cousin, and solemnly bound himself to see me righted the moment that the death of his late Majesty authorised my papers meeting the eye of the nation.

My Lord,—You *well know* why my claims are neglected—a

Cumberland does not appear sufficiently tangible to admit of recognition, otherwise, without doubt, she would have been provided for!

"Her case, however, wears not much the semblance of imposition," said the Squire. "The circumstances which she so minutely states, with reference to living characters, strongly imply that her pretensions are not ill-founded."

They had now reached Ludgate-hill; a crowd was collected opposite the residence of the Princess of Cumberland, when the captive heroine condescended to shew herself at the window.—She is of matronly appearance, and was well dressed.—The mobility received her with due respect; the lady made her obeisance, and the assemblage retired, on terms apparently of reciprocal satisfaction.—

Strolling onwards until they gained the centre

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mighty cause exists! But it is a duty that I owe to myself and the *English nation* to give a narrative of facts *as they are*, unless immediate justice is done me. I am OLIVE, the only child of the late DUKE of CUMBERLAND, by Olivia, his virtuous, *injured* wife; and very shortly the public shall know the great and forbearing conduct of Dr. Wilmot. To him at one period, the English were indebted for tranquillity; it can be proved, my Lord. And although my health is similar to the late injured Queen's (my first cousin,) from having experienced every deprivation and persecution from interested enemies, yet I religiously trust the time is not remote, when truth will triumph over calumny and oppression.—I have the honor to be, my Lord,

Your obedient servant,

Ludgate-hill, Nov. 6th. 1821. OLIVE.

of Blackfriars Bridge, the two friends paused in admiration of the interesting scene before them.

Amidst the spires and turrets of the metropolis, Saint Paul's, close at hand, rose in the proud pre-eminence of stupendous grandeur, like a mighty monarch surrounded by tributary kings, rendering him the homage of vassalage.—Emerging from the dense mass of buildings on the line from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, appeared a continued succession of prominent public edifices; on the river Thames the scene was diversified by numerous wherries, gliding pleasurably on the rippling wave; some shooting under the arches of the elegant Waterloo, and others under the spacious span of the lofty iron bridge of Southwark,—while on either side the river, Labour was on the alert, and the busy and ceaseless hum of Industry resounded far and near.

'Twas low water, and the *mud-larks* now intent on their several vocations, engaged the eye of the Squire.—"What are those people about?" he asked, "What are they in search of?"

"These are *mud-larks,*" answered his friend, "in search of what chance may throw in their way; all's fish that comes to net! You have much to learn yet of REAL LIFE IN LONDON, and must prolong your stay accordingly.—Willing to eat the bread of honesty, these poor people are in the daily practice of frequenting the shores of the Thames, to literally *pick up a living*. Nothing comes amiss; all that is portable, however insig-

nificant in value, goes into the general repository. The *mud-lark* returns home, when his labours are ended, sorts the indiscriminate heterogeneous "mass of matter," and disposes of it as well as he can."* "Thus it is that the Mud-lark earns a

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* How many hundreds and thousands, in a metropolis like that of the British empire, obtain a subsistence, in a way of which those of its inhabitants who are not compelled to such an exercise of their ingenuity can have no idea! In the midst of a crowded city, man is much more closely cut off from all assistance on the part of his fellows, and is obliged to trust entirely for the support of life to the individual exertions of his strength, his talents, or his ingenuity. Various and singular are the expedients practised by numbers in the British capital. Among these the class of Mud-larks is not the least extraordinary, that is people, who, on the ebb of the tide repair to the river-side, in quest of any article that the water may have left behind in the mud. To this description of people belonged Peggy Jones, the well known Mud-lark at Black Friars. She was a woman, apparently about forty years of age, with red hair; the particular object of whose researches was the coals which accidentally fell from the sides of the lighters. Her constant resort was the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, where she was always to be seen, even before the tide was down, wading into the water, nearly up to the middle, and scraping together from the bottom, the coals which she felt with her feet. Numbers of passengers who have passed by that quarter, particularly over Blackfriars Bridge, have often stopped to contemplate with astonishment, a female engaged in an occupation apparently so painful and disagreeable. She appeared dressed in very short ragged petticoats, without shoes or stockings, and with a kind of apron made of some strong substance, that folded like a bag all round her, in which she collected whatever she was so fortunate as to find. In these strange habiliments, and her legs encrusted with mud, she traversed the streets of this metropolis. Sometimes she was industrious enough to pick up three, and at others even four loads a day; and as they consisted entirely of what are termed *round coals*, she was never at a loss for customers, whom she charged at the rate of eight-pence a

precarious and scanty subsistence, and in many other instances in this metropolis, Ingenuity and Perseverance overcome difficulties that in the country would prove insurmountable."

Retracing their steps to Ludgate-hill, the associates passed into the Old Bailey, where the Squire seemed struck with surprise at the simple bill of fare of an eating-house, not inscribed on paper and exhibited against the window, but deeply engraven on brass, and conspicuously fixed by the side of the door, expressed in four syllables only, "The boil'd-beef house."—"Compendious enough," exclaimed his Cousin. "*Multum in parvo*," rejoined the Squire; and immediately walking in, they were ushered into a snug room partly occupied by guests of apparent respectability, each actively employed in the demolition of *buttock* or

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load. In the collection of her sable treasure, she was frequently assisted by the coal-heavers, who, when she happened to approach the lighters, would, as if undesignedly, kick overboard a large coal, at the same time, bidding her, with apparent surliness, go about her business *Peggy Jones*, was not exempt from a failing to which most individuals of the lower orders are subject, namely, inebriety. Her propensity to liquor was sometimes indulged to such a degree, that she would tumble about the streets with her load, to the no small amusement of mischievous boys, and others, who, on such occasions, never failed to collect around her. After concluding the labors of the day, she retired to a wretched lodging in Chick Lane. This woman carried on her extraordinary calling for many years, but about the month of February, 1805, she suddenly disappeared from her usual places of resort, and nobody can tell what is become of her. A man who has the appearance of a coal-heaver, has since stepped into her place, and adopted the profession which she so long followed.

flank with great seeming satisfaction. The two strangers intimating a desire to follow so laudable an example, the waiter submissively put the question, "*Which* would you please to have, gentlemen, *buttock* or *flank*, or a plate of *both?*" That the quality of each might be ascertained, plates of *both* were ordered, and presently brought in, piping hot, and in the first style of culinary perfection.*

It was amusing to observe the characteristic features of the different guests.

The young man hurrying over his meal, and frequently casting a look on the dial, indicated a tradesman's book-keeper, desirous of enjoying his pipe and pint ere the allotted dinner hour expired, when he must return to his desk.

Another, of meagre and cadaverous appearance, had his plate replenished, thrice repeated, and each time dispatched the contents with astonishing celerity. This man without doubt, was either a poet or a bookseller's hack, who, probably had not for sometime enjoyed the novelty of a dinner, and was thus making atonement to appetite accordingly.

One gentleman fashionably attired kept min-

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* Thirty years ago this house was noted for the excellent quality of its *boiled beef*;—no other meat is ever drest here,—*Hobson's choice, or none!* During that period it has had several occupants, and each has retired with a very considerable fortune. In the decided superiority of its *buttock* and *flank*, the house still sustains its pristine reputation.

cing his meat, and at long intervals supplying masticaters that seemed not at all alert in the performance of their office.—His attention was given rather to the company than to his plate, and was particularly directed to DASHALL and TALLYHO, on whom it alternately settled with fixed and favourite regard.—This very polite personage was assiduously eager by every possible courtesy to ingratiate himself into the notice of our two friends; but DASHALL was a knowing fish, so the bait wouldn't take; and the Squire happening to ejaculate the word SPUNGER, the stranger prudently took the hint, and withdrew.*

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* These gentry are hardly to be distinguished from the Hanger-on, except by being, if possible, more impudent; they frequent all places of public resort, in order to pick up a dinner or a bottle, and otherwise prey upon the credulity of the unwary. Whenever they meet with a countryman, they salute him with enquiring the time of day, or describing the weather, and entertaining him with a story of little consequence, till they have artfully wheedled you into an invitation to dine or sup with you. They can tell you where the best entertainment is to be met with; which is the best comedian; can get you introduced to see such an actress; to hear this sing or that spout; will provide you with the best seat at the play-house, or keep a place for you in the front row of the first gallery, should you prefer it to the pit; can procure a ticket for the exhibition rooms for half price, and explain every thing in the museum as well as the librarians themselves.—If your inclination is for mischief, he is the only man in the world to assist you; would you break the lamps, or *Mill* the *Charleys*, he will stand by and cry *Bravo!* till you are carried to the Watch-house, but will not engage in the quarrel himself, acting only as a *corps de reserve*. When you are taken, he will negotiate with the constable of the night about your ransom, for which you must pay smartly, other-

Having done satisfactory justice to the *buttock* and *flank*, and further refreshed themselves with a draught of Whitbread's Entire; our pedestrians, leaving the "Boil'd Beef House," recommenced their excursion by proceeding up the Old Bailey, when DASHALL remarking on the number of Eating Houses with which that street abounds, observed, that it seemed a favorite seat of consolidation for the professors of the culinary art, like Cloth-fair for Woollen-drapers, Paternoster-Row for Booksellers, and Clerkenwell for Watchmakers, &c. "This," said DASHALL, "is His Majesty's Gaol of Newgate, and from this door ascend the numerous victims to the fatal scaffold, in immolation to the offended laws of their country. Let us enter this temporary abode of crime and wretchedness. It has been much meliorated by the humane and indefatigable attentions of an excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, and I am desirous of seeing the result of her philanthrophic exertions." The gentlemanly appearance and demeanour of the two strangers facilitated their admission, and they entered the prison preceded by one of the turnkeys, who courteously had proffered his services in shewing the place, and giving every required information.

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wise be detained till Justice opens her doors to descry and punish your enormities, according to the nature of the crime committed; upon which the Spunger says, that he foresaw and told you the consequences that would happen if you persevered, but that you would not listen to his advice.

Newgate, on the eastern side of the Old Bailey, has been rebuilt, its walls or shell excepted, since it was destroyed by the rioters, in the year, 1780. A broad yard divides Newgate from the Sessions House, a very handsome stone and brick building. Another edifice, where that lately stood, commonly called Surgeon's Hall, has been erected; it is arched underneath, and supported upon pillars, and is used as a place of accommodation for witnesses and other persons, while waiting for the trials during session time.

This prison, until within these few years back, was a place of confinement as well for debtors as felons, but by late arrangements, and the erection of the new gaol in Whitecross-street, Newgate has now become the receptacle of felons only.*

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* Newgate has been the scene of two remarkable events, which frequently serve as eras of reckoning to some of the inhabitants of London; the first is, that of the memorable riots in 1780, when this imposing edifice was attacked by a furious mob in the evening of Monday the 5th of June, who by breaking the windows, battering the entrances of the cells with sledge hammers and pickaxes, and climbing the walls with ladders, found means to enter Mr. Akerman's house, communicating with the prison, and eventually liberated three hundred prisoners. The next of these events occurred on the 23rd of February, 1807. This was when Haggarty and Holloway were to suffer for the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath. The populace began to assemble so early as five o'clock, and to accumulate until eight. (It is supposed that the concourse of people was greater than at the execution of Governor Wall.) At eight o'clock the prisoners ascended the scaffold. Immediately after they were launched off, a most dreadful scene took place. The approaches to the place were completely blocked up with carts, filled with spectators, and when some of the crowd began to

In the Old Bailey stood Sydney-house, known by the white front, and the recess in which it is concealed; and here Jonathan Wild is said to have lived the greatest part of his time. The north side of Newgate, consists of two court-yards, which are far too circumscribed for the numerous inhabitants, this prison always exhibiting a multitudinous calendar of human depravity. The men's court is only 49 feet 6 inches, by 31 feet 6, and the women's of the same length, and about half the width. The whole square is entirely surrounded by the wards, which rise three stories above the pavement. The women's yard is separated from the men's by a wall. In the south and south-east yards, felons for trial are confined, and four other yards are similarly occupied. The

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move away, the pressure became dreadful. Some fell, and others falling over them they were trampled to death. Terror took possession of the crowd, they became desperate, and their efforts only contributed to increase their danger. As soon as this frightful confusion ceased, forty two sufferers in the scene were carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Of these, twenty seven were dead; and though every effort was made for their resuscitation, in not one instance was it crowned with success. Of forty-two, the whole number, five were women, and three of them were among the dead. Of the remaining twenty-four bodies, five were men, and the rest lads, from twelve to seventeen years of age. Among the dead men was a pye-man, who was said to have fallen first, and caused the dreadful catastrophe. A great number of the pupils in attendance happened to be collected in St. Bartholomew's Hospital at the time, and afforded prompt assistance; and Dr. Powell, and a Surgeon, who were both upon the spot, directed their humane exertions.

yard assigned to female felons, is a wretched place, containing three wards, in which are sometimes kept upwards of one hundred women. In the north-east corner, next Newgate-street, is the condemned yard, in which are kept persons under sentence of death. The yards and all the wards are repeatedly lime-washed, and by these, and other excellent regulations of the Sheriffs of London, Newgate is changed from a loathsome prison, dangerous to the health of the metropolis, to a state which may be quoted as a model for all similar places. Water is plentiful, ventilators are introduced into every window, and a general system of cleanliness prevails throughout the whole prison. The morals of its inmates have been improved, and their condition greatly meliorated by Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who like her predecessor in the exercise of philanthropy, the celebrated Howard, delights in reducing the sum of human misery. The feelings of the two visitors having been amply gratified by demonstration of the happy result, from superior management, accruing to the prisoners, they departed, not forgetting the poor box, put up for general benefit, inviting the contributions of charitable strangers.

Continuing their route, our perambulators proceeded down Skinner street into Holborn, and traversed its extended line without any remarkable occurrence, until they reached Broad Street, St. Giles's. "We are now," said DASHALL, "in the HOLY LAND."

"Long life to your honors," exclaimed a ragged professor of mendicity: "give a poor fellow the price of a *shake down*, and may you never be without the comforts of an *upright!*"

"What mean you," asked the Squire, "by a *shake down* and an *upright?*"

"Not the worse luck that you don't know that self same thing now; but sure enough a *shake-down* is a two-penny layer of straw, and saving the tatters on my back, not a covering at all at all; may the son of my father never have a worse birth any how."

"And an *upright.*"

"Is it an *upright* your honor's spaking about? —fait and troth, as to that same, may the devil fly away with Thady O'Flannagan, and that is myself sure, if he knows much about it at all at all, seeing as how he has not rested his old bones on such a thing, arrah, these many long years; but sure enough it is four stumps, with boards across, a good flock-bed, a blanket below and a sheet above, with a decent coverlet pieced and patched in a hundred places to boot;—may you never want the like of it, any how!"

"Thanks for your good wishes, my friend," said DASHALL; "and this for the information which you have given us."

"By the powers of good luck!" exclaimed the itinerant philosopher, "a *tirteener!*—Now an Irishman's blessing upon you for two good-hearted gentlemen; may you live all the days of your

lives in peace and prosperity both here and hereafter!"*

Palestine in London, or the *Holy Land*, includes that portion of the parish of St. Giles, Bloomsbury, inhabited by the lower Irish, with whom it seems a favorite place of residence. The Squire having expressed to his friend a desire of perambulating these boundaries, they proceeded, by the way of George street, to explore the sanctified labyrinths, the scenes of diurnal clamour, and hebdomadary conflict.

"Arrah now," exclaimed a voice of maternity, in the person of a legitimate daughter of *Erin*,—"Arrah now, you brat of the devil's own begetting, be after bowling along to your fader: bad luck to him, and be sure that you bring him home wid you, by the token that the *murphies* are cracking, the salt-herrings scalding, and the apple-dumplings tumbling about the pot,—d'ye mind me, you *tief* of the world, tell him that his dinner waits *upon* him."—"I'll be after doing that same, mo-

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* The many impoverished and deserted beings who daily wander the streets, trusting for the vegetative existence of the moment to eleemosynary occurrences, are incalculable. Amongst these sons and daughters of misery, happy is the one who, after partially satisfying the cravings of hunger, possesses two-pence, the price of a *shake down* for the night, in Rainbridge or Buckeridge-street, St. Giles's!—The *upright* is a wretched semblance of a bed, at the rate of three-pence or four-pence; but the lofty aspirant to *genteel accommodation*, must put down a *tester*. In this way there are frequently beds to the number of seventy in one house, made up for nocturnal visitants!

der;" and forth from the ground floor of a mean looking house in Buckeridge-street, sprang an urchin without hat, shoe or stocking, and the scanty tattered habiliment he wore, fluttering in various hues, like pennants in the wind, with such heedless velocity, urged no doubt by the anticipated delicacies of the dinner-pot, that he came in furious, unexpected, and irresistible contact with Squire TALLYHO, who borne forward by the shock, was precipitated into a stagnant collection of mud and water, to the total disfigurement of his Boots, which had that morning received the "matchlessly brilliant polish of WARREN's inestimable Jet blacking." Not like many others in London, who will run you down and leave you to your fate, the heir of his fader's whimsicalities stopped short in the inauspicious set-out of his rapid career; and "dirty end," he exclaimed, "to the scavenger that didn't think of the gentleman's boots!" And at the same time the mother of this hopeful representative of the *Mac Dermott* family, made her appearance with the genuine warmth of Irish hospitality; and inviting the two strangers to walk in, consoled the bespattered Squire with the prospect of speedy and effectual reparation, for "fait and troth, (said she) his dinner is all of a heap in the pot there, *prauties, salt-herrings,* and *apple-dumplings*,* and

* The fastidious delicacy of English cookery, when contrasted with that of Irish culinary preparation in the Holy-land, is surprising. The wife of an Irish laborer who is desirous of giving her

that is my husband Thady Mac Dermott, who is neither more nor less than a bricklayer's laborer, is after amusing himself and obliging his neighbours, at a small *outlay*, of a Sunday morning, by *claning* their boots and shoes; so *it is an ill wind that blows nobody good*, they say." The accommodating hostess then producing a bottle of blacking, with the requisite brushing implements, applied herself assiduously to the operation of *claning* the Squire's boots, and restored them, in a few minutes, to the splendour of their pristine brilliancy.

Scarcely had this important operation been performed, when entered Thady Mac Dermott and his son, the origin of the accident. "The devil burn your trampers, you imp of the Mac Dermotts," cried the father: "couldn't you run against the gentleman without dirtying his boots? Never mind it at all at all; I'll be after giving you a *walloping* for it, any how."

The first instrument of attack that comes to hand is an Irishman's weapon.—Thady brandished in *terrorem* a red hot *proker*, and his son with the agility of a cat took sanctuary under the bed, but at the intercession of the Squire was allowed to

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husband a delectable meal, and of various description, *bodders* not her brain with a diversity of utensils; but from the same pot or pan will produce, as if by enchantment, *potatoes*, (without which an Irishman cannot possibly make a dinner,) *salt-herrings*, and *apple-dumplings*; nor, does this extraordinary union of opposites affect the appetite of those partaking the oglio.

emerge with impunity, and admitted to a participation of the salt-herrings and apple-dumplings. The two friends declining an invitation to taste of these dainties, now departed, TALLYHO not forgetting the "*outlay*, and the ill-wind that blows nobody good."

Winding the mazes of the holy land, which may not unaptly be considered a colony of Irish emigrants, our perambulators without further occurrence worthy of notice, threaded their way through streets, lanes, and alleys, until they emerged at the bottom of Tottenham-court Road, close by the extensive brewery of Read and Co. Entering the premises, they were gratified with a view of every thing interesting in the establishment; and the Squire, to whom the spectacle was entirely new, stood wrapt in wonder at the vast magnitude of its immense vats and boilers, containing, as he observed, of the fluid of Sir John Barleycorn, a sufficiency to inundate the whole neighbourhood! "Such a circumstance," said the attendant, "actually occurred a few years ago, when the vat burst, and an ocean of beer rushed forth, with such impetuous force as to bear down, in its resistless progress, the side of a house, and fill, to the imminent hazard of drowning the astonished and alarmed occupants, all the cellars in the vicinity."*

* Scarcely any thing contributes so much to characterize the enterprising spirit of the present age, as the vast scale on which many branches of manufacture are carried on in this country.

Having seen all that is remarkable in this spacious concern, the two associates turned into Oxford Street, where their attention was directed to a gay female in an elegant equipage, pair in hand, dashing along, in the manner of royal celerity.

"Observe that lady," said DASHALL, "She is the celebrated Mrs. C*r*y, the favourite sultana of a certain Commander in Chief, and I shall give you her history in a few words."

"Sutherland, a bombadier at Woolwich, obtained a commission, but was less successful in securing the fidelity of his wife, who eloped with an officer to Gibraltar; the produce of this intercourse was the amoroso whom we observed *en passant;* in process of time she married C*r*y, an officer in a veteran battalion, but shortly afterwards getting tired of the connection, she adopted the laudable example set by her respectable mamma, deserted her husband and came to England, under the protection of a surgeon in the army, whose embraces she relinquished for those of her present illustrious possessor. How long she may keep him in captivation, is a surmise of rather equivocal import; however ardent at present, his attachment, Mrs. C*r*y must be aware of the versatile propensities of his R*y*l H*gh n*ss of Y**k, and *sans* doubt like her predecessor,

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Every one has heard of the celebrated tun of Heidelberg, but that monument of idle vanity is rivalled by the vessels now employed n the breweries of this metropolis.

Mary Ann C***ke, will make the most of a favourable opportunity."

"LONDON exhibits REAL LIFE in all its forms and gradations, from the hireling of royalty in a curricle, to the passive spouse of all the town, on the pavement; from the splendor of affluence to the miseries of penury; even Mendicity itself has its shades of variety, its success being less frequently derived from the acuteness of distress than the caprice of Nature, in having gifted the mendicant with some peculiar eccentricity of person or character, to attract attention and sympathy. He who is without these endowments passes unnoticed; but the diminutive and deformed creature, seated on a child's cart, who with the help of crutches shoves himself along the street, and whose whole height, including his machine, does not exceed two feet; this minikin, *ecce homo*, is gazed at by the casual passenger as a prodigy, and seldom fails to benefit by the excitation of curiosity."—

Approaching the tiny personage alluded to,—"Well, Mr. Andrew Whiston," said DASHALL, "what important business brings you so far westward? I thought that your migrations from Bankside had never extended beyond the precincts of Temple-bar."

'I wot weel, your honor, that I have strayed far frae hame, and to little purpose,—better fortune has not lit on me this wearisome day, than meeting wi' your honor, for God bless you many

a time has the poor dwarfish body tasted your bounty."

During this colloquy, TALLYHO gazed on *the poor dwarfish body* with commiseration, intermixed with no small portion of surprise, at this fresh display of general knowledge by his intelligent and amusing *coz*, to whom all of interest and curiosity in the metropolis, animate and inanimate, seemed perfectly familiar.

"And whither away now, Master Whiston; do you mean to look in at the *rendezvous* to night?"*

"Faith no, sir,—I got a fright there some few years since, and I shall be very cautious of getting into the like disaster a second time."

The conversation had so far proceeded, to the entertainment of congregated passengers, when the auditory getting rather inconveniently numerous, the two friends left each his mite of be-

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* Recurring to the holy land, the *rendezvous* is a noted house in St. Giles's, where, after the labors of the day the mendicant fraternity assemble, enjoy the comfort of a good supper; amongst other *items*, not unfrequently an *alderman in chains*, alias a roast turkey, garnished with pork-sausages; elect their chairman, and spend the night as jolly beggars ought to do, in mirth and revelry.

† Andrew Whiston was born at Dundee in Scotland, February 10th. 1770, and has, during the last twenty-eight years, resided in London. The person of this man is well known to the perambulators of the metropolis. He forms altogether a disgusting little figure, pushing himself about on a small cart, which moves upon wheels, and wearing an apron to conceal the deformity of his legs. His whole height, including his vehicle, does not exceed two feet.

nevolence with Maister Andrew Whiston, gaining home without further incident or interruption.†

To avoid the penalties attached to begging and vagrancy, he carries a few pens stuck between his coat and waistcoat, and declares that the dealing in those articles is the only trade to which he has been brought up. It is not improbable, that by means of this, and other arts and mysteries which he exercises, Andrew has been enabled to procure something more than *salt to his porridge*. It cannot be supposed that his person is calculated to excite the tender passion; it must therefore be to the idea of his having accumulated wealth, that we are to attribute the following circumstance. A short time since, Andrew began to think seriously of taking unto himself a wife, and having looked round among his female acquaintance for a desirable partner, he fixed his choice on a Mrs. Marshall, the widow of a waterman, who follows the trade of a retail dealer in fish, at the corner of Spiller's public house, on that side of the Surrey Road which he usually frequents. This fair lady, who might perhaps have been *dead as a roach* to his addresses, if he had possessed nothing but his deformed person to offer, proved *leaping alive, ho!* at the thought of Andrew's little hoard, of which she hoped to become mistress. Several presents attested the seriousness of the lover's proposals, and his charmer was all compliance to his wishes, till he had actually sent the money to pay for publishing the banns at Christ Church, when the ridicule of all her acquaintance urged her to abandon the design of so preposterous a match.

CHAP. VII.

Gae him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor gúid to fire his blúid,
That's prest wi' grief and care;—
Then let him boose and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er;
'Till he forgets his fears and debts,
And minds his ills no more.

Dashall, during a stroll with his relation round the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, learning that several of his friends had formed a select party to dine at the Shakespear that day, sent in the names of himself and Coz, and they were received by the social and convivial assemblage with acclamation.

The Dinner-party comprised Sir Felix O'Grady, an Irish baronet just imported from the province of Munster; the honorable Frederick Fitzroy, a luminary in the constellation of Fashion; Colonel Mc. Can, a distinguished Scotch Officer; an *amateur* Poet; a member of the *Corps Dramatique;* and our old friends Sparkle and Mortimer, with the augmentation of Dashall and Tallyho, as already mentioned.

The viands were excellent, and the wines of the first quality. Conviviality was the order of

the evening, and its whimsicalities were commenced during the repast, by the player, who, taking up a goblet of wine, and assuming the attitude of Macbeth in the banquet scene, exclaimed—

"I drink
To the general joy of the whole table;—
May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both,"———

The bottle was now put into quick circulation; harmony and hilarity prevailed; and the poet, availing himself of the moments of inspiration, gave the following chant, *extempore*.—

SONG.

Air. *Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen.*

HERE'S to the land where fair FREEDOM is seen,
Old ENGLAND,—her glory and trade, aye;—
Here's to the island of ERIN so green,
And here's to *Sir Felix O'Grady;*
Let the toast pass,
Flinch not the glass
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.

Here's to the beaus and the belles of the day,
The pleasures of life who enjoy, sir;—
Here's to the leaders of fashion, so gay,
And here's to the dashing *Fitzroy*, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Flinch not the glass
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.

Here's to our sailors who plough the salt wave,
And never from battle have ran, sir;—
Here's to our soldiers who nobly behave,
And here's to brave *Colonel Mc. Can*, sir.

Let the toast pass,
Flinch not the glass
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.

Here's to the joys that our reason engage,
Where TRUTH shines our best benefactress ·
Here's to the triumph of *Learning*,—the *Stage*,—
And here's to each *actor* and *actress*.
Let the toast pass,
Flinch not the glass
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.

Here's to the man with a head to discern,
And *eke* with a heart to bestow, sir,
Tom Dashall, well skill'd LIFE in LONDON to learn;
And here's to the Squire *Tallyho*, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Flinch not the glass
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.

Here's to the friendship united and true,
That paces variety's round, sir;
To *Sparkle* and *Mortimer* fill then, anew,
And let us with pleasure abound, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Flinch not the glass
That warms like the kiss of your favorite lass.

This complimentary bag-a-telle was well received, and Sir Felix, shaking the *amateur* cordially by the hand, observed, that amongst other attainments before he left London, he meant to acquire *the art of making verses*, when he should give the poet a *Rowland* for his *Oliver!*

The player having but recently returned to Town, after completing his engagements with some of the Irish provincial theatres, proceeded to amuse his auditory, the baronet excepted, with

accounts of the manner of *posting* in the sister kingdom.—

"Travelling," said he, "in the province of Munster, having got into a chaise, I was surprised to hear the driver knocking at each side of the carriage.—"What are you doing?"—"A'n't I nailing your honor?"—"Why do you nail me up? I don't wish to be nailed up?"—"Augh! would your honor have the doors fly off the hinges?" When we came to the end of the stage, I begged the man to unfasten the doors.—"Ogh! what would I be taking out the nails for, to be racking the doors?"—"How shall I get out then?"—"Can't your honor get out of the window like any other *jontleman?*" I then began the operation; but having forced my head and shoulders out, could get no farther, and called again to the postillion.—"Augh! did any one ever see any one get out of a *chay* head foremost? Can't your honor put out your feet first, like a Christian?"

Here the baronet manifested considerable impatience, and was about to interrupt the narrator, when the latter requesting permission, continued:

"Next day four horses were attached to the crazy vehicle;—one, unfortunately, lost a shoe; and as I refused to go on until the poor animal was shod, my two postillions commenced, in my hearing, a colloquy.—"Paddy, where *will* I get a shoe, and no smith nigh hand?"—"Why don't you see yon *jontleman's* horse in the field; can't you go and unshoe him?"—"True for ye," said

Jem, " but that horse's shoe will never fit him." ' Augh ! you can but try it," said Paddy. So the gentleman's horse was actually unshod, and his shoe put upon the posting hack ; and fit or not fit, Paddy went off with it.

" Same day. during a violent storm of wind and rain, I found that two of the windows were broken, and two could not, by force or art of man, be pulled up. I ventured to complain to Paddy of the inconvenience I suffered from the storm pelting in my face. His consolation was, " Augh ! God bless your honour, and can't you get out and *set* behind the carriage, and you'll not get a drop at all, I'll engage !"

The player having thus closed his narrative, and the laughter of the company having subsided, the baronet very candidly admitted, that the sister kingdom in many parts, was miserably deficient in the requisites of travelling, and other conveniences to which the English were accustomed. But in process of time (he continued) we shall get more civilized. Nevertheless, we have still an advantage over you ; we have more hospitality, and more honesty. Nay, by the powers ! but it is so, my good friends. However much we unhappily may quarrel with each other, we respect the stranger who comes to sojourn amongst us ; and long would he reside, even in the province of Munster, before a dirty spalpeen would rob him of his great coat and umbrella, and be after doing that same thing when

he was at a friend's house too, from which they were taken, along with nearly all the great coats, cloaks, shawls, pelisses, hats and umbrellas, belonging to the company."*

There was certainly somewhat of an *Irishism* in the baronet's remark.—Of eight great coats stolen, the thieves could not discriminate who were the respective owners, and if it had been possible that they could have discriminated, it is not likely that any regard for the laws of hos-

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* We are inclined to believe that Sir Felix alludes to the following instance of daring depredation.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY. On Thursday night, whilst a large party of young folks were assembled at the house of Mr. Gregory, in Hertford Street, Fitzroy Square, to supper, a young man was let in by a servant, who said he had brought a cloak for his young mistress, as the night was cold. The servant left him in the hall, and went up stairs; when shortly after, a second arrived with a hackney coach, and on his being questioned by the servant, he said he brought the coach to take his master and mistress home. The servant was not acquainted with the names of half the company, and therefore credited what was told her. The two strangers were suffered to stand at the stairs head, to listen to the music and singing, with which they appeared highly delighted, and also had their supper and plenty to drink. But while festive hilarity prevailed above, the villains began to exercise their calling below, and the supper table in a trice they unloaded of four silver table spoons, a silver sauce-boat, knives and forks, &c. and from off the pegs and bannisters they stole eight top-coats, several cloaks, shawls, pelisses and hats, besides a number of umbrellas, muffs, tippets, and other articles, all of which they carried off in the coach which was in waiting. To complete the farce, the watchman shut the coach door, and wished "their honcurs" good night. The robbery was not discovered until the company was breaking up. No trace of the thieves can be found.

pitality, would have induced them to make an exception of Sir Felix O'Grady's property amidst the general depredation.

The company, although secretly amused by the baronet's remarks, condoled with him on the loss he had sustained; and the player protesting that in stating the facts of *Irish posting*, he had no intention of giving the baronet the least offence, unanimity was restored, and the conviviality of the evening proceeded without further interruption.

Sir Felix made Irish bulls, and gave Irish anecdotes; the *amateur* occasionally gave a song or a stanza *impromptu;* the player spouted, recited, and *took off* several of his brother performers, by exhibiting their defects in close imitations,—

> "Till tired at last wi' mony a farce,"
> They sat them down—

and united with the remaining company in an attentive hearing to a conversation which the honorable Frederick Fitzroy had just commenced with his friend DASHALL.—

"You have now," said the honourable Frederick Fitzroy, addressing himself to DASHALL, "You have now become a retired, steady, contemplative young man; a peripatetic philosopher; tired with the scenes of *ton*, and deriving pleasure only from the investigation of Real Life in London, accompanied in your wanderings, by your respectable relative of Belville-Hall; and yet

while you were *one of us*, you shone like a star of the first magnitude, and participated in all the *follies of fashion* with a zest of enjoyment that forbid the presage of satiety or decline."

"Neither" answered DASHALL, "have I now altogether relinquished those pleasures, but by frequent repetition they become irksome; the mind is thus relieved by opposite pursuits, and the line of observation which I have latterly chosen has certainly afforded me much substantial information and rational amusement."

"Some such pursuit I too must think of adopting," replied Fitzroy, "else I shall sink into the gulph of *ennui*, to the verge of which I am fast approaching. Independent of the frequent ruinous consequences of the gaming-table, I have taken a dislike to its associates, and therefore abandoned their society; nor will you be surprised at my having adopted this resolution, when I inform you, that at my last sitting in one of these nefarious haunts of dissipation, I was *minus* to the extent, in a few hours, of several thousand pounds, the prize of unprincipled adventurers, of swindlers, black-legs, and *pigeon-fanciers!**

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* A *pigeon-fancier* is one of those speculators at the Gambling Houses, whose object it is to lie in wait for inexperienced noviciates, and under the pretext of fair and honorable dealing *pluck their feathers*; that is to say, strip them bare of their property. Days and nights are passed at the gaming-table. "I remember

DASHALL congratulated Fitzroy on his resolution, in having *cut* the dangerous connexion, and expressed a hope that in due process of time, he would emancipate himself from the trammels of dissipation generally."

"That," rejoined Fitzroy, "is already in a considerable degree effected."

"In the higher and middle classes of society," says a celebrated writer, "it is a melancholy and

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said the Earl of G—, "spending three days and three nights in the hazard room of a well-known house in St. James's Street; the shutters were closed, the curtains down, and we had candles the whole time; even in the adjoining rooms we had candles, that when our doors were opened to bring in refreshments, no obtrusive gleam of day-light might remind us how the hours had passed. How human nature supported the fatigue, I know not. We scarcely allowed ourselves a moment's pause to take the sustenance our bodies required. At last one of the waiters, who had been in the room with us the whole time, declared, that he could hold out no longer, and that sleep he must. With difficulty he obtained an hour's truce; the moment he got out of the room he fell asleep, absolutely at the very threshold of our door. By the rules of the house he was entitled to a bonus on every transfer of property at the hazard-table; and he made in the course of three days, upwards of Three hundred pounds! Sleep and avarice had struggled to the utmost, but, with his vulgar habit sleep prevailed. We were wide awake. I never shall forget the figure of one of my noble associates, who sat holding his watch, his eager eyes fixed upon the minute-hand, whilst he exclaimed continually, "This hour will never be over!" Then he listened to discover whether his watch had stopped, then cursed the lazy fellow for falling asleep, protesting, that for his part, he never would again consent to such a waste of time. The very instant the hour was ended, he ordered "that dog" to be awakened, and to work we went. At this sitting THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS were lost and won. I was very fortunate, for I lost a mere trifle.—TEN THOUSAND POUNDS *only!*

distressing sight to observe, not unfrequently, a man of a noble and ingenuous disposition, once feelingly alive to a sense of honor and integrity, gradually sinking under the pressure of his circumstances, making his excuses at first with a blush of conscious shame, afraid to see the faces of his friends from whom he may have borrowed money, reduced to the meanest tricks and subterfuges to delay or avoid the payment of his just debts, till ultimately grown familiar with falsehood, and at enmity with the world, he loses all the grace and dignity of man."—

"Such," continued Fitzroy, "was the *acmé* of degradation to which I was rapidly advancing, when an incident occurred to arrest the progress of dissipation, and give a stimulus to more worthy pursuits.

"One morning having visited a certain *nunnery* in the precincts of Pall-Mall; the *Lady Abbess* introduced me to a young noviciate, a beautiful girl of sixteen."

"When we were left alone, she dropped on her knees, and in attitude and voice of the most urgent supplication, implored me to *save her from infamy!*"

"I am in your power," she exclaimed, "but I feel confident that you will not use it to my dishonor.—I am yet innocent;—restore me to my parents,—pure and unsullied,—and the benediction of Heaven will reward you!"—

She then told me a most lamentable tale of

distress;—that her father was in prison for a small debt; and that her mother, her brothers and sisters, were starving at home.—Under these disastrous circumstances she had sought service, and was inveigled into that of mother W. from whence she had no hope of extrication, unless through my generous assistance!" She concluded her pathetic appeal, by observing, that if the honorable Frederick Fitzroy had listened to the call of humanity, and paid a debt of long standing, her father would not now be breaking his heart in prison, her family famishing, nor herself subject to destruction.

"And I am the Author of all!" I exclaimed, "I am the *dis*-honorable Frederick Fitzroy, who in the vortex of dissipation, forgot the exercise of common justice, and involved a worthy man and his suffering family in misery! But I thank heaven, the injury is not irreparable!"

"I immediately explained to Mother W. the peculiarly distresting situation of this poor girl, rescued her from meditated perdition,—restored the husband to his family, with improved circumstances,—and by a continuance of my support, I trust, in some degree to atone for past transgression."

This narrative excited much interest, and the approval, by the company, of Fitzroy's munificence was expressive and unanimous.

The conviviality of the evening was renewed, and sustained until an *early hour*, when the party

broke up; having enjoyed "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," with temperate hilarity.

Dashall, his Cousin, and Fitzroy, proceeding under the piazzas of Covent Garden, the latter suggested an hour's amusement in the Cellars underneath the Hotel, a proposition which was immediately acceded to by his companions, and the *trio* descended into the lower regions.

The descent however, bore not any resemblance to that of Telemachus into Hell. A brilliant light irradiated their passage, and the grim shadows of the infernal abode were, if present, without the *ken* of ocular observation. In place of the palace of *Pandemonium*, our triumvirate beheld the temple of Bacchus, where were assembled a number of Votaries, sacrificing to the jolly Deity of the Ancients, in frequent and powerful libations.

By some unaccountable means the dæmon of discord, however, gained admission and ascendancy.

A scene now took place which baffles every attempt at description.—The *row* became general; decanters, glasses, and other fragile missiles, were resorted to,—their fragments strewed the floor,—and the terrified attendants hastened to require the interposition of the *guardians of the night*, in restoring order and tranquillity.

Amidst the ravage and dissonance of war, our *trio* preserved a strict neutrality, and before the arrival of the *mediating powers*, had regained their

position in the piazzas, where they waited the result of the conflict.

Negotiations of peace having been unavailingly attempted, the refractory combatants were taken into custody, after an obstinate resistance, and conducted to "duress vile," in the Watch-house.

The tragi-comedy was *dacently* wound up by one of the performers, a native of the *Emerald Isle*, who thinking it necessary that the neighbourhood should have an intimation of the proceedings, announced the hour of "PAST THREE," with the accompaniment of "A BLOODY MORNING!"*

The neutrals now proceeded to their respective homes, and our two associates reached their domicile, without the occurrence of further incident.

Next morning the indicative double *rit-tat* of the postman induced the Squire from the breakfast-parlor to the hall. The servant had opened the door, and received the letters; when an itinerant dealer in *genuine articles* obtruded himself on the threshold, and doffing his *castor* after the manner of a *knowing one*, enquired whether his

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* The above mentioned *fracas*, took place a few weeks ago.—The offenders "against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King," were next day held before one of the Police Magistrates, when it appearing that the *row* occurred under the influence of ebriety, and that the landlord and the watchmen were the only sufferers, a compromise was permitted, and the parties were discharged with a suitable admonition.

honor was pleased to be spoke with. TALLYHO desired him to step in, and required to know his business. The fellow with a significant wink, and many prelusive apologies for the liberty he was about to take, stated, that he had *accidentally* come into possession of some contraband goods, chiefly Hollands, Geneva, and India silk handkerchiefs, of prime and indisputable excellence; which he could part with at unparalleled low prices;—that he had already, in this private way, disposed of the greatest portion, and that if his honor was inclined to become a purchaser, he now had the opportunity of blending economy with superlative excellence, in an almost incredible degree, and unequalled in any part of the three kingdoms.

This flourish the Squire answered with becoming indignity; expressed his surprise at the consummate assurance of any *trickster* who would dare to offer him a contraband article, to the prejudice of His Majesty's revenue; and ordered the servant to turn the "scoundrel" out of doors.*

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* "*Contraband articles.*" The Squire apparently was not aware that the *superlatively excellent* Hollands, Geneva, and India-handkerchiefs were, the one the manufacture of Spital-fields, and the other the sophisticated balderdash known by the name of *Maidstone* gin. It is a fact, altho' not generally known, that at the different watering places every season, the venders of silk handkerchiefs manufactured in Spital-fields, carry on a lucrative trade, by disposing of them under the affectation of secrecy, as the genuine produce of the Indian loom; and thus accommodating themselves to the pre-

This command was obeyed with alacrity, and as promptly acceded to by the discomfited intruder, who, however, retrieved, without doubt,

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judice of their customers against our native productions; *get off* in threefold proportion, the number sold in London, and at a *cent per cent* greater advantage!

With respect to alledged *contraband* SPIRITS, the deceit is more successfully manœuvred in Town than in the country.—The facility of smuggling on the coast, frequently supplies the maritime visitant with a cheap and genuine beverage. In Town the same opportunity does not occur, and on the uninitiated in the cheats of London, the system of this species of imposition is more frequently practised. Professing to exhibit REAL LIFE IN LONDON, we shall not trouble our readers with an apology for the introduction of the following appropriate incident—

BILGE WATER NOT WHISKEY.

COURT OF REQUESTS.—*Holborn.*—A case of rather a curious nature, and which was characterised rather by the absurd credulity of the parties than by its novelty, came before the Commissioners on Thursday last. A man of the name of O'Regan attended the Court, to show cause against a summons which had been issued, calling upon him to pay a debt of eighteen shillings, which was alleged to be due by him to a person who stated his name to be Higgins. The parties were both Irishmen, and exhibited a good deal of irritation as well as confusion, in their stories. With some difficulty the following facts were collected from their respective statements;—On Tuesday week, about nine o'clock in the evening, a man dressed in the *costume* of a sailor, and wearing a large rough coat, similar to that commonly worn by sea-faring men, in bad weather, entered the shop of O'Regan, who is a dealer in salt fish, and other "haberdashery," as he called it, in St. Giles's; and beckoning to the back part of the room, and at the same time looking very significantly, said, "May be you would not like a

in the credulity of others, the disappointment he had sustained by the pertinacity of the Squire.

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drop of the "real thing," to keep a merry Christmas with?' "What do you *mane?*" says O'Regan. "Whiskey, to be sure," says the man. "Faith, and it's I that would," replied O'Regan, "provided it was good and *chape*. "Och, by the piper of Kilrush," says the man, "there has not been a *nater, claner*, more *completer* drop of *Putshean* (whiskey illicitly distilled,) smuggled across the *Herring-brook* (the Irish Channel,) for many a long day, and as for *chapeness*, you shall have it for an *ould* song." "You don't *mane* to say it's after being smuggled!" says O'Regan. "Be my soul, but I do," rejoined the man, "it's I and Jack Corcoran, a friend of mine, brought it safe and sound into the Thames last Sunday, in the shape of a cargo of butter-firkins, from Cork." "Could a body taste it?" pursued O'Regan. With a couple of "why nots," says the man, "I've a *blather* full of it under my OXTHER (his arm-pit,) if you'll *lind* us *hould* of a glass." O'Regan said he *hand't* a glass handy, but he brought a cup, and the bladder being produced, a fair taste was poured forth, which O'Regan, having tippled it off, after collecting his breath, swore was "*the darling of a drop*, it was the next kin to *aqua fortis*."—"*Aqua fifties* you *mane*," says the man, "*aqua fortis* is a fool to it." The next question was, as to the price? "Och, by the powers," says the honest smuggler, "as you're a countryman and friend, you shall have it for ten shillings a gallon, and less than that I would'nt give it to my mother." O'Regan thought this too much, and proposed eight shillings a gallon; but, after much chaffering, he agreed to give nine shillings. The quantity was next discussed. The man could not sell less than an anker, four gallons. This was too much for O'Regan; but he finally determined to get a friend to go partners, and Higgins, who lodged in his house, was called down and also indulged with a taste, which he likewise pronounced "beautiful." It was then arranged, with strong injunctions of secrecy, that the tub should be brought the next night, in a half-bushel sack, as if it were coals, and the hour of nine was appointed. The smuggler then departed, but was true to his appointment. He came at the hour fixed on the Wednesday night, and in the dis-

The morning was unfavourable to pedestrian excursion. The library was well stored with li-

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guise proposed. The commodity was then carried into a little back parlor, with great mystery, and deposited in a cupboard, and the doors being all shut, he demanded his cash. "To be sure," says Higgins; "but, first and foremost (for he was more cautious than his friend,) let us see if it is as good as the sample was?" "Och, the devil burn me," says the smuggler, "if I'd *desave* you." "Sure I know you would'nt," replied Higgins, "only just I'd like to wet my whistle with another drop, as you may say." Touch my honor, touch my life," says the smuggler; and seizing the tub with some indignation, he called for the poker, and then striking the barrel on each side the bung-hole, out started the bung. He next called for a table-spoon, and a cup, and lading out about a noggin, *alias* a quartern, handed it to O'Regan, who, having taken a suck, by the twist of his eye and the smack of his lips, evinced his satisfaction. Higgins finished it; and exclaiming, "it's the dandy;" passed his hand into his pocket, wtthout further hesitation, and produced his eighteen shillings. O'Regan did the same, and the cask being safely locked in the cupboard, the smuggler was let out with as much caution as he had been admitted. O'Regan and Higgins then held a council upon the division of the spoil; and the latter went up stairs to fetch down a two gallon jar, while the former ran to the public-house to borrow a measure. They soon met again in the parlor, and the tub was brought out. They endeavoured at first to get the bung out in the same manner which they had observed the smuggler pursue, but not being equally acquainted with the subject, they could not succeed. This difficulty, however, was soon obviated. O'Regan obtained a large gimblet from a next door neighbour, and a hole being bored in one of the ends, the liquor began to flow very freely into the measure which was held to receive it. Higgins remarked that it looked very muddy, and on the pint being full, lifted it up to have another sup; but he had no sooner taken a gulp, than, to the dismay of O'Regan, he exclaimed, "Oh, Holy Paul, it's bilge!" mentioning a very unsavoury liquid. "Brother," says O'Regan, and snatching the measure from his partner, took a mouthful himself which he as

terature in choice variety. To this antidote of *ennui* the Squire resorted, while DASHALL wrote

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quickly spirted about the floor; and then, in an agitated tone, cried out, "Sure enough Higgins, it is bilge, and precious bad it is, as ever I drank." They now eyed each other for some time with mutual surprise, and then sympathetically agreed that they must have been "done." It was still, however, a matter of surprise to them, how their friend, the smuggler, could have taken good whiskey (which that they had tasted from the bung hole certainly was,) from such nastiness. In order to solve their doubts, they procured a pail; and, having emptied the cask, they proceeded to break it to pieces, when, to their astonishment, the mystery was unravelled, and their folly, in being made the dupes of a pretended smuggler, made fully manifest; for immediately under the bung-hole they found a small tin box, capable of containing about half a pint, which, being tightly tacked to one of the staves, kept the pure liquor, a small quantity of which still remained, from that which was of a very opposite character. It was no laughing matter, and they were not, therefore, very merry on the occasion; and still less so, when Higgins demanded of O'Regan the repayment of his eighteen shillings; this O'Regan refused, and a quarrel ensued, which after having terminated in a regular "set to," attended with painful consequences to both; was followed by Higgins applying to this Court for the summons which led to their appearance before the Commissioners. The whole of the circumstances, with infinite trouble, having been thus unravelled; the Commissioner declared his inability to afford Mr. Higgins any redress. There was clearly no debt incurred; there was a mutual compact, entered into for an illegal purpose, for had the liquid which they had purchased, been smuggled spirits, they were liable to pay a large penalty for having bought it. But putting aside all these considerations, it was clear that Higgins had, with a proper degree of caution, endeavoured to satisfy himself of the quality of the article before he paid his money; and thereby showed that he was not acting under a confidence in any guarantee on the part of O'Regan; and consequently could have no claim on him. In this view of the case, he should dismiss the summons without costs.

cards of invitation to a few select friends, whom he knew would, *sans ceremonie* honor his table to take bachelor's fare with him in the evening.

"I pity the man in a rainy day," says a writer, "who cannot find amusement in reading." This was not the case with the two associates;—the intellectual treat afforded by the library was fully enjoyed; and the moments glided on, imperceptibly; until verging on the hour of dinner.

The friends to whom DASHALL had sent round, one and all accepted his invitation, and the remainder of the day was devoted to that refined hilarity, of which his hospitable board was always the chief characteristic

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The parties then retired, amidst the laughter of the by-standers; and Higgins, who was evidently much mortified, swore he would take the worth of his eighteen shillings "out of O'Regan's bones!"

CHAP. VIII.

LONDON, thy streets abound with incident.—
Dashing along, here roll the vehicles,
Splendid, and drawn by highly pamper'd steeds,
Of rank and wealth; and intermix'd with these,
The hackney chariot, urg'd to sober pace
Its jaded horses; while the long-drawn train
Of waggons, carts, and drays, pond'rous and slow,
Complete the dissonance, stunning the ear
Like pealing thunder, harsh and continuous,
While on either side the busy multitude
Pass on, various and infinite.—

THE following morning presented the exhilirating aspect of an unclouded sky, and the two friends were anticipating, at the breakfast-table, the enjoyment of a fine day,—when

A double *rit-tat*, quickly doubled again,
Announced an intruder of Consequence vain,
Decorum inclin'd to defy all;—
Again went the knocker, yet louder and faster,
John ran to the door, and one ask'd for his master,
Resolv'd against taking denial.—

"My good fellow," said the stranger, "will you be after representing my obeisance and all that, to the Honorable Mr. DASHALL, and I beg to know whether he is at home?"

"Your name, sir?"

"Augh, what does it signify?—Tell him *an*

old friend with a new face,—arrah, not so,—tell him, that a new friend with no face at all at all, would be glad to wait upon him.—Sir Felix O'Grady, the *Munster* baronet, d'ye mind me?"

This was an unexpected visit, and the more kindly received by DASHALL and TALLYHO, who promised themselves considerable amusement in the acquisition of the baronet's society, which was readily conceded for the day, to their request.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked DASHALL. "Whether or not," answered Sir Felix, "I'll take a cup of *taa* with you, any how."

When the repast was finished, the triumverate set out on their pedestrian excursion; interrupted however, in their progress, by a temporary shower, they took refuge in a Coffee-house, where Sir Felix taking up a Newspaper, read from amongst the numerous advertisements, the following selected article of information,—"Convenient accommodations for ladies who are desirous of privately lying in, and their infants carefully put out to nurse." "Well now, after all," observed the baronet, "this same LONDON is a very *convanient* place, where a lady may gratify her pleasurable propensities, and at same time preserve an unblemished reputation. It is only going into the country, sure, for the benefit of her health; that is to say, she retires to one of the villages in the neighbourhood of London, pays her way without name given or questions asked, and in a few months, returns to Town improved in health, but

more slender in person, all her acquaintance ex claiming, "La! my dear, how *vastly* thin you have grown!"—

There are in London and its neighbourhood," said DASHALL, "numerous such convenient asylums; but I cannot acquiesce in their utility.—I am rather of opinion that they have a demoralizing tendency, as accelerating by concealment, the progress of licentiousness.—Human failings will still predominate, and the indulgence of illicit intercourse is less frequently prevented by an innate principle of virtue than the dread of shame. When facility of concealment is therefore given to the *result*, these connexions will still become more prevalent.

"By the Powers," exclaimed Sir Felix, "but I think *Morality* ought to feel particularly benefited by these *convanient* asylums; they preserve reputation, and in some instances have prevented suicide and murder. I know of two cases wherein both crimes were perpetrated through a sense of shame and dread of discovery, which probably would not have happened could the unfortunates have resorted to "*convanient* accommodations."—Well, here's good luck to the fair sex, the dear *cratures!* and may they, every one of them, die on a Christmas day, any how?"*

* On the subject of "convenient accommodation for ladies who wish privately to ly in," if we might hazard an opinion, it would be in coincidence with that of our friend DASHALL. These establishments are certainly an encouragement to licentiousness, and it is

This eccentric wish elicited a look of surprise from the Squire, which Sir Felix observing,—

"My *rason* is," said he, "that the gates of heaven being open all that day long, a body may slip in *unknownst*, as it is to be hoped that you, Mr. DASHALL, and I may do, some day shortly without any interruption at all, at all."

This ludicrous *finis* excited the laughter of the company—

"But lo! the clouds break off, and sideways run,
"Out from his shelter lively looks the sun:

and the united observers of REAL LIFE hailing the favorable presage, resumed their perambulation.—

Advancing along Piccadilly towards Hyde Park, they reached the splendid mansion of the hero of Waterloo; the gates were open, and a travelling carriage with four horses was in waiting for his Grace, who was then about setting off to inspect the fortifications of the Netherlands.*

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well known, that in many of these receptacles, "where the strictest honor and secrecy may be relied on," the allurement of *abortion* is held out to the unhappy female, if she declines the anticipation of maternal solicitude.

* THIRTY-TWO GREAT PERSONAGES!

Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington.—His Grace, the Duke of Wellington, when last in the Netherlands, and travelling without attendants, in a part of the country where his *multitudinous titles* were not well understood, was overtaken on the road by a veteran officer, whose route lay in the same direction with that of his Grace. The Duke having occasion to stop; and as the officer would reach a certain town several hours before him, he requested that the ve-

Neither Sir Felix nor TALLYHO having ever seen the Duke, the triumvirate paused at the entrance

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teran would take the trouble of ordering dinner for him, at the principal Inn. The old officer made his congee, and proceeded on his mission. "I am desired to order dinner here," said he, to the landlord; "but stay, I had better state who for." Then calling for pen and ink, he presented the astonished and delighted host with the following list of his forthcoming illustrious *guests*.

The Prince of Waterloo!
The Duke of Wellington.—The Duke of Ciúdad Rodrigo, and The Duke of Vittoria.
The Marquis of Douro, and a Marshal General of France.
Master General of the Ordnance.
Colonel of the Royal Regt. of Horse Guards, Blue.
Colonel of the Rifle Brigade.
The Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire.—And
The Governor of Plymouth.
} England.
Field Marshal of Austria,
———— Russia,
———— Prussia,
———— France,
———— England, and
———— The Netherlands.
A Grandee of the Highest Class,
A Captain General of Spain,
Knights of the Orders of
The Garter, in England.—St. Andrew, in Russia.—The Black Eagle, in Russia.—Charles III. in Spain.—St. Ferdinand and Merit in Spain.—The Golden Fleece, in Spain.—Maximilian Joseph, in Bavaria.—St. Maria Theresa, in Austria.—The Sword, in Spain.—St. Esprit, in France.—St. George, in Russia.—The Tower and Sword, in Portugal.

And, (to bring up the rear,)
A Doctor of Civil Laws!

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the host, in extacy, "what a noble company!" He then began to tell *them* over;—"One Prince," he

of the Court-yard, until the carriage came forth, when they saluted the gallant warrior with the tribute of respect due to distinguished services and exalted genius, which his Grace very courteously returned.

The Squire observed, that the brilliant victories of his Grace, although acknowledged and rewarded by all the Potentates of Europe, had not procured him much popularity at home. The

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continued,—"Three Dukes—One Marquis—A Marshal General of France—An English Governor—An English Lord Lieutenant—The Master General of the Ordnance, and Two English Colonels—Six Field Marshals—One Grandee of the Highest Class—A Captain General of Spain—Twelve Knights, and a Doctor of Civil Laws!!—

Mon Dieu! Thirty Two Great Personages!!"

All the provisions of the town, *all* the delicacies of the season and *all* the celebrated wines, were immediately put in requisition for the *illustrious company* in expectancy.

At last the Duke of Wellington arrived, and was ushered into a spacious dining room, where a cloth was laid with *thirty-two* covers. The person of the Duke was unknown to the Innkeeper, who, full of important preparations for the Thirty-two Great Personages, thought not of any thing else.—"I ordered dinner here," said his Grace.—"*Mon Dieu!*" responded the Innkeeper, "are you one of the Thirty-two Great Personages?" presenting the list at same time. His Grace glanced his eye over it,—"they are al here!" said he, "so send up the dinner immediately." The Innkeeper stood aghast with amazement; at last finding utterance, he ventured to express a hope that his Grace would be pleased to take into consideration, that he (the Innkeeper,) had, at great trouble and expence, provided a most sumptuous entertainment for Thirty two Great Personages. "D---n the Thirty-two Great Personages," exclaimed the Duke, "Send up the dinner, and your bill. ---Thus I must pay the penalty," said he, "for not having invited the old veteran TO BE OF THE PARTY!!"

remark was confessed by DASHALL to be correct, but whence the public indifference originated, he could not presume to explain.

Crossing Hyde Park, which a celebrated physician denominated *the lungs of the Metropolis*, our pedestrians made their egress into Oxford-road. This fine street, with longitudinal reference the first in London, excited the admiration of the baronet; the long line of perspective indeterminable to the view, stretching from Hyde Park corner to St. Giles's, the general uniformity of the buildings, the neatness, and in many instances the splendor of the tradesmen's shops, together with the comfortable manner of their perambulation, unjostled and unimpeded by the hurry, throng and bustle of passengers, with which many other parts of the Town are annoyed, gave an additional zest of enjoyment to the *trio* in their excursion, while the Squire observed, that he felt in this part of the Town, always as if he had been suddenly removed to some other region of the world, far remote from the city of London, its dissonant uproar, and crowded inconveniences.

Turning into Blenheim street, DASHALL apprized his companions, that if they felt inclined to take a peep into the Theatre of Anatomy, he could procure their admission.

The Squire seemed to recoil from so disgusting an exhibition; while on the other hand the baronet expressed a great desire to enter the theatre. "I have been used to *murder* and *mutilation!*" said he.

"The devil you have!" ejaculated the Squire, "where, how?"

"*Where* else should it be but in Ireland?" replied the baronet:—"and as to the *how*, was it not, sure, after the manner of my profession, while I was a member of a Corps of Yeoman Cavalry, during the rebellion, when we whipped, hanged, beheaded, and mutilated men, every day, by dozens! So you may guess, my good friend, that cutting up a human carcase is nothing new to me. Only now, I should like to see if there is any difference in the mangling of human bodies by the anatomical artists of London from the ci-devant military professors, "The Loyal Troop of Doner aile."

The hesitation manifested by the Squire yielded, ultimately, to the importunity of the baronet, and they entered the human shambles, where the *cutters up* were at work upon a subject, securing to themselves the advantage of personal experience, in the process of dissection; the abdomen had been already cleared out, and the corpse was portioned out to the different students of anatomy for the purpose of illustration; the arms to one class, the legs to another, the head to a third, &c. so that in less than a quarter of an hour, decapitation and dismemberment were completely effected, and the trunk was deserted, as an uninteresting object, from which there could not be derived any information of importance,

further than that which the students had already obtained!!!

Sir Felix whispered his friends, that these adepts in human mutilation far exceeded in apathy of feeeling and adroitness of execution, even the *ci-devant* Loyal Troop of Doneraile!--But when one of the young artists brought forward in his hands smeared with gore, a human heart for the operation of the dissecting knife, TALLYHO declaring that he could bear it no longer, rushed out of the theatre, and was followed by his two companions, all disgusted with this spoliation of the dead, however conducive it might prove to the interests of the living.*

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* The human subjects for these Theatres of Anatomy and private dissection, are chiefly supplied by "Resurrectionists;" a class of depraved wretches whose only employment is that of body-snatching, or robbing the graves of their dead; from which they derive a ready and lucrative emolument. The anatomists are ready at all hours to receive, without questions asked, and with prompt remuneration, the produce of these unsanctified depredations.--- Dreadful must be the feelings of the fond relatives of a departed friend, to learn that the sanctuary of the grave has been violated, and the body of perhaps, a beloved wife, sister, or other revered female, exposed to the gaze, and subjected to the scalping-knife, of these butchers.

Iron Coffins have been resorted to as a safe-guard, which once closed cannot be opened. For this improvement the artist obtained a patent; but he is not likely to derive much advantage from his invention; as the parish-officers within the bills of mortality have generally refused the rites of sepulture to bodies cased in iron alleging, that the almost imperishable material would shortly compel an enlargement of burying ground, at a vast expence, which

Proceeding along Oxford Street, Sir Felix enquired for the *Holy Land*, informing his friends, at same time, that his servant, whom he had entrusted the preceding day with a cheque on his banker, had not been at home all night, and the probability was, that he had got amongst his Munster friends in *Palestine*. Sir Felix was therefore desirous of ascertaining, if possible, the sanctuary of the fugitive; and with that view requested his friends to accompany him in a perambulation of discovery, through (to him) these hitherto unexplored regions.—This application was readily assented to, and the triumvirate passed onwards to the place of destination.

They had now reached the Church of St. Giles in the Fields, situated in Broad Street, St. Giles's, and their attention was immediately directed to that fine piece of sculpture over the iron gateway, leading into the Church-yard, representing the RESURRECTION and LAST JUDGMENT. The figures are in *basso relievo*, and although diminutive, are admirably grouped, and the expression of each gives to the whole a finished and impressive effect.

Two minutes more, and the three friends were on the boundaries of the Holy Land, namely, George Street, or, as formerly cognomened, Dyott Street, Bloomsbury.

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it is the duty of the parish officers to prevent, by resisting the interment of bodies in iron coffins; and this resolution has lately had the sanction of legal authority.

At the end of this street, next to St. Giles's, were several of the Lower Irish, of both gender, who, clustering together, seemed to hold a close confabulation, casting occasionally, an inquisitive eye on Sir Felix O'Grady.

"By the soul of the priest!" at last exclaimed one of the Munster *emigrees*, "but it is him, and I would take my *davy* on it;—but sure enough, I will *ax* the *jontleman* himself now, whether he knows who he is, or if he is any body at all, at all!"

This *raal* representative of the *tag-rag* and *bob-tail* of the *Emerald Isle*, was arrayed in the appropriate costume of his class and country. A nameless something that had once been a *hat*, covered a shock head of hair; the redundancy of which protuberated sideways and perpendicularly, from the *ci-devant* castor, in many a knotty combination, impervious to wind and weather. The fragments of a loose great coat decorated his tall athletic form, which scarcely reaching his knees, exposed fully to observation his nether habiliment,—

> "His *galligaskins*, that had long withstood
> The winter's fury and encroaching frost
> By TIME subdued,—what will not Time subdue,
> Now horrid rents disclosed, portending agues."

His brawny legs were partially cased in worsted hose, the dilapidations of wear and tear ingeniously repaired with cloth, pieced and patched,

and comprising all the prismatic colours of the rainbow; his toes, disdaining the trammels of duress, peeped through his brogues, as if anxious for freedom; and to complete the singularity of this strange figure, his vacant face was incrusted with filth, his bristly beard unshorn,—

> And stuck in his mouth of capacious dimensions,
> That never to similar shape had pretensions,
> A pipe he sustain'd, short and jetty of hue,
> Thro' which the dense clouds of tobacco he drew.

This apparition stalking onwards to our admiring triumvirate,—"May be," said he, "your honor can be after telling me,—*will* your honor be Sir Felix O'Grady of Munster, that is, long life to it?"—"The same, by the powers of my father who begot me!" exclaimed the baronet: "sure enough I am Sir Felix O'Grady that *is*, not that *will* be!" "*Erin ma vorneen!*" rejoined the enquirer,—"the pot of Saint Patrick be upon you, and may your honor live all the days of your life, and many years longer, if that's all!—Arrah, but I'm *plased* to my heart's content to meet *wid* your honor in a strange land!"

The congregated expectants now approached, and respectfully united their congratulations with those of their respectable deputy.—"The pot of Saint Patrick be upon you, and may your *reverence* live for ever and a day afterwards!" It was in vain that Sir Felix offered them money. "No, the devil a *drap* would they taste, unless it was *wid* his honor's own self, by the holy *proker!*"

There was no remedy; so Sir Felix, with his friends DASHALL and TALLYHO, who were much amused by this unsophisticated manifestation of Irish recognition, accompanied the motley groupe to the *blue-ruin* shop.*

Entering then, the neighbouring den, of a licensed retailer of destruction, the first object on whom the scrutinizing eye of the baronet cast a glance, was his servant, regaling himself and his *blowen* with a glass of the "right sort." The indignant Sir Felix raised his cane, and was about to inflict a well-merited chastisement, when the transgressor, deprecating the wrath of his master, produced the full amount of the cheque in mitigation of punishment, expressing his obligations to mother Cummings for the preservation of the property.

"And who, in the devil's name," asked the baronet, "is mother Cummings?"†

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* *Blue-ruin*, alias English Gin.—Not unaptly is this pernicious beverage so denominated. It is lamentable to observe the avidity with which the lower orders of society in London resort to this fiery liquid, destructive alike of health and morals. The consumption of gin in the metropolis is three-fold in proportion to what it was a few years ago. Every public house is now converted into "Wine Vaults," as they are termed, which the venders of poison find their account in; it is true, that the occupants are compelled to sell beer also, but in many of these receptacles, there is not even sitting room, and "something short," is thus the resource of men, women, and even *children!*

† This discreet matron has realized a very *decent* competency, by keeping, in the Holy Land, a house of accommodation for *single men and their wives.*—When a couple of this description require the

"Och! a good *sowl*," said the valet, "for all that, she keeps *convanient* lodgings. And so your honor, just having got a *drap* too much of the *cratur* last night, this girl and I took up our lodgings at mother Cummings's: good luck to her any how! And if your honor will but forgive me this once, I *will*, as in duty bound, serve you faithfully by night and by day, in any or in no way at all at all, and never will be guilty of the like again as long as I live, gra."

Circumstances considered, and as this had been his first offence, the servant, at the intercession of DASHALL, was let off with a reprimand only, and ordered home, a mandate which he instantly and with many expressions of gratitude obeyed.

The baronet having adjusted this business to his satisfaction, directed his attention to his newly acquired Munster friends, whom he not only treated with a liberal potation of *aqua vitæ*, but in the warmth of his kindly feelings, actually drank with them, a condescension infinitely more acceptable to the generous nature of these poor people, than was the more solid proof which he left them of his munificence; and of which, until

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asylum of her hospitable roof, she demands possession of all the money which the male visitor may have about him. This conceded, it is told over, and carefully sealed up in the presence of its owner, and left for the night in charge of the prudent landlady. The party is then shewn into a room, and in the morning the money is forthcoming to its utmost farthing.

absolutely forced upon them, they long and pertinaciously resisted the acceptance.

Our party pursuing their route, entered Holborn, and ordered refreshment at the George and Blue Boar Coffee-House; a place of excellent accommodation, and convenient for persons coming from the West of England.

Here, while our perambulators amused themselves in conversation on the occurrences of the morning, a chaise and four drove rapidly into the yard, the postillions decorated with white ribbons, "denoting," said DASHALL, "the successful *denouement*, perhaps, of a trip to Gretna Green." His conjecture was correct; the happy pair just arrived, had been rivetted in the ties of matrimony by the far-famed blacksmith of Gretna.*

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* In tracing the pursuits of needy and profligate adventurers, with whom this vast metropolis abounds beyond that of any other capital in the world, *wife-hunting* is not the least predominant. This remark we cannot better illustrate than by introducing to the notice of our readers, the following extraordinary detail, exhibiting in High Life, atrocious premeditated villainy, and in the mediocrity of female rank extreme and fatal cupidity.

"RAISING THE WIND"

An anecdote has come to our knowledge within the last few days which we think calls for publicity, as it may tend to place on their guard those tender-hearted spinsters whose sensibility of feeling may induce them for a moment to forget that prudence which is at all times the best safeguard of their sex. The circumstances which

Sir Felix O'Grady was all a-gog to learn from the postillions the names of the party, but nothing satisfactory could be elicited.

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we shall describe are considered quite *unique* among certain orders of the sporting world; and the Hero of the Tale, from the dashing completion of his plan, has obtained no small importance in the eyes of his associates.

To our purpose;—About a fortnight back, a person, we will not call him a gentleman, the first letter of whose name is not far removed from the last letter of the alphabet, and who has been particularly distinguished for the dashing, although not very meritorious affairs in which he has been engaged, both on the turf and the road, as well as in the stable, found himself (to use one of his own fashionable phrases,) "hard up." In plain terms, his Exchequer was completely exhausted, and what was worse, his credit was altogether "out at the elbows." All ordinary, and, indeed, almost all extraordinary modes of "raising the wind," had long since been worn threadbare. Something, however, must be done; and to be "well done," it must be "done quickly." A happy thought struck him. He had heard of a lady, some few years beyond her "teens," who was possessed of a pretty round sum; he could not ascertain exactly how much, in her own right. This was a prize which he thought it would be most desirable to obtain. It was true, the lady was past that age when passion is not at all times to be controlled; but then certainly not so far advanced as to have abandoned all hope of obtaining an agreeable husband, or not to be perfectly convinced that her attractions entitled her to entertain such an expectation. The only difficulty which suggested itself, was the mode of introduction. Two heads are better than one, and our hero called in a friend, to whom he unfolded his scheme, and whose advice and assistance he immediately bespoke. The friend had no scruples on the subject, and at once became a partner in the plot. Means were found to overcome the first impediment, and behold our two gentlemen in the presence of the fair object of their attack. The principal was immediately introduced as the son of Sir George ——, a highly respectable Baronet of the same name, but of a very different character. His manners were chastened for

Our trio now directed their progress along Holborn, in which route they had advanced but

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the occasion, his appearance fashionable, and his address distinguished by a warmth which the acknowledged purpose of his visit, that of soliciting the honor of being permitted to pay his addresses, in some measure justified. The lady was not displeased: to all appearance the connexion, which was thus offered to her was most flattering; the son of a baronet, and one especially who had expressed himself in a most disinterested manner, was not to be dismissed without due deliberation; she, therefore, with becoming frankness, consented to grant another interview on the ensuing day. The friends were punctual to the time appointed, and came in the carriage (*pro tempore*) of the suitor. They were shown into the drawing-room, and the conversation was mutually pleasing. At length our hero proposed to the lady to take a short airing in his carriage. At first she exhibited the usual coyness at such an invitation from one, to whom she was almost a stranger; but was ultimately bantered into a consent, and accordingly dressed for a ride. Having taken her seat between the two gentlemen, they engaged her on such topics as they thought most amusing, and the time passed so agreeably that she scarce knew where she was going, till she had arrived at Barnet, on the north road. They stopped at one of the principal inns, and alighting, a slight cold repast was ordered. The convenient friend shortly after quitted the apartment to look to the horses, and the *soi-disant* son of the Baronet instantly commenced an assault upon the lady's heart, which it would seem, was but too well received. He protested that he had long sighed at a distance, without having the courage to confess his flame; and, in short, that he could not exist unless she became his. The lady, whatever might be the feelings of her heart, laughed at the warmth of his declarations. This only induced him to become more impetuous; and at last, as a proof of his sincerity, he proposed, as they were so far on the north road, that they should order four horses, and set off at once to Gretna Green. This produced additional merriment on the part of the lady, which, as there was no specific refusal, was taken for consent; and on the return of the friend, he received a wink, which instructed him in the course he was to pursue, and in a moment, four horses were clapped to

a few minutes when their attention was arrested by a concourse of people assembled at the door

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the travelling chariot in which they had arrived. The lady was shortly afterwards handed to her seat, and, accompanied as before, was whirled off with the utmost velocity. She had gone thirty miles of the road, however, before she believed that her lover was really serious. On alighting at the end of the third stage, reflection came to her aid, and she began to repent of having suffered herself to be prevailed on to consent so far to what she still pretended to believe was but a joke. On our hero quitting the room, she represented to his friend the utter impossibility of proceeding further, and entreated that he would take means to have her reconducted to town. The friend, however, who was too much interested in the success of a plot so well commenced, endeavoured to dissuade her, by every argument of which he was master, to go on; but she positively refused; when, as the last resource, he determined to work on her fears, and accordingly told her, that Mr. ——— had long spoken of her, in terms of impatient rapture; that he was a man, unhappily, of a most passionate temper, and that he had vowed, sooner than he would go back to London without making her his wife, he would blow out his brains, for which purpose he was provided with a brace of pistols, then in his pocket, and double loaded. To this was added the still more persuasive observation, that he was a gentleman of family and fortune and figure, to whom no rational objection could be taken by any woman whose heart had not been previously engaged. The result was, that the unfortunate woman, half consenting, half relenting, agreed to go forward, and on they drove till they arrived full speed at Gretna Bridge, in Yorkshire. Here a new difficulty arose; our hero had exhausted his purse, and had not a shilling left to enable him to complete his journey; his good genius, however, had not deserted him, and, with that effrontery for which he is distinguished, he called the landlord into a private room, told him he was on his way to Gretna Green with an heiress, again described himself to be the son of a baronet, and finally requested him to give cash for a cheque which he proposed drawing on a respectable banking-house in town, (where, by the bye, he happened to have

of a Linen-draper, who it seems had detected a thief in the person of a pregnant woman. This

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no account.) The cause he assigned for his distress was the suddenness of his flight from town. His appeal proved successful, and he was furnished with the means of completing his journey. Again the trio resumed their course, and in the end reached the quarters of the celebrated Blacksmith, who was immediately summoned to their presence. Here another impediment threw them into fresh alarm; the Blacksmith seeing the style in which they had arrived, and judging from that circumstance that they were persons of no mean consequence, refused to rivet their chains under a douceur of One hundred pounds. This sum it was impossible, at so short a notice, they could raise; and their hopes would have been altogether frustrated, had not the eloquence of our hero once more proved successful. He explained to the venerable priest that their finances were but slender; and having assured him of that fact, he induced him to accept of Five pounds down, and a note of hand for Fifty pounds more. The Gordian knot was then tied, and Mr. and Mrs. ——— having received the congratulations of their friend, who witnessed the ceremony, returned to Gretna Bridge; where they agreed to wait a few days, until a remittance for which the lady, under some plausible excuse, was induced to draw, had arrived. The necessary sum at length reached their hands; the bill was discharged; the cheque upon which the cash had been previously advanced, redeemed; and the party pursued their journey back to the metropolis.

On reaching London, the marriage ceremony was repeated in a more formal manner, and thus all question of the validity of the union was set at rest. Our hero had now to render available the funds of his Lady; and in a morning *tete-a-tete* requested some information as to the state of her fortune? It was a subject, he said, of no great importance in his estimation, but still he wished to know what she had? The Lady candidly told him that all she had under her own control, was £1,100 in the 5 per Cents, and a bond of her brother's for £2,500 payable on demand. On the very same day, the disinterested husband was found soliciting several brokers in the city, to sell out the stock which his wife had described

information excited the sympathy of our three friends, and they accordingly entered the Shop.

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but they all declined, unless the lady were present. This was an objection easily got over; he returned to his wife, and having assigned some feasible reason for an immediate want of ready cash, induced her to accompany him to the market, where the value of the stock was soon transferred into his pocket.

The friends of the lady had by this time been apprised of her marriage, and naturally felt anxious to ascertain the character of the connexion which she had formed. She, of course, repeated the story told her by her "Lord and Master;" but inquiry having been made as to its truth, it was found to be fictitious in all its main features. Her husband, although of the same name, was not the son of Sir George, nor was he at all connected with that family; and in addition to this, it was ascertained that he was, as we have already described him to be, a gentleman "much better known than trusted." It is needless to say that the feelings of the lady were greatly agitated at these discoveries, and she did not hesitate to upbraid her husband with his deceitful conduct. His sensibility however, was not to be excited on such an occasion; he coolly told her he knew all she could say on that subject without putting her to any further trouble; and, in fine, confirmed all that she had heard to his prejudice. She had taken him "for better for worse," and she must make the best of a bad bargain. The brother of the lady now interfered; he had an interview with her husband, and could not suppress the indignation which he felt in his presence. Our hero had too long been accustomed to the reverses of the sporting world to be easily ruffled; he preserved his temper with admirable presence of mind, and having heard the enraged brother to a conclusion, at last very coolly replied, that "all he had said might be very true, but that did not alter the fact that his sister was his lawful wife; and further, that, as her husband, he held a bond of his (the brother's) for £2,500, payable on demand, and of which he requested immediate payment as he was short of "the ready." The cold-blooded gravity with which this demand was made, incensed the brother still more, and he gave vent to the feelings which were excited in his breast. Our hero was in no respect thrown off his guard, and at last, after having heard that the brother, as well

TALLYHO entreated of the Linen-draper, that he would be merciful to the unfortunate woman, in consideration of her being so far in a family way.

"And yet, sir," answered the Shopkeeper, "I fancy we shall be able to relieve the lady without the assistance of a midwife." The woman was then taken into a back room and searched by two of her own sex. The result of this investigation was soon made known.—The pregnancy was assumed, the better to evade suspicion; her under garments were completely lined with hooks, to which were suspended, in vast variety, articles of stolen property, including not only those of

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as the lady, whose eyes were now open to his real character, would be glad to get rid of him on any terms; he proposed to "do the thing," what he called "handsomely," and with very little qualification suggested, that in order to settle the business "amicably," he had no objection to give up his wife and her brother's bond for £1,000 in addition to the £1,100 he had already received. Unprincipled as this offer was, the brother, upon reflection, felt that he was "in the jaws of the lion," and therefore, after consultation with his sister, who was but too happy in escaping from such a companion, he agreed to the terms proposed. The £1,000 was paid, the bond returned, and a separation mutually agreed upon without further delay, to the infinite satisfaction of our hero, who tells the adventure among his friends with extraordinary glee, taking no small credit to himself for its happy issue. We have suppressed the names of the parties, for obvious reasons; there are those by whom they will be immediately recognized. We wish, however, not to give unnecessary pain to the individuals really injured; and have only to hope the facts we have detailed may operate as a sufficient caution to others who may be placed in similar situations in future.

light weight, viz. handkerchiefs, shawls, stockings, &c. but several of less portable description, amongst which were two pieces of Irish linen. These articles she had conveyed through an aperture in her upper habiliment of sufficient dimensions to admit an easy access to the general repository. The ingenuity of this invention created much surprise, and as it greatly facilitated concealment and evaded detection, there is no doubt of its having frequently produced a rich harvest. This female adept was now committed to the charge of an officer, the Shop-keeper having identified upon her person several articles of stolen property.

CHAP. IX.

LADIES,—the chariot waits;—the toilet now
Where erst so many hours were idly spent,
Asks of its wonted due the tythe alone;—
Braid then your tresses of luxuriant flow,
And wrap your forms angelic in the dress
Simple, yet rich and elegant, that gives
Your matchless beauties half revealed to view;
The broad capacious bosom's luscious swell,
Still heaving strong, and sûing to be prest;—
Grace then the vehicle.—We, observers
Of REAL LIFE, the while, IN LONDON go
To "catch the living manners as they rise,
"And give the age its very form and pressure."

CONTINUING their route down Holborn, the adventure in the Linen-draper's shop became the theme of conversation.—"It is not alone," said DASHALL, "to the lower orders and necessitous that this system of *Shop-lifting* is confined; many recent instances have occurred of similar depredation, by women above the mediocrity of rank, who, however, frequently contrive to compromise prosecution, while the delinquent of poverty is visited by the utmost rigor of the law!—Of the two, certainly the thief from *habit* is more culpable than the thief from *necessity*."

Sir Felix and the Squire entirely agreed with their friend in opinion.—"Shop-lifters" continued

DASHALL, "are as pernicious to the trading part of the community as any of the cheats of LONDON; there is not, on a moderate calculation, less than 5000 of these artful thieves in the metropolis, and the prejudice they do to the industrious tradesman is incalculable."

"By the powers of safety, then," exclaimed the baronet, "the honest dealer should consider every stranger a thief until further acquaintance."

"Not exactly so; however, it is necessary that the LONDON tradesman should be upon his guard, and keep a sharp look out upon his customers, not knowing, by their appearance, whether they are honest or otherwise."*

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* A thief from *habit*.—Not long since, there existed in the fashionable world, a female of rank and property, who was an habitual, expert, and incorrigible thief.—She would frequently sally forth in her carriage, and alighting at the doors of perhaps, half a dozen different tradesmen, rummage over their goods, without making a purchase, and embrace the opportunity of purloining any portable article that lay in her way. Those tradesmen to whom her thieving propensities were known, used to watch, carefully, her manœuvres, let her walk off with the spoil, and then send a *bill of depredation*, which she uniformly, and without hesitation, discharged. This unfortunate woman was one morning detected in the shop of a Mercer to whom she was a stranger, in the act of pilfering some article of value. He was about to detain her, when she burst into an agony of tears, acknowledged, and lamented deeply, the *irresistible* infatuation under which she acted, disclosed her rank and family, and the compassionate mercer suffered her to depart.

At another time, being one of a card-party, a gold snuff-box vanished from the table. Every person present denied any knowledge of it;—"Madam, you are mistaken," said one of the com-

Turning from *Holborn* into *Chancery Lane*, our pedestrians were encountered by a very handsome chariot, in which were two elegantly dressed and beautiful women, who, ordering the carriage to stop, saluted DASHALL and the Squire in the most fascinating terms of friendly recognition.

"Your Ladyships render me," said DASHALL, infinite happiness; this is a most unexpected pleasure!"

"You are a gallant cavalier;" observed one of the lovely inmates, "another gentleman would probably have used the word *honor* instead of *happiness*, but you are fertile in felicitous expression."

"Not more felicitous than appropriate; but whither away, my fair captivators?"

"We are on a shopping expedition," replied one of the ladies, "you and your friend of Belville-hall, are observers of LIFE IN LONDON generally;—ours is a mere circumscribed sphere of action; we go to view *Life in a Mercer's shop*.—When the Squire and you are not more pleasantly engaged, give us a call, and perhaps we may grant you the honor of an interview.—We would ask the *Unknown*," said she, in a whisper, "who is he?"

"Sir Felix O'Grady, Madam," answered

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pany, "you have got the snuff-box in your pocket."—"How very *absent* I am!" exclaimed our heroine, producing the box.—"And I beg that you will continue *absent!*" said the lady of the mansion.

DASHALL, "an Irish baronet, of recent acquaintance; like every other gentleman of the Emerald Isle, combining, with characteristic eccentricity a sound head and a warm heart."

"Then, of all things, bring him with you." "So," waving gracefully her hand, "adieu!" the trio responded, by respectfully raising their hats, "*Allons donc*," she exclaimed, and the carriage drove off.

"There go," exclaimed DASHALL, "two of the most lovely and accomplished women in LONDON, and perhaps the least tinctured with fashionable folly."

"With the exception," observed the Squire, "of shopping, that is, I presume, making the morning tour of tradesmens' shops, tumbling over their goods, giving them every possible trouble, and ultimately making no purchase."*

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* TALLYHO had improved in his knowledge of REAL LIFE IN LONDON.—His definition of SHOPPING was perfectly correct.

One of those fashionable female idlers, who delight in occupying the time, and exercising the patience of the industrious, alighted, a short time since, at the shop of a tradesman in Ludgate-street, and after a couple of hours spent in examining and re-examining a variety of rich silks, made her election at last, and desired the mercer to cut her off a *shilling's worth*, throwing, at the same time, the money on the counter. The tradesman, with perfect coolness, took up the piece of coin, laid it on a corner of the silk, circumscribed it with his scissors, and presented the part so cut out to the lady, as the *shilling's worth* required. We feel pleasure in recording the result. The lady admired the mercer's equanimity of temper, laughed heartily at his manner of illustrating it, and in atonement for trouble given and patience exemplified, became, and still continues, one of his most valued customers.

DASHALL admitted the correctness of the Squire's observation, as generally applicable, but claimed an exemption for the ladies in question.

On the left, proceeding down Chancery Lane, DASHALL pointed to a respectable house as the occasional residence of a lady in the first class of literature, whose writings have given universal satisfaction, and will continue to be read with increased avidity, as conveying the most admirable lessons of morality, told in a manner alike impressive and pathetic;—Mrs. OP*E; the widow of the late celebrated artist. This excellent woman is endeared to the circle of her numerous acquaintance by a pre-eminent suavity of disposition, blended with superior mental endowments; to the unfortunate by her benevolent heart, to which the appeal of distress is never made in vain; and to the public generally, by her invaluable works, the uniform tendency of which is the advancement of virtue and the inculcation of the benign feelings of humanity.*

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* To the admirers of Mrs. Op*e, the following lines, never before published, will not prove unacceptable.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

O THOU of matchless power to raise
And bend the *Passions* to thy sway!—
Whose pen with magic force portrays,
Whose spell the shadowy forms obey.
Of JOY and GRIEF, of HOPE and FEAR,
And wiles from APATHY a tear,—
Enchantress! take the duteous lays
To Worth that Admiration pays.

Facing the entrance to the Royal Wax Works, Sir Felix made a full stop;—"That fellow," said

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To thee, as to thy OP*E, given
On *Immortality* a claim;
His virtues pass'd from Earth to Heaven,
Yet still exist in deathless fame;—
His *pencil* to thy *pen* assign'd,
To charm, instruct, and grace mankind!—

And Oh! could but my humble strains
To thy impressive skill aspire,
The *Muse* that faintly now sustains
Thy worth, would make poetic fire,
And glowing high, with fervid flame,
Would graft her honors on thy name.—

But ah! bereft of every stay,
From HOPE exil'd, with WOE I keep
My vigils, each sad sorrowing day,
And wake, each dreary night, to weep!—
By Penury chill'd poetic powers,
No voice to soothe, no hand to save,
And snatch a victim from the grave,—
Around me DESOLATION lours,
And glaring, midst the deep'ning gloom,
DESPAIR and FAMINE urge me to the tomb!

If, all unmeet, my humble strain
Is destin'd still to flow in vain;—
Shouldst thou the tribute now refuse
Essayed by Misery and the Muse;
Reject not yet the lay with scorn,
To thee by kindred feelings borne;—
For still thy tales of plaintive tone
Breathe pain and sufferings, like mine own.

Ah! cease the sad resemblance here!—
Thee, then, to every feeling dear

he, alluding to the whole length figure of the *Centinel,* "stands as motionless as a statue; by the powers, but half-a-dozen peep-o-day boys in his rear would be after putting life and mettle in his heels!—Shoulder and carry your arms, you spa.-peen; and is this the way that you show the position of a soldier?" at same time enforcing his admonition with a smart stroke of his cane over the arm of the inanimated military representative. The attendant, a young man in the *costume* of the Yeomen of the Guards, remonstrated; DASHALL and TALLYHO laughed most immoderately; and the baronet, equally enjoying the joke, persisted in affecting to believe, that he was addressing himself to a living object, greatly to the amusement of the now congregating street passengers.

"Begging your pardon, my jewel," continued Sir Felix, "long life and good luck to you, in your stationary quarters, and may His Majesty never find a more active enemy than yourself!—By the soul of my grandmother, it would be well for poor

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Of tender sympathy,—thy way
Illumin'd to life's remotest day.
In bliss, in worth, in talent shine,
Though pain, and want unsuccour'd, mine!

Adorning this terrestrial sphere,
Be long an OP*E's talents given;
And Virtue consecrate the tear
When call'd to join her native Heaven!

A. K.

Ireland, who has taken leave of her senses, if her bog-trotting marauders were as peaceably inclined as you are.—Fait and troth, but you're a fine looking lad after all, and with the assistance of your master, and a touch of *Prometheus*, we might raise a regiment of braver fellows than the King's Guards, without bounty or beat of drum, in the twinkling of an eye, honey; but with your leave, and saving yourself unnecessary trouble, we'll be after paying a visit to the company above stairs;" and the party proceeded to the exhibition room.—

Here were representatives of the living and momentos of the dead! Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, in social communion: not forgetting the lady who had *three hundred and sixty five children at a birth!!**

The baronet made many congees to the great and inferior personages by whom he was sur-

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* Thus runs the legend.—

A lady in former times, who, it seems, like some of our modern visionaries, was an enemy to superabundant population, and would have restricted the procreation of children to those only who could maintain them; was applied to for alms by a poor woman, with no less than five little famishing urchins in her train. The haughty dame not only refused to relieve the unfortunate mendicant, but poured upon her a torrent of abuse, adding that she had no right to put herself in the way of having children whom she could not support.—The woman dropped on her knees, and prayed "that the lady might have as many children at one birth as there were days in the year!" and so, (as the legend runs,) it actually happened!

rounded, admired the heterogeneity of the group, and regretted that their imperfect creation precluded the possibility of converse.

One of the figures, by an unobserved excitement of the attendant, now inclined its head to Sir Felix, who, nothing daunted, immediately assumed the attitude of *Macbeth* in the banquet scene, and exclaimed,

> "Nay, if thou canst nod, speak too! if our graves
> And charnel houses give those we bury back,
> Our monuments shall be the maws of kites."

The company present pronounced the baronet a player, and a lady, to whom the manly and athletic form of the supposed tragedian had given apparent pleasure, assured him she had never heard the passage more impressively delivered, and that certainly, in the character of the Scottish Usurper, there was no doubt of his becoming to Mr. KEAN a very formidable rival!

Sir Felix sustained his part admirably, expressing his high acknowledgment of the lady's favorable opinion; but the enquiry *when* and *in which* theatre, he meant to make his first appearance, had so nearly deranged his gravity and that of his two friends, as to induce them to hasten their retreat.

DASHALL and TALLYHO congratulated the baronet on his promising dramatic talent, and advised him still further to court the favors of the tragic Muse.

"May the devil burn the tragic Muse!" he exclaimed; "Arrah, give me the favors of that sweet pretty *crature*, the comical Muse at the Wax-works, who took me for a player,—Och! the fascination of her smile and the witchery of her eye before all the Muses that ever fuddled the brain of a garreteer!"

"Why baronet," said the Squire, "you are love-struck,—deeply lurched,—taken in by the knowing one!"

"*Taken in*, that is as it may hereafter happen, but an Irishman, my jewel, is never so desperately in love with one girl but he can spare a bit of affection for another.

> "Sure love is the soul of a *nate* Irishman,
> He loves *all* that's lovely, loves *all* that he can
> With his sprig of shillelcagh and shamrock so green."—

The three friends had now rounded the corner at the bottom of Fleet-street, in the direction of Blackfriars, when DASHALL claimed the attention of his associates.—

"This is the domicil," said he "of the patriotic Alderman, who, during so many years has uniformly and ably opposed the civic hirelings of Corruption, advocated the cause of Freedom, and acquired the well-earned meed of high estimation by all the respectable and independent portion of his fellow-citizens.

Firm in principle, and resolute in difficulty, the conscientious discharge of his duty has ever

been his prominent object. But perhaps in no instance has he so greatly endeared himself to humanity, than in that of the long protracted inquest on the bodies of the two unfortunate men, Honey and Francis, the victims of military outrage; his constant attendance and indefatigable exertions on that occasion, were the means of eliciting many particulars which otherways might not have been known, and which ultimately led the Jury to record the atrociousness of the crime by the several verdicts of *murder* and *manslaughter*.

Again, on the memorable day of the funeral of these two immolated men, Mr. W. in his capacity of Sheriff, supported with becoming dignity, his high station, and undaunted amidst imminent danger, enforced obedience even from the military, and saved the effusion of human blood."

London exhibits, daily, a series of depravity perhaps unparalleled in any other part of the British Empire.—Dashall had just finished his eulogium on the worthy Alderman, in which his friends heartily coincided, when the attention of the triumvirate was attracted by the appalling appearance of five men rivetted together, and conducted along the street by officers of justice. Tallyho enquired into the nature of their crimes, and was informed, that they were in custody under suspicion of house-breaking in the night-time, and that two of them, particularly, had been taken in the house which they had plundered,

regaling themselves, in perfect ease, with cold meat, wine, and liquors, and the stolen property tied up in a bag, with which, on the moment of alarm, they attempted an escape, but were intercepted in their retreat, and taken in charge by the officers after a desperate resistance, in which shots and hurts were received both by the victors and the vanquished. It is almost beyond belief, that men engaged in an enterprize wherein ignominious death awaits discovery, would sit down to regale themselves after having secured their booty, with as much composure, as if in their own homes; yet so it is; such is the daring callousness of mind attached to long confirmed and successful habits of guilt.*

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* Police. Mansion House.—William Johnson was charged by Mr. Miller of Lower Thames Street, on suspicion of having committed a robbery on Thursday night, under circumstances of rather an extraordinary kind. Mr. Miller's evidence was to the following effect. He has a cut glass and earthenware warehouse in Thames Street, but does not reside there. Upon visiting his warehouse yesterday morning, he found that thieves had been very busy upon the concern the night before. They did not get much, but while they were in the house they enjoyed themselves. They lighted a fire, and paid a visit to the wine-cellar, from which they took two bottles of wine and three bottles of perry, which it seemed they drank warm with sugar, and Mr. Miller received a very polite letter from one of them, acknowledging the obligations they were under to him for the excellent beverage his cellar afforded. Upon examining other parts of the premises, Mr. Miller found that his iron chest had been forced open. The instrument (a large chissel) with which this feat was performed was lying on the premises, and a dark lanthorn, which the thieves had forgotten, were also picked up in the course of the search. The petty cash drawers of the

It sometimes happens that even juvenile depredators who have imbibed a propensity for liquor, have been caught in the snare thus laid by themselves. Of this fact DASHALL gave the following very curious illustration.—"A few evenings ago," said he, "the family of my next door neighbour retired to rest, leaving every thing, as they imagined, in a state of perfect security. On the servant however, coming down stairs in the morning, he was surprised to find a new and unexpected inmate, fast asleep in the kitchen, a quantity of plate packed up lay by his side, and before him were a bottle of brandy and another of wine. He was a lad not more than sixteen years of age, who had ingeniously contrived, in the

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iron chest lay open empty, but Mr. Miller believed there had been in them when he left the Warehouse, a sum perhaps not exceeding a couple of pounds. The bills and papers were not taken away, neither had any thing been removed that was likely to be recovered. Some silver cruet-tops were taken, but the cruets were left behind. The chissel, which, though very strong, had been broken in the effort to open the chest, was of the largest size. All the rooms of the building, except those in front, had been visited by the depredators, and there were various circumstances concurring to fix a very strong suspicion on the prisoner, besides the probability that he was the writer of the letter "of thanks" to Mr. Miller for the entertainment afforded. The letter which was written in a good hand, began with the word "Gemmen," and stated that they (the writer and his friends) had called, regretted that there was no "*wassel in the lob*," (money in the chest) but expressed the highest opinion of the wine, begged pardon for disturbing the papers, and expressed how happy those who drank the wine would be to visit the premises upon a future occasion! The prisoner was remanded

night-time, to get access to the house, and having secured his spoil, had resorted to the pantry and wine-cellar for refreshment. Of the stores from the latter receptacle, he had partaken so liberally that he was thrown into a deep slumber, from which he was roused by the unwelcome voice of the Officer who had been sent for to take him into custody."

Our perambulators had now passed along the bridge, and advanced a short distance on Black-friar's road, when they observed a spacious travelling caravan, stationary by the side of the high way, intimating that there was to be seen within, the great northern bear, known by the name of "*Autocrat of All the Russias*," while a fellow with a speaking tube invited in the most alluring terms of itinerant oratory, the gaping multitude to walk in,—"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and behold this most wonderous of all wonders that ever was wondered at in this wonderful world,—the *Ursa major*,—that gives its name to one of the constellations, and was taken by a *ruse de guerre* in one of the hitherto *undiscovered* deserts of the remotest *Siberia!* This stupendous animal was sent from these *unknown regions* as a present to a certain great personage in this country, who having a superabundancy of *native bears* already prowling about him, was pleased to order the dismission of this northern stranger, without a pension; and thus it came into the possession of its present exhibiter!

This irresistible invitation was accepted by se-

veral of the auditory, including the baronet, DASHALL, and the Squire, who were gratified beyond their anticipations, with a sight of the great polar bear, the desolate inhabitant of a frigid and dismal clime, where Nature has forbid the vegetative, and stinted the growth of the animal creation, with the exception of the shaggy wanderer of the desert and the floundering leviathan of the ocean. The animal was perfectly tractable; and its exhibition well compensated both for time and gratuity.

The proprietor, however, in answer to an enquiry apart by DASHALL, acknowledged that his *Ursine* companion had never been attached to the household of any great personage; although a northern quadruped of lesser interest was under the protection of one of the Royal Dukes and frequently played its mischievous gambols in the environs of Kensington Palace.* ,

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* THE BEAR AT KENSINGTON PALACE. Early on Sunday morning it was discovered, that a large black bear, sent as a present to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, had contrived to break out of his cage, which was placed in a coach-house, and *Bruin*, having an inclination to explore these premises, containing a handsome new chariot, mounted the foot-board, and began to play with the tassels; he next ascended the roof and the box, the covering of which became a prey to his claws; after enjoying himself as an *outside passenger*, as long as he thought proper, he proceeded to examine the interior of the vehicle, and turning from the box, made his *entre* through the front windows into the carriage, which bore serious marks of his savage curiosity. No one dared to approach this northern visitor, and in order to prevent further depredations in his probable rambles, guards were placed, with fixed bayonets, until some keepers arrived from a Menagerie, who secured him, after great difficulty, in one of their strong cages.

CHAP. X.

"Oh the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,
The painted Tablets, deal't and deal't again
Cards, with what rapture, and the polish'd die
The yawning chasm of indolence supply.
Then to the Dance and make the sober moon
Witness of joys that shun the sight of noon.
Blame cynic if you can, quadrille or ball,
The snug close party, or the splendid hall,
Where night down stooping from her ebon throne
Views constellations brighter than her own.
'Tis innocent and harmless, and refined,
The balm of care, elysium of the mind."

The rapid succession of novelty in a Life in London where the scenes like those of a Pantomime are constantly changing

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"

scarcely required those attentions which the Hon. Tom Dashall continued to enjoy on the score of arrangements for the gratification and information of his cousin. He was ever watchful of opportunities to furnish new views of Real Life and character to Tallyho, and who never failed to profit by his observations upon Men and manners: for Tom notwithstanding the gaiety of his disposition, was an acute and discerning companion, who having mingled in all ranks and de-

grees of Society, was able to associate himself with the high or the low, as circumstances might require, and to form tolerably accurate estimates of those by whom he was surrounded.

It was, therefore, with his usual view to the accomplishment of his cousin as a votary of REAL LIFE IN LONDON, that he had proposed a visit to a fancy dress Ball at Almack's, and preparations had accordingly been made between them.

"A Fancy dress Ball," said TOM, in order to give his cousin an idea of the entertainment he was to partake, "bears some similitude to a Masquerade, with two important exceptions; first, Masks are not general; and second, No *practical* Jokes are expected or admitted. Dress however, is left wholly to the taste or inclination of the visitors, and the amusements consist principally of dancing and cards. The Rooms are of the most splendid description, and the company generally of the first order; combining all that is elegant and fashionable in what is termed the higher ranks of society,—'Tis said

"If once to ALMACKS you belong,
Like monarchs you can do no wrong.
But banish'd thence on Wednesday night,
By Jove you can do nothing right.
I hear (perhaps the story false is,)
From Almacks, that he never waltzes
With Lady Anne or Lady Biddy,
Twirling till he's in Love, or giddy.
The girl a pigmy, he a giant,
His cravat stiff, her corset pliant.

There, while some jaded couple stops,
The rest go round like humming tops.
Each in the circle with its neighbour
Sharing alternate rest and labour;
While many a gentle *chaperon*
As the fair Dervises spin on,
Sighs with regret that she was courted,
Ere this new fashion was imported.
Ere the dull minuet step had vanished,
With jigs and country scrapers banished.

But ——— whose energy relaxes
No more revolves upon his axis,
As sounds of cymbal and of drum
Deep clanging from the orch'tra come,
And round him moves in radiance bright
Some beauteous beaming sattelite.
Nor ventures as the night advances,
On a new partner in French dances,
Nor his high destiny fulfilling
Through all the mazes of *quadrilling*,
Holds, lest the figure should be hard
Close to his nose a printed card,
Which for their special *use* invented,
To *beaus* on entrance is presented.
A strange device one must allow,
But useful as it tells them how
To foot it in their proper places,
Much better than their partners faces.

Mark how the married and the single,
In yon gay groupes delighted mingle:
Midst diamonds blazing, tapers beaming,
Midst Georges, Stars, and Crosses gleaming.
We gaze on beauty, catch the sound
Of music, and of mirth around,
And discord feels her empire ended
At ALMACKS—or at least suspended."

"Zounds," said DASHALL, "I am happy to see the Rooms so well attended this evening, and

particularly to find Mr. Maitland and his two lovely sisters, do you observe," continued he, "that Gentleman in Regimentals on the opposite side.

"I do, and is he in the Army?" enquired Bob.

"No," replied Tom, "that is only an assumed character for the Evening, but I must introduce you to them, though the Ladies are considered to be sharp shooters with their eyes, therefore it will be necessary for you to be on your guard."

> "I've heard that by a single glance
> Strange witchery is sometimes done,
> And only by a look askance,
> Ladies have many a lover won."

The elegant and tasteful illuminations of the Room, the sprightly sound of the music by a well selected band, and the gay movements of the well dressed circles, were attractive in the mind of Tallyho, and alternately rivetted his attention, while his cousin was as frequently addressed and congratulated by his friends.

"My Dear Tom," said Maitland, who was lounging round the Room with his two sisters, and who seemed to consider himself the rose of the party by the affected levity of a military character, "I am glad to see you—'pon Honor—just going to make up a quadrille—know you are a good dancer—list you in my Corps with Miss Maitland's permission—but can't be denied 'pon Honor.'

"That is very gallant, truly," replied a lovely and interesting girl, his eldest sister. "With my permission, and yet he won't be denied."

"If Miss Maitland were to command," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "denial were impossible, disobedience were disgrace and dishonor."—bowing politely to the Ladies.

"Vastly pretty indeed Mr. Dashall, and to speak the truth I am very glad to find you here; for you know my brother is but a nobody, except when he shews himself off in Regimentals:" replied Miss Maitland.

"Aye, and we want somebody to talk to," continued her sister.

"'Pon my word, this is strange ill usage," said Maitland.—"I shall desert."

"Nay," said Tom, "there is no need of that: but if you do, the ladies shall not be deserted while I have a hand at their service, and I believe I may venture to offer additional protection on the part of my Cousin."

Bob nodded assent, and assured the party he was proud of the honor of the introduction; while Maitland eyed him from top to toe, and was heartily laughed at by his sisters, which not a little mortified him.

"If that's the case," said he, taking out his quizzing-glass, and staring each of them in the face in succession, "why I've nothing more to say upon it, so come along, I am anxious for a dance." The music just at the moment striking

off, a Quadrille was formed, but the younger sister having declined dancing, Bob, who had no great inclination to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," had a good opportunity of following her example, and during the dance they amused themselves with observations on the dresses and manners of the company before them, in the course of which he discovered that Maitland was something of the fashionable insipid, and not very high in the general estimation of the Ladies, and the contrast between the easy and graceful movements of the Hon. Tom Dashall, with those of Maitland braced up in military uniform, and dancing with the stiffness of a Halbert, afforded them high amusement, it brought to Tallyho's recollection a French Dancing Master in the country, who, upon the occasion of his annual Ball, perceiving a gentleman and lady in person and figure perfectly contrasted, the latter being short and stout, and the former tall and thin, addressed the Gentleman in the following complimentary stile, as well as his broken English would admit, "Ma dear sare—bien obligé—ah! ma goot sare—you vill do me the honneur to lead off de next dance —you do dance as de *Poker*, and your Lady she do dance as de *Butter fierke*"—(meaning a butter firkin.) The allusions were exactly in point, and the company within hearing, did not suffer the sarcasm to escape unnoticed. How far the observations were well timed by the dancing master, or well received by the loving couple, is not our business here to enquire.

Miss Caroline Maitland was about 20 years of age, of a most prepossessing and engaging form, fond of dress and full of vivacity with no mean conception of her own wit or captivating powers, her attire was elegant and shewy, almost approaching to the gaudy, rather than the selection of refined Taste and Judgment.

Miss Amelia was about 19 with features calculated to make conquest certain where the attack was not made on hearts of stone, the simple modesty of her wardrobe seemed rather to indicate the thoughtful and contemplative mind, rich in its own resources, and requiring no foil to render conspicuous its real value, her auburn locks parted in the front, discovered a fine well arched forehead, from under which darted glances from her beautiful dark eyes, that when purposely directed for observation, spoke volumes to the heart. Unadorned by the feathers which waved in majestic splendor over the temples of her sister as she threaded through the mazy windings of the dance, she attracted the attention of the company in a much greater degree than the dress-delighted Caroline. Her figure was neither well nor ill formed, but the open and animated expression of her countenance, together with the graces of her mind, would in the opinion of all judicious thinkers, have been considered as a compensation for the absence of beautiful form. Her whole appearance however, was not only pleasing, it was prepossessing, while her manners and conversation

were captivating. Bob gazed and admired, listened and was charmed.

The Hon. Tom Dashall was at the same time fully occupied in his attentions to the other sister, but could not occasionally help a sly glance at Bob, indicative of the pleasure he derived from seeing his cousin thus engaged.

The Quadrille being over, "Come," said Col. Maitland, "we must go and have a peep at the Card Tables, and enquire how the cash moves, for you know if your aunt is losing her money, she will be as cross as the ——"

"Silence Charles," said his sister, "remember you have no occasion to make such observations here, why you might almost as well entertain us with a pedigree of the family, as expose the tempers and dispositions of your relations; besides I am sure the party alluded to would feel herself very much offended to hear such conversation in a Ball room. It is neither a fit time or place;"—and with this, each of his sisters seizing an arm, led him towards the Card Room, alternately schooling him as they passed along, and leaving our Heroes to draw their own conclusions from what had occurred.

"Thus it is," said Tom, "that a Commander in the field is obliged to be an obedient in the Ball Room, he is however a very poor creature at the best of times, and depends more upon the abilities of others than his own for the appearance he makes in the world, and is rather to be looked

at than admired and esteemed. Here," continued he, " I shall have an opportunity of introducing you to a character of another kind, here is my friend Dick Distich, a togger of Rhyme, a poet and a contemplative philosopher, he is recently married, but appears to be without his rib."

" My dear friend DASHALL," exclaimed a tall thin man advancing and catching him by the hand, " I am glad to see you, for I am bewildered and lost."

" Good," replied TOM, " then I am very glad to have found you, what is the Reward—are you advertised—are your manuscripts stolen, or is your Library on Fire. Has the good woman brought forth twins or disappointed your hopes?"

" Walk this way," replied the other, " you are a happy fellow, always gamesome and gay, but I know you have a fellow feeling for all mankind, and will pour the balm of pity into a wounded heart."

" Zounds," said TOM, " you attack a body with a mouthful of pity, and a heart full of wounds at a strange time, for the introduction of such subjects. What can you mean, probably you appear here as the knight of the woeful countenance, with a determination to support the character to the end of the chapter. Why you look as melancholy as a mute, and one would almost fancy you were making a funeral visit, instead of attending a Mask'd Ball.

"I have enough to make me so," was the reply, "I shall be brief in my narrative, in order that I may not interfere with your enjoyments, and you know that mine are of another kind. I am *routed* from home."—

"How do you mean?"

"Thus it is then, you know I am a plain man, a quiet man, a civil and humble man. I hate Balls and Routs, but my wife and I differ in taste. She has determined on having a Rout at home, and it proves no misnomer with me, for Heaven knows they rout me from Study to Drawing Room, from Drawing Room to Chamber, and all because truly my little woman must have her party."

"And why not?" enquired Tom.

"Why man for this reason, you must know I had myself the sweetest little sanctuary in the world. I had gothicised my Study, its walls were painted in imitation of oak, my books were arranged with the most unauthorlike neatness, my prints hung, my casts and models all bracketed, and all have vanished like the

—baseless fabric of a vision."

"And is this your misery," said Tom, "upon my soul I began to think you had lost your wife; but it seems you have only lost your wits. What the devil did you expect when you joined issue —to live as you have done like a hermit in a cell. Well if this is all I do pity you indeed."

"But you have not heard half yet. The whole house is transformed."

"And I think you ought to be reformed," continued Tom.

Notwithstanding the lightness and satire with which our Hero appeared to treat the subject, poor Distich was not to be stayed in his course.

"Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "In vain did Cicero strain his neck to peep over Burke on the *Sublime and Beautiful*—Shakespeare beard Blair's *Sermons* and *Humphrey Clinker*, or Milton's sightless balls gleam over Sir Walter Scott's Epics —all, all, is chaos and misrule. Even my greenhouse over my head which held three *ci-devant* pots of mignonette, one decayed mirtle, a *soi-disant* geranium and other exotics, which are to spring out afresh in the summer—my shrubs are clapped under my couch, and my evergreens stuck over the kitchen fire place, are doomed to this unpropitious hot-bed, in order to make room for pattens, clogs, cloaks, and shawls, for all the old maids in Town."

Tom bit his lip to stifle a laugh, and treading lightly on the toe of his cousin, had so strongly excited Tallyho's risibility, that it was with difficulty he resisted the momentary impulse.

The routed Benedict continued—"Our Drawing Room which conveniently holds ten persons, is to be the black hole for thirty—My study, dear beloved retreat, where sonnets have been com-

posed and novels written—this spot which just holds me and my cat, is to be the scene of *bagatelle*, commerce, or any thing else that a parcel of giggling girls may chuse to act in it,—my statues are converted—*Diabolus* is made to hold a spermaceti candle, while the *Medicean nymph*, my *Apollo Belvidere*, and my *dancing fawn*, being too bulky to move, are adorned with aprons of green silk, because forsooth Betty says they are vastly *undecent* with *nothing* on them, and my wife is quite certain "that no one will visit us, unless we do as other people do." Alas! until the success of my last poem, we never cared about other people, and I am now absolutely turned out, to make room for them, and advised to come here to night in order to prepare myself for the approaching festivity."

DASHALL was unable to contain himself longer, and BOB, who had been for some time stuffing his white cambric handkerchief into his mouth, could no longer resist the laugh he had been trying to avoid. They look'd alternately at each other, and then at the doleful complainant, who with unaltered features sat for a moment between his laughing companions, till perceiving the ridiculous situation he was in, he rose from his seat and hastily left the room.

Our friends then took a further survey of the company without making any additional remark except upon the view of the various elegant and

tasteful dresses exhibited, the grace and agility of the dancers, and the brilliance of the decorations, when supper was announced.

Moving onward to the Supper Room, they again encountered poor Distich, who although he had no relish for the generality of the amusements, declared he would not quit till he had supped: after which, Tom determined if possible to drive away the blue devils, who seemed to have occupied his brain. For this purpose he listened to his additional complaints, and filling his glass at every pause, became lively and agreeable, as the toast was circulated, till the invigorating effects of the bottle sunk him again, and at length putting him into a hackney coach, they dispatched him in good order to his Rib; after which they took their departure towards Piccadilly.

CHAP. XI.

"I be one of they sailors who think 'tis no lie
That for every *wherefore* there should be a *why*,
That by fortune's strange weather a calm or a squall,
Our births, good or bad are chalk'd out for us all:
That the stays and the braces of Life will be found
To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em sound.
Thus the good we should cherish the bad never seek,
For death will too soon bring each anchor apeak."

It was half past eleven o'clock before our friends approaching the breakfast parlour, had an opportunity of congratulating each other on the amusements of the previous evening, when the Hon. Tom Dashall ever upon the active look-out for the most pleasureable amusements to occupy the mind and attention of his cousin, observing it was a very fine morning, proposed a ride to Greenwich, and with this object in view all being prepared, it was not long before they were seated in the curricle.

"Greenwich," said Tom, "is not a very long journey, nor do I know, speaking of the town itself, independent of its surrounding attractions, particularly to be admired, though it is a neat town, about five miles from London Bridge, in the county of Kent, with a market on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It is however, famous for an

hospital for decayed Seamen, the brave defenders of their native soil, who have fought and bled for their king and country; thought to be the finest structure of the kind in the world, and for an observatory built by Charles II. on the summit of a hill, called Flamstead Hill, from the great astronomer of that name, who was here the first astronomer Royal: and we compute the longitude from the meridian of this place. It is also a place of great resort at holiday time, for being so near London. The Lads and Lasses move off in groups to Greenwich fair, and the amusements at those times are of so varying a kind as almost to defy description.

"The hills and dales are lined
With pretty girls all round."

And there are but few who have had an opportunity, but have occasionally enjoyed a roll down this hill. The roads leading to the sporting spot, are to be seen clogged with coaches, carts, and waggons, decorated with laurel, and filled with company, singing their way down or up to participate in the frolics of Greenwich fair. It is however, much more celebrated for its once having been a Royal Palace, in which Edward VI. died, and Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were born. On a part of the scite of it, now stands the house belonging to the Ranger of the Park at Greenwich, also a College called the Duke of Norfolk's College, for the maintenance of

20 decayed Housekeepers, and another called Queen Elizabeth's, as well as a Royal Naval asylum for the orphans of Sailors and Marines; and although we are going down when there is no fair to attract multitudes to the spot, I can still promise you more solid entertainment in a review of these truly splendid and useful national establishments, besides which, the town affords plenty of good accommodation for refreshment and comfort."

By this time they had passed Westminster Bridge on their road. Bob thanked his cousin for the information he had imparted, but as the objects and subjects directly under his eye, generally engrossed his immediate attention, he could not resist the impulse of the moment, as they turned the corner of the asylum wall, to remark that he had witnessed in many instances before, a practice which appeared in and about London, of *chalking the walls*, and perceiving in large letters "*Dr. Eady* 32 *Dean Street Soho*," enquired what was meant by it.

"That," replied his cousin, "is one of the most ingenious modes of advertising, hit upon in the Metropolis, and the Doctor at all events deserves credit for the industry and perseverance he has manifested in making his name known. It is not altogether new, for it has been successfully practiced in popular elections. Men are sent out at night to chalk the names of Candidates on walls and other places, to keep their interest alive;

but in all probability no one nas ever before carried the system to so great a length as this Doctor Eady, for it is scarcely possible to travel ten miles round the metropolis, without meeting with his name, which naturally excites enquiry into the objects and pretensions of the chalked up Hero. You will also find in many cases, that the proprietor of the Bonassus has lately adopted the same system. It is a species of puffing which can hardly fail of producing notoriety, and I have before observed, it matters but little to the parties themselves by what means this is produced save and except the avoidance of expence."

"It is a curious scheme however," replied Bob, "and I have two or three times before intended to enquire its meaning."

"There are numerous instances," returned Tom, "in which the eccentricities of an individual have blown him into notice, and puff'd *fortune* into his pocket. Packwood of Gracechurch street, had many *whims* and fancies, and acted upon the idea, that when a man's name is once up, he may go to bed, or take a nod elsewhere. By making razor strops and a certain paste for sharpening razors, he *pasted* his name on public credulity, and pocketed the proceeds. His advertisements were frequently laughable, and he caught his customers in their risible moments, wisely taking care never to laugh himself, 'till he had realized the *possibles*. I remember in the year 1807, he published a book, price "*Two good Tower shillings*,"

containing his advertisements, entitled "*Packwood's whim,* Packwoodiana, or the Goldfinches nest, or the way to get money and be happy." And to make the publication worth the money, and that there might be no grumbling, An half crown was according to the title-page, placed between the leaves."

"That was no laughing matter, however," said Bob, "he could not have got rich by such means."

"You must not trust the title-pages of books," replied Tom, "no more than the advertisements of Quacks, or the looks of persons. The half crown was not visible, or at least not tangible. It proved to be an anecdote related in the work. He however managed to circulate many copies, and it is generally understood, gained considerable money by his pursuits. He has left the benefit of his invention to his daughter, who now lives in Bride Lane, Fleet Street. But a more prominent character of recent times was the late celebrated Martin Van Butchell, whose name and fame are well known to Newspaper readers, and whose personal appearance at all times, excited in London the attention of the spectators. He was rather a tall man with a very long beard, and used to ride a short poney sometimes, spotted all over with a variety of colours."

"He must have cut a curious figure," said Bob, "certainly, but what building have we here?"

"That," replied his communicative cousin, "is The New Bethlem for the care and cure of lunatics. Bethlem was formerly situated on the South side of Moorfields, but as that building was hastening to decay, this elegant receptacle for its inmates has been prepared. It is not a little curious to remark, that it now occupies a part of that ground which was formerly devoted to mirth and revelry, The Dog and Duck Tea Gardens, the scene of many a frolic. The structure was designed by Mr. Lewis, and executed at an expence of £95,000. It is 580 feet in length, and capable of receiving in this front 200 patients. Another line of building extending to the South, is designed to admit an equal number, as well as 60 lunatics, the charge of which latter department, exclusively belongs to Government. The ground around it, occupying twelve acres, is devoted to the exercise of the patients."

They were now dashing along the road towards the Elephant and Castle, when Bob was attracted by the appearance of the Philanthropic Chapel and School, which his cousin dismissed in a few words, by observing it was the school of reform, which he had alluded to, when last in the vicinity of Blackfriars, and which deserved more attention than he could just then give it. So touching up the tits in prime twig, they pushed on to the originally proposed place of destination.

Having arrived at Greenwich, and partaken of some refreshment, our heroes proceeded immedi

ately to the Hospital; the magnificent appearance of which had an evident effect upon TALLYHO, as he gazed upon its exterior, and some of its venerable inhabitants taking their peaceable walks before it, while others were seated on accommodating benches, viewing the vessels passing up and down the river.

"Why," said BOB, "this Hospital is more like a Palace."

"It is," replied TOM, "a noble monument of National gratitude to its defenders, who deserve to be protected and assisted when disabled for service. Here the lame, the wounded, and the aged, are enabled to spin out the thread of a useful existence, in comfortable retirement. It was founded by William and Mary for invalid seamen, and many an old Commodore and gallant hardy Tar is preserved in this establishment, after being *doused* from his *pins*, to puff old sorrow away and sing,

"Yet still I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite disabled
And lie in Greenwich tier.
The King, God bless his Majesty,
Who sav'd me from the main,
I'll praise with Love and Loyalty,
But ne'er to sea again."

"You perceive," continued he, "that the costume of the place, is a suit of blue, with proper distinctions of rank and station allotted to each."

"But," inquired Bob, "some of them appear to have their coats turned inside out; is that according to choice?"—"Not so," replied Tom, "that is a mark of disgrace, by way of punishment, for some errors or improprieties of which they may have been guilty; and there are some, in spite of misfortune, who cannot forget former times, and occasionally verify the words of the song—

"So in misfortune's school grown tough,
In this same sort of knowledge,
Thinking mayhap I'd had enough,
They sent me here to College.

And here we tell old tales and smoke,
And laugh while we are drinking;
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
E'en though the ship were sinking.

For I while I get grog to drink
My wife, or friend, or King in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
D—— me to spoil my singing."

And although used to severe discipline on board a ship, they do sometimes forget what they are subject to here, and "*slip the cable* upon an *ocean of grog*," grow dizzy over the *binnacle*, *unship* the *rudder*, lose their calculations, and *stand too far out to sea* to reach the intended *Port*; but more of this presently. You perceive this magnificent structure consists of four grand buildings, completely separated from each other; yet forming a very entire and most beautiful plan—especially viewed from the

river, which runs in the front of it. Here the comforts and conveniences of the hardy veterans, who have faced the enemies of their country in many fearful encounters, are studied, when they can no longer give the word of command, or answer it in such active services. The four different buildings you now see, contain accommodations for bed and board for about 2600 persons of different ranks and stations; and you may perceive by those you have before you, that the ranks they have formerly held in his Majesty's employ are still visible in their outward habiliments."

They were now in the centre of the building, approaching the edge of the Thames, on whose bosom was seen sundry small vessels, gliding in majestic pride; and perceiving a seat capable of holding four or five persons, in the corner of which sat an old weather-beaten tar, in a gold-laced hat and coat, with a wooden leg, who was watching with apparent delight one of the larger vessels, with all her sails set to catch the breeze; they took a seat alongside of him.

"Come," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "we may here at ease survey the exertions of such as still retain the power, and contemplate the comforts of those who no longer have powers to exert." The Pensioner remained in mute attention to the moving scene on the river, occasionally smiling and squirting from his jaws the accumulating essence of his quid, seeming at the same time to enjoy in retrospection scenes similar to what he had formerly been engaged

in, but without bestowing one look on our Heroes. "There is a fine fresh breeze down the river," continued Tom, addressing the wooden legged warrior; and then a pause ensued—but no reply.

"It is a beautiful situation for retirement in old age," said Bob. "I should think, Sir," said he, "that you must be very comfortable under this protecting roof," determined, if possible, to elicit something from the hardy old Pensioner, approaching a little closer to him, and at the same time to take his attention, respectfully moving his hat.

This address, however, was received with nearly the same effect as the previous observations, except that the veteran moved his hat in return. "He is a churlish old blade," said Tom; thinking by this remark to rouse and animate the blood of their taciturn companion.—"There seems to be no intelligence in him. Pray, Sir," continued he, "may I be so bold as to inquire, laying his hand upon his knee, what is the name of that vessel on which you appear to bestow so many anxious looks?"

Roused by the touch, he darted a hasty look at Tom, and then at Bob, started hastily from his seat, held up his stick, as they supposed, in a menacing attitude, then shouldering it, he marched, or rather hobbled, on his wooden pin some paces from them, and, with an air of commanding authority, returned in front of them, took off his hat, and began to describe two lines on the gravel, but which was to them perfectly unintelligible.

However, in a few minutes, the arrival of a younger

Pensioner, with one arm and a wooden stump, in breathless haste, informed them that the old gentleman was deaf and dumb.

"God bless you, my worthy masters," said the interpreter, who first paid his respects to the old Commodore, "you have started my revered commander on his high ropes; he is as deaf as the top-lights, and as dumb as a stantion: two and twenty years ago, your Honors, he and I were both capsized together on board; the shot that took off his leg splintered my arm, and the doctor kindly took it off for me afterwards."

"That was a lamentable day for you," said Tom.

"Why aye, for the matter of that there, d'ye see, it disabled us from *sarvice*, but then we both of us had some consolation, for we have never been separated since: besides, we were better off than poor Wattie the cook, who had his head taken off by a chain-shot, and was made food for sharks, while we are enabled to stump about the world with the use of our remaining limbs, and that there's a comfort, you know."

During this introductory conversation, the old Commodore was intent upon the work he had began, which, upon inquiry, was a sort of practical description of the situation in which the ships were placed at the period when he lost his limb. "He is now pouring in a broadside, and in imagination enjoying a part of his life over again. It is a sorry sight, my worthy Sirs, and yet upon the whole it is a cheerful one, to see an old man live his time over

again; now he is physicing them with grape-shot—Bang—Bang—like hail—my eyes how she took it—Go it again, my boys, said the old Commodore—Ditto repeated, as the Doctor used to say. D—m the Doctor; the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when down he went; and as I stood alongside him, ready to attend to his orders, I was very near being sent down the hatchway stairs without assistance; for the same shot that doused my old master, carried away my arm just here.—" D—me," said the old man, to his brave crew, as they carried us down to the cockpit—" I shall never forget it as long as I live—That was a *pepperer*—Once more, my boys, and the day's your own.—My eyes, he had hardly said the words, before—Bang, bang, went our bull dogs—and sure enough it was all over. They cried Piccavi, and went to the Doctor; but after that I know no more about the matter—we were a long while before we got the better of our wounds; and as for him, he has never spoken since—and as to hearing, I believe he never wished to hear any more, than that the enemies of his country had got a good drubbing."

By this time the old gentleman having gone through his manœuvres, with perhaps as much accuracy as my Uncle Toby did the siege of Dendermond—having blown up the enemy with a flourish of his stick, made a profound bow, and hobbled away.—" Thank you, my friend," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, " for your information; we should never have understood him without your assistance, for which accept of this, and our best wishes—giving

him a couple of half-crowns, with which, after thanking the donors, he made the best of his way in search of the old Commodore, who put our heroes forcibly in mind of the following lines :—

" What a d——d bad time for a seaman to sculk,
Under gingerbread hatches on shore ;
What a d——d hard job that this battered old hulk,
Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more."

" Thus you see," said DASHALL, " how our habits become rooted in us: the old Commodore, though unable to give the word of command, or to hear the thunder of the cannon, still lives in the midst of the battle, becomes warmed and animated by the imaginary heat of the engagement, and

" Thrice he routed all his foes,
And thrice he slew the slain."

" But come, we will now proceed to a view of the Chapel, the Painted Hall, and the other curiosities of the interior ; which done, we will take our refreshment at the Crown, and pursue our way home."

They now took another cursory survey of this magnificent pile of buildings, the grandeur and effect of which is scarcely to be imagined; the beauty and variety being heightened by the grand square, and the area beyond terminating with a view of the Observatory, which stands on a hill in Greenwich Park.

TALLYHO was next delighted with a view of the Chapel, which is 111 feet long, and 52 broad, and capable of conveniently accommodating 1000 Pensioners, nurses, and boys, exclusive of pews for the

Directors, the several officers of the establishment, &c.—The altar-piece, painted by West, representing *The escape of St. Paul from Shipwreck on the Island of Malta*, and the paintings between the cornice and the ceiling of the *Ascension*, by the same artist, claimed particular attention. The splendid decorations of the Great Hall, with its variety of paintings and statues, were also objects of peculiar admiration, the effect of which must be seen to be duly appreciated. After these gratifications, according to the proposal of DASHALL, they retired to the Crown, where having partaken of a good dinner, and a glass of wine, they returned to town, fully satisfied with their excursion, and arrived in Piccadilly without any occurrence worthy of further remark.

CHAP. XII.

And have you not heard of a jolly young Waterman,
At Blackfriar's Bridge who is used still to ply?
Who feathers his oars with such skill and dexterity,
Winning each heart, and delighting each eye:
He looks so neat, and he rows so steadily,
The maidens all flock to his boat so readily,
And he eyes the young rogues with so charming an air
That this Waterman ne'er is in want of a fare.

It was in one of those inviting mornings, mild and temperate; that Dashall and Tallyho, lounged along Piccadilly, observant of passing events, and anticipating those of more interest which might occur in the course of another day devoted to the investigation of Real Life in London.

The street already exhibited its usual bustle. The early coaches were rattling along on their way to their respective inns, loaded with passengers, inside and out, from the western parts of the country; the ponderous waggon, the brewer's dray, and not less stunning din of the lighter and more rapid vehicles, from the splendid chariot to the humble tax-cart, combined to annoy the auricular organs of the contemplative perambulator, and together with the incessant discord of the dust-bell, accompanied by the hoarse stentorian voice of its athletic artist, induced Squire Tallyho to accelerate his pace, in order to

escape, as he said, "this conspiration of villainous sounds," more dissonant than that of his hounds at fault, and followed by his friend DASHALL, slackened not his speed, until he reached the quietude of the new street leading to the King's Palace, in Pall Mall.

In Regent Place (at the extremity of this fine street) the two friends paused in admiration of the noble pile of buildings, which had, on this new interesting spot so rapidly risen, as if by the direction of that necromantic and nocturnal architect, the Genius of the Wonderful Lamp.

"Until lately, Carlton House, or more properly, now the King's Palace, was hid from observation, and the Royal view, in front of his princely mansion, was bounded to the opposite side of the way, the distance of a few yards only; now the eye enjoys a perspective glance of a spacious and magnificent street, terminating in a handsome public edifice, and yet terminating in appearance only, for here the new improvements sweep shortly to the left, and our attention is attracted to a superb circus, or quadrant, from whence without further deviation, Regent Street continues in lengthened magnificence, until it unites itself in affinity of grandeur with Great Portland Place."

Thus far had DASHALI proceeded, when the Squire expressed his surprise that the new street had not been so planned as to lead, in one direct and uninterrupted line, from Pall Mall to its ultimate termination.

"Then indeed," answered his friend, "it would have been one of the finest streets in the world." "Here too," continued the Squire, "is a manifest deficiency in Regent Place, there is a vacuum, it ought to be supplied with something, be it what it may, for the eye to rest on."

"True, and your idea has been anticipated. One of the most interesting amongst the antiquities of Egypt, the column known as *Cleopatra's Needle** is

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* CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

The Court of Common Council

Fogrum, Botheram, Gotham, &c. a full meeting.

Fog. (Laying down a newspaper.)
The City should be told of it.—They say
That CLEOPATRA'S *Needle's* to be stuck
In front of *Carlton House!*
Got. They'll make the square
A *pin-cushion.*
Bot. No! worse—a *needle-case.*
Has my Lord *Sidmouth* sent no letter yet
To my Lord Mayor?—It should be pasted up.
Fog. 'Tis said the Deptford Sheer-hulk has been cleared
Of all its vagabonds, to bring it here.
Bot. This beats Whitechapel hollow. What's its weight?
Fog. About three hundred tons.
Bot. All *solid steel?*
A pond'rous weapon for a lady's handling!
Fog. No, stone with scratches on't; and here they say
They're making five-mile telescopes to read them!
Bot. Zounds! what a strapping hand she must have had!
Who was the sempstress?

destined to raise its lofty summit in Regent Place, and the western will shortly outrival the eastern wonder of the metropolis.*

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts its head and lies."

"By the bye, let us once more extend our excursion to the Monument, the day is delightful, and the atmosphere unclouded. We will approximate the skies, and take a bird's-eye view of the metropolis." In conformity with this suggestion the Squire submitted himself to the guidance of his friend, and an aquatic trip being agreed on, they directed their progress to Spring Garden Gate, and thence across the Park, towards Westminster Bridge.

"A boat, a boat, your honour," vociferated several clamorous watermen, all in a breath; of whose invitation DASHALL took not any notice; "I hate im-

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Fog. Sir, a giantess,
About ten thousand yards—without her shoes,
Her thimble has been guessed, tho' rotten now,
To fill the place they call the Lake of *Mœris,*
By *Alexandria!*—Nay, the noseless things
That sit upon their tails in Russell Street,
Were CLEOPATRA'S pebbles, taws and dolls!
Bot. Why, what a monstrous thread she must have used!
Fog. The *Chronicle* here says—a patent twist
Of elephants' legs, and dromedaries' spines,
And buffaloes' horns!
Got. What was her favourite work?
Fog. (Rising majestically) Sir, she sewed pyramids!
All lift their hands and eyes in silence.—The Council adjourns.

* The Monument.

portunity," he observed to his friend. Passing towards the stairs he was silently but respectfully saluted by a modest looking young man, without the obtrusive offer of service.—"Trim your boat, my lad," this was the business of a moment; "now pull away and land us at the Shades—'of Elysium,'" said the Squire, terminating the instructions rather abruptly, of the amphibious conveyancer. "I am rather at a loss to know," said the waterman, "where that place is, but if your honors incline to the Shades at London Bridge, I'll row you there in the twirling of a mop-stick." "The very spot," said DASHALL, and the waterman doffing his jacket, and encouraged to freedom by the familiar manner of the two strangers, plied his oars lustily, humming, in cadence, the old song:

> "I was, d'ye see a Waterman,
> As tight and blythe as any,
> 'Twixt Chelsea town and Horsley-down,
> I gain'd an honest penny."

They now glided pleasantly on the serene bosom of the Thames, and enjoyed, in mute admiration, the beauties of a variegated prospect, which, if equalled, is at least not excelled by any other in the universe. On either side of this noble river, a dense mass of buildings presented itself to the eye, and as the buoyant vehicle proceeded, the interest of the varying scene increased in progressive proportion. Thousands of barges skirted the margin of the lordly stream, and seemed like dependant vassals, whose

creation and existence were derived from and sustained by the fiat of old father Thames; and imagination might well pourtray the figure of the venerable parent of this magnificent stream regulating its rippling wave, and riding, in the triumph of regal sway, over his spacious domains. The grandeur of the public edifices on the left, the numerous indications of art on the right, the active industry on both sides, and the fairy-like boats of pleasurable conveyance gliding to and fro', and shooting, in the distance, through one or other of the lofty arches of Waterloo Bridge, produced an effect imposingly grand, and was dwelt upon by our hero of *Belville Hall*, particularly with mingled sensations of surprise, admiration, and delight.

Silence had prevailed for some time, with the exception of the waterman, who now and then carroll'd a stanza responsive to the stroke of the oar, when the attention of his fare was drawn towards him.

"You seem to enjoy a merry life, my good friend," said the Squire.

"Ay, ay, your honour, God bless you, why should not I? At my poor home, and your honour knows that the cottage of the peasant is equally dear to him as is the Palace to the Prince, there is my old woman, with her five little ones, all looking forward to the happiness of seeing me in the evening, after the labours of the day; and to feel that one is cared for by *somebody*, is a sweet consolation, amidst all our toils,—besides, your honour, the old times are partly come round again; half-a-crown will go farther, aye,

thrice-told, now, than it did a few years ago ;—then hang sorrow, I am a contented waterman, your honour; so d—n the Pope, long life to King George the Fourth, and success to the land that we live in !" "Here," said DASHALL, "is an heterogeneous mixture of prejudice, simplicity and good nature."

"You are but a young man, and cannot long have followed your present profession.—Is it from choice that you continue it."

"Why, your honour, I served an apprenticeship to it, am not long out of my time, and continue it as well from choice as necessity; the first because I like it, and lastly, as our parson says, because in any other situation I could serve neither my neighbour nor myself."

By this time the tiny bark had shot the centre arch of *Waterloo;* and new scenes of interest presented themselves, in ever-varying succession, as they proceeded towards Blackfriars. Somerset House wore, particularly, an aspect of great and imposing effect, and not less, as they ploughed the liquid element, was the interest excited, and the reminiscence of the Squire brought into action by the appearance of the Temple Gardens.—The simple, yet neatly laid out greensward, reminded him of the verdant slope on part of his domains at *Belville Hall,* but here the resemblance finished; a diminutive, although pure and limpid rivulet only, passed the slope alluded to, and here was a world of waters, into which the influx of ten thousand such rivulets would produce no apparent increase. Amidst these cogitations by the Squire,

and others of an unknown description by DASHALL, the boat passed underneath Blackfriars' Bridge, and the lofty doom of St. Paul burst upon the view of the two associates, with gigantic majesty, and withdrew from their minds every impression save that of the towering object in view, superseding the consideration of all else, either present or retrospective.

"Rest on your oars;" was the order now given by the two friends, and while the waterman implicitly obeyed the mandate, they gazed with enthusiasm, on the stupendous edifice, seen perhaps, to better advantage from the river than from any other station, and felt proud in their affinity to a country and countryman, capable, the former of instituting, and the latter of carrying into effect so august an undertaking.*

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* During the building of St. Paul's Church, a country carpenter applied to the Overseer of the workmen for employment as a carver. The Overseer smiling at the man's temerity, hearing he had never worked in London, it was observed by Sir Christopher Wren, who was present, who calling the man to him, asked him what he had chiefly worked at in the country? "Pig-troughs, &c." was his answer. "Well then," says Sir Christopher, "let us see a specimen of your workmanship in a sow and pigs." The man returned in a few days, having performed his part with such exquisite skill, that he was immediately employed; and in fine, executed some of the most difficult parts of the Cathedral, to the great astonishment of all that knew the circumstance. So true it is that genius is often lost in obscurity.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Again proceeding on their way, they arrived in a few minutes, at another amongst the many in the metropolis, of those surprising works of public utility which reflect the highest honor on the laudable enterprize of the present times,—the *Iron Bridge*, known as Southwark Bridge, leading from the bottom of Queen Street, Cheapside to the Borough. It is constructed of cast-iron, and from the river particularly, presents an appearance of elegance and magnificence; consisting of three arches only, the spacious span of each, stretching across the Thames in towering majesty, affords an aquatic vista equally novel and interesting.

Gliding on the pacific wave, the "trim-built wherry" now passed under the lofty elevation of the centre arch; and our observers were struck with the contrast between the object of their admiration and its ancient neighbour, London Bridge, that "nameless, shapeless bulk of stone and lime," with its irregular narrow arches, through which the pent-up stream rushes with such dangerous velocity.

"This gothic hulk," said the Squire, "is a deformity in the aspect of the river." "And ought at least to be pulled down, if not rebuilt," added his Cousin. "Even on the principle of economy, the large and incessant expenditure in support of this decayed structure, would be much more profitably applied in the erection of a new bridge of correspondent grandeur with the first metropolis in the universe; but the citizens seem inclined to protract

the existence of this heavy fabric, as a *memento* of the bad taste of their progenitors."

The indefatigable waterman continued to ply his oars, *sans* intermission, and in a few minutes our two associates in adventure were safely landed a short distance westward of the bridge. After remunerating the waterman, they ascended the stairs with an appetite quickened by the water breeze, and retired into the Shades, close at hand, for refreshment, previous to a renewal of their excursion.

The SHADES, near London Bridge, is a house, or rather cellar, much resorted to by respectable citizens of "sober fame," induced chiefly by the powerful attraction of genuine wines, which may here be had either drawn immediately from the wood, and served in regular standard pewter measures, or in bottles, also of full measure, containing the pure beverage, of various age and vintages. To these cellars numbers of the most respectable mercantile characters adjourn daily; enjoying the exhilarating juice of the grape, and further attracted by the pleasantness of situation, as commanding a full view of the river, whence the refreshing breeze is inhaled and enjoyed.

Here then, our heroes recruited; and while taking their wine, BOB was much gratified by the performance of an itinerant band of musicians, playing outside, some of the latest and most popular airs, in a masterly style of execution. "Among other numerous refinements and improvements of the age," observed DASHALL, "may be considered that of our itinerant

metropolitan musicians, for instead of the vile, discordant and grating hurdy-gurdy; the mechanical organ grinder, and the cat-gut scraper, "sawing a tune," we have now parties who form themselves into small bands of really scientific and able performers, who from instruments well selected produce a combination of delightful melody; and this progress of harmony is equally evident with respect to vocalists, who frequently posting themselves opposite some well frequented tavern or coffee-house, amuse the inmates with catches, glees, duets, &c. and trust to the liberal feelings which the "concord of sweet sounds" may have inspired, for remuneration and encouragement.

Scarcely had DASHALL concluded his remarks, when the musical party ceased their instrumental exertions, and, diversifying the entertainment, one of the performers struck up a song, which we here present to the reader as a subject not inapplicable to our work.

THE LONDON CHEATS.

In LONDON where comical jokes go free,
There are comical modes of cheating,
Birch-brooms are cut up for *Souchong* and *Bohea*,
And *plaster* for *bread* you are eating!
And *plaster* for *bread* you are eating!

(Spoken) "How do you do, Mrs. *Caphusalem?* I hope you approved of the *genuine tea*." "O yes, new brooms sweep clean, and I have no occasion to buy birch ones, while I deal at your shop for tea." "There's nothing like my *cheap bread*," says Doughy the baker. "O yes," says Neddy, "you forget *plaster of Paris* is very like it."

What are you at? each knave may cry,
Who feels my honest rhymes;
What are you after's? my reply,—
There never were such times!
There never were such times!

In *Accum's* test you'll find it clear,
For *spirits of wine* read *Royal gin!*
Quashee and *drugs* they call *strong beer*,
And *Turtle soup* is *Ox's shin!*
And *Turtle soup* is *Ox's shin!*

(Spoken) "By the powers of Moll Kelly, Mr. Max, but you've murdered my dear friend Patrick O'Shaughnessy, for after taking a noggin of your blue ruin, he went to blow out the candle on stepping into bed, when the poor dear creature went off in a blaze, and set fire to the house. Its all nothing at all but *spirits of wine*, you bog-trotting swindler!"

Moist sugar is made from the best *red sand*,
New milk from *whiting* and *water!*
Sloe juice poisons half the land,
And the weights get shorter and shorter!
And the weights get shorter and shorter!

(Spoken) "I hope," says Mr. Deputy Doublethroat, "you found the port I sent you last of the right sort: six years in bottle, Sir, I warrant it made your heart glad." "You mean my bowels sad, Mr. Deputy. Out of six friends whom I invited to partake of it four have already been booked inside passengers for the other world, and my dear Mrs. Fribble and me have been confined with inflammation ever since. Instead of importer of foreign wines, Mr. Deputy, I'd have you write up *retailer* of *English poisons*."*

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* The following receipt is copied from a book, which is there said to be worth the price of the volume. "What is drank as port wine, is very often only a mixture of malt liquors, red wine, and turnip juice. For the benefit of economical rea-

Turkey-coffee is *Horse-beans* ground,
Irish eggs are *boil'd in lime :*
In every trade deception's found,
Except it be in yours or mine !
Except it be in yours or mine !

(*Spoken*) "There's more milk drank in LONDON in a week than all the Cows in ENGLAND could give in a fortnight ;" says *Blunderskull.* "How can that be ?" "Why to be sure, because two-thirds of it is *white-wash !*"

What are you at ? each knave may cry,
Who feels my honest rhymes :
What are you after's ? my reply,—
There never were such times !
There never were such times !

It was but a few steps from the Shades to the Monument, to which our adventurers were now pursuing their way, when they met with an incident not unworthy of observation. DO NOT LEAVE YOUR GOODS, is the friendly admonition generally inscribed, in large characters, over the resting place for porters, throughout the metropolis. Opposite the church of Saint Magnus, close by London Bridge, a porter having pitched his load, turned his back upon it, and reclined himself against the post in careless ease, and security. It was just as our heroes approached, that

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ders, the following are the proportions : forty-eight gallons of liquor pressed from turnips, eight gallons of malt spirits, and eight gallons of good port wine, coloured with cochineal, and roughened with elder tops. It should stand two years in casks, and one in bottles. If rough cider is substituted for turnip juice, and Coniac brandy for malt spirits, the wine will be the better."

the porter had turned himself round to resume his burden, when lo! it had vanished; in what manner no one can tell! without doubt one of those numerous street-prowlers who are continually on the look out for prey, observing the remissness of the porter, had availed himself of the favourable opportunity, and quietly walked off with his booty. A crowd collected round the sufferer, but it afforded him neither sympathy nor relief. Our associates, however, contributed in mitigation of his loss, and proceeding up Fish-street Hill, were, in a few moments, shrouded under the towering column of the Monument.

Ascending the spiral stair-case of black marble, consisting of three hundred and forty-five steps, winding like a cork-screw, to the summit, our aspirants reached their aerial station in the gallery of this lofty edifice, and enjoyed one of the most variegated and extensively interesting prospects of any in the metropolis. Far as the eye could reach, skirting itself down the river, a forest of tall masts appeared, and the colours of all nations, waving gaily in the breeze, gave a splendid idea of the opulence and industry of the first commercial city in the universe. The moving panorama, far beneath the giddy height, resembled the flitting figures of a *camera obscura;* the spacious Thames was reduced to a brook; the stately vessels riding on its undulating wave seemed the dwarfish boats of the school-boy navigator; and glancing on the streets and along London Bridge, horses dwindled in appearance to mice, and carriages to children's toys! after having enjoyed, during several minutes,

the prospects afforded by their elevated position, the two friends descended, and with a feeling of relief again trod the safer and less difficult path of *terra firma*.

Our observers now turned their direction westward, and passed into Lombard Street, chiefly formed of banking-houses and other public edifices. "This street," said DASHALL, "is noted as the focus of wealth, the point of convergence of civic riches, and its respectable bankers are not more dignified by the possession of superabundant property than enhanced in the estimation of their fellow-citizens by strictly conscientious honour and integrity.

"And of these not the least important in self-consequence is the jolly civic Baronet," continued DASHALL, "who as already come more than once within the scope of our observation."

"*Ecce homo!* behold the man!" responded the Squire, and the Baronet was descried rolling his ponderous form from the opposite alley to his banking-house.

"It is rather unfortunate," observed DASHALL, "that nature has not kept pace with fortune, in liberality to the Baronet. Profuse in giving him a colossal magnitude of person, he exhibits a most disproportionable endowment of intellect. Unlike his great prototype Sir John, in one sense, but yet resembling him in another, 'He is not witty himself, but he occasions wit in others.'"

"You are very fond of making a *butt* of me," observed the Baronet to a brother Alderman.—"By

no means," rejoined the latter, "I never was fond of an *empty butt* in my life."

"Is the worthy Baronet inclined at times, (asked the Squire) in his capacity of M. P. to irradiate the gloom of St. Stephens?"

"O yes, frequently, particularly so when in the plenitude of his wisdom he conceives that he can enlighten the house with a modicum of information. The last time I heard him hold forth was as an apologist for the tumultuary loyalists at the Mansion House Meeting, when he delivered himself in a manner so heterogeneal of common-sense, and so completely in a style of egotism, as to excite the ridicule and risibility of the whole house, and discompose the gravity of even the speaker himself.*

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* The following is a strictly literal versification of the Speech alluded to:

THE MANSION-HOUSE ROW, AND APOLOGY FOR THE LOYALISTS.

Being a literal versification of the eloquent SPEECH of *Sir* W—LL—M C—RT—S, *Baronet*, in the HOUSE OF COMMONS, Friday, February 2, on the presentation, by Mr. JOHN SMITH of the PETITION of the MERCHANTS OF LONDON.

I RISE, Mr. SPEAKER, indulgence entreating
A *Speech* while I make on the *Mansion-house Meeting*.
The prior *Requisition* was certainly signed
By men of *good substance*, with pockets *well lin'd!*
With *such* I am ever good humour'd and *civil*,
But *worth*, without *wealth*, I would pitch to the *devil!*

The two partners in adventure had now reached the Mansion House. The Justice Room was open,

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The *Lord Mayor*, I think, then, assum'd a *position*
Of duty, in yielding to said *Requisition*;
For may my oration be given to scorn,
If ever I saw, from the day I was born,
A *list* of more *honoured*, more *propertied* men,
And probably never may see such again.
Now high as I prize both the merits and station,
Of *loyalists* signing the first declaration;
Permit me to say, it was *too mild* by half,
Too much *milk and water*—some Members may laugh—
I care not;—I say that it did not inherit
The *tythe* of a *loyal* and *time serving* spirit.
I'm charged too with signing it, nevertheless,
I DID,—for I knew not how *else* to express
My zeal, in supporting, with firm resolution,
The CROWN,—and *Old England's* decay'd CONSTITUTION!
Who they *are*, CONSTITUTION and CROWN that sustain,
The people should now,—*else we labour in vain!*
And, therefore, I sign'd the fore-named *declaration*,
Altho' such a weak *milk and water* potation!
For why should the *loyalists* smother their cause,
And lose the high gain,—*ministerial* applause.
'Pon honour,—aye, even in *detractions* despite—
In *corners* and *holes*, Sir, I take no delight;
And, never on any pursuit do I go,
Of which I don't want the ALMIGHTY *to know!*
I signed, Sir, the loyal, luke-warm *declaration*,
To bring to its senses a turbulent nation!
To cheer up HIS MAJESTY,—*win his good graces,*
And keep his lov'd MINISTERS *still in their places!*
The hon'rable member, my friend, who spoke last,
Is not quite correct in detailing what pass'd
At the MANSION-HOUSE Meeting; for patiently heard
He was, until symptoms of riot appear'd.

and the friends ascended the stairs in order to witness the equitable dispensation of right by the Civic Sovereign.

At last it broke out, with a vengeance 'tis true,
And dire was the *fracas!* but what could we do,
Where adverse opinion so warmly prevail'd,
And each with revilings his neighbour assail'd?
Why, Sir, to this house, I could prove in a minute,
That greater majorities OUT than now IN IT,
Of sound thinking persons, in these fair dominions,
Are scouting the hon'rable member's opinions.
WELL-BRED, Sir, believe me, and GOOD-LOOKING people,
Were wedg'd in the MANSION-HOUSE quite of a heap all;
Whilst I, most politely, besought their attention,
But no,—not a word was I suffer'd to mention!
A party oppos'd me; altho' no long speeches
I make,—(a kind lesson that *prudence* still teaches;)
And waiting a hearing an hour, perhaps longer,
The dissonant clamour grew fiercer and stronger!
In fact, when I open'd my mouth, the commotion
Exceeded in fury the storms of the ocean!
Some hale stout young men, who had mix'd with the throng,
And press'd, the conflicting *addressers* among,
Escap'd from the Meeting in tumult and smother,
And swore that they never would visit another!
I well recollect, in the year *ninety-three,*
A similar *fracas* I happen'd to see;
The place, GROCERS' HALL, where contention was wrought,
So high, that a stout *battle-royal* was fought!
Indeed, save *one* Meeting, I ne'er knew a case,
Where wrangling and fighting had not taken place!
In that one, so happen'd, good luck to betide,
Its fortunate members—*were all on one side!*
Reverting again to the MANSION-HOUSE *Row,*
When next our staunch *loyalists* mean to avow

The case now under investigation was a curious one, and excited the interest and amusement of a numerous auditory.

The itinerant exhibitor of a dancing bear, complained that the person (proprietor of a small menage) now summoned into the presence of his lordship, illegally withheld from him a monkey, his property, and the *ci-devant* associate of the *ursine* dancer aforesaid.

On the other hand, the master of the menage roundly asserted that he was the rightful proprietor of the monkey, and had been in possession of the animal for several years.

" My lord," said the master of the bear, " let the monkey be produced, and I will abide by his choice between this man and me as his master." This proposition appearing reasonable, and pug having been brought forward as evidence, before giving his testimony made a respectful obeisance to the Chief Magistrate, and so far as chattering and grinning were

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Their zeal,——may they issue a strong *declaration,*
Unmix'd with a *water and milk* preparation !
The gout in my toe, for I wore a great shoe,
At last sent me home, without bidding adieu.
And now having said, Mr. *Speaker,* thus much
I hope on this HOUSE the impression is such
The *loyalists* fully to clear, and their leader
From charge, at that Meeting, of boisterous proceedure.

The Honourable Baronet now sat down, amid the ironical cheers of the Treasury, and the tumultuous laughter of the whole house.

indicative of his good intentions, seemed desirous of expressing his courtesy to the auditory in general. After having stared about him for some time, with an inquisitive eye, and corresponding gesticulation, he discerned the bear-master, and springing into his arms with all the eagerness of affectionate recognition, expressed the utmost joy at the unexpected meeting, and when the other claimant attempted to approach, he repulsed him in the most furious manner, and clung to the friend of his election with renewed pertinacity.

Under these circumstances, the monkey was adjudged to the bear-master as his proper owner, and pug and his friend left the Justice Room, with mutual exchange of endearments.

Nothing else meriting notice, occurred to the two strangers in this their new scene of observation. The Civic Sovereign having resigned the chair to one of the Aldermen, in order that he might attend the Sessions at the Old Bailey, DASHALL and the Squire, at the same time, retired with the intention (the day now waning apace) of making the best of their way home, which they reached without further adventure.

CHAPTER XIII.

The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,
The judges all rang'd, a terrible show!
I go undismay'd, for death is a debt,
A debt on demand,—so take what I owe.

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me;
I wonder we ha'n't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!
But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers would string
Upon Tyburn tree.

PURPOSING to spend an hour in the Sessions House at the Old Bailey, our adventurers started next morning betimes, and reaching their destination, took their seats in the gallery, for which accommodation they were charged one shilling each, which the Squire denominated an imposition, inquiring of his friend by what authority it was exacted, and to whose benefit applied, as from the frequent sittings of the Court, and general crouded state of the gallery, the perquisites must be considerable.

"Custom in every thing bears sovereign sway," answered DASHALL. "I know not whence this is derived, nor whose pockets are lined by the produce; but you will probably be surprised to learn, that a shilling admission is only demanded on common

occasions, and that on trials of great public interest, from one to two guineas has been paid by every individual obtaining admission."

The arrival of the Judges now terminated this colloquy. The Lord Mayor and several Aldermen were in waiting to receive them, and these sage expounders of the law were conducted to the Bench by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. The Chief Magistrate of the City uniformly and of right presiding at this Court, his Lordship took his seat on the same Bench with the Judges, and the usual forms having been gone through, the dispensation of justice commenced.

Several prisoners were tried and convicted of capital felony, during the short space of time that our associated observers remained in Court; but the cases of these wretched men, and the consciousness of their impending fate, seemed in no respect to operate upon their minds, as they left the bar apparently with perfect indifference.

An unfortunate man was next brought forward, and accused of having stolen from an auction room a couple of wine glasses. He was of respectable demeanor, and evidently had seen better days. When asked what he had to allege in his defence, the victim of misery preluding his story with a torrent of tears, told the following piteous tale of distress:

He had been in business, and sustained an unimpeachable integrity of character for many years. Independence seemed within his reach, when mis-

fortune, equally unforeseen as inevitable, at all points assailed him! In the course of one disastrous year, death deprived him of his family, and adversity of his property. He had unsuccessfully speculated, and the insolvency of several who were considerably indebted to him, had completed his ruin! At the time he committed the act for which he stood convicted at that bar, he had not tasted food for three days, neither had he in the world a friend or relative to whom he could apply for relief. The Jury found him Guilty, but strongly recommended him to mercy. The Judge humanely observed, that the least possible punishment should be inflicted on the prisoner. He was then sentenced to a fine of one shilling, and to be discharged. A sum of money, the spontaneous bounty of the spectators, was immediately collected for him, while one of the Jury promised him employment, on his calling at his house on the following day. The gratitude of the poor man was inexpressible: the sudden transition from the abyss of despair to the zenith of hope, seemed to overwhelm his faculties. He ejaculated a blessing on his benefactors, and departed.

Dashall and his friend were much affected by this incident. Another, however, presently occurred, of a more lively description.

In the course of the next trial, the counsellor, on cross-examining a witness, found occasion to address him with, "Well, my old buck, I suppose you are one of those people who do not often go to church?"—"Perhaps," said the other, "if the truth were

known, I am as often there as you are." The promptness of the reply produced a laugh, in which the witness very cordially joined. "What makes you laugh?" said the lawyer. "Is not every body laughing?" replied the other. "True," said the man of law; "but do you know what they are laughing at?"—"Why, I think in my heart," rejoined the fellow, "that they take either me or you to be a fool, but I do not know which!"

The Judge at this repartee could not retain his gravity; a tumult of mirth pervaded the whole Court, and the discomfited counsellor adjusted his wig and sat down.

During the few minutes longer that our heroes remained, nothing of interest occurring, they withdrew; and passing down the Old Bailey to Ludgate Street, and from thence towards the Temple, they crossed Fleet Street, and taking the direction of Shire Lane, were induced, by way of investigating Real Life in its lowest classification, to enter one of those too frequent receptacles of vice denominated Coffee Shops.

This was a house of notorious irregularity, the occupant of which had more than once experienced the visitation of the law for his utter contempt of social order—and from the present appearance of his guests, it did not seem that legal interference had effected moral amendment.

As our two friends entered this *Augean Stable*, a whisper of surprise, mingled with dismay, went round the motley assemblage of *female street-drabs*,

cracksmen,* and *fogle-hunters*; and a wary glance of suspicion darted from the group "many a time and oft" on the new-comers, who notwithstanding kept possession of their seats, and ordering without apparent notice of the party a cup of coffee, apprehension subsided into security, the re-assured inmates resumed their interrupted hilarity, and our adventurers were thus afforded the means of leisurable observation.

The Squire, who had not perused the annals of blackguardism, and consequently was not an adept in the knowledge of the slang or vulgar tongue, was under the frequent necessity of applying to his friend for explanation of the obscure phraseology of those ladies and gentlemen of the pad, which DASHALL contrived to occasionally interpret without the assistance or notice of its multitudinous learned professors.

The desire of witnessing the exhibition of Real Life in its lowest state of human degradation, induced a prolongation of stay by our two associates. In the meanwhile, "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious," exemplified by dance, song, and revelry, interspersed with *practical* jokes, recriminative abuse, and consequent pugilistic exercise, where science and strength alternately prevailed; and in deficiency of other missiles, poker, tongs, coffee-cups, saucers, and plates, were brought into active requisition.—The scene was a striking illustration of "Confusion

* *Cracksmen* (Burglars), *Fogle-hunters* (Pickpockets.)

worse confounded." Luckily our two observers were in a situation without the reach of injury; they therefore "smiled at the tumult and enjoyed the storm."

The landlord now interfered in defence of his fragile property. Preliminaries of peace were agreed on, through his high mediation, and finally ratified betwixt the contending parties, ending as they began, like many other conflicting powers, *statu quo ante bellum!*

"And now to *serious business* we'll advance,

says one of the King's of Brentford.

"But first *let's have a dance.*"

The present party followed exactly Mr. Baye's proposition; the *dance* and the *row* over, they now proceeded to *serious business*.

Seated in various groups, each engaged itself in conversation, which, from its almost inaudible expression, was singularly contrasted with the recent tumultuous uproar.

The next box where sat our two friends, was occupied by *cracksmen* and *fogle-hunters*, one of whom, whose superior skill gave him an ascendancy over his associates, had delineated on the table the plan of certain premises, and having given in a very low tone of voice, a verbal illustration to his fellow-labourers, with what intention it is not difficult to conjecture, observed, "We may as well *pad* (walk) it, as *Sir Oliver* (the moon) is not out to night."

The party to whom this remark was addressed, prepared to *pad it* accordingly,—when the desired

egress was opposed by the entrance of three men, who unbuttoning their great coats, exhibited, each a hanger and brace of pistols, and took the whole community, male and female, into safe custody.

This was a *coup-de-main* on the part of the captors, and sustained with the most perfect *sang froid* by the captured.

The officers next turned their attention to DASHALL and TALLYHO, who giving their cards, and candidly explaining the motives which led them into the temporary society of the prisoners, they were treated with becoming respect, the officers with their captives proceeding on their route to Bow Street, and our heros to the occurrence of future adventure.

TALLYHO congratulated himself on his escape from expected mortification and inconvenience, but DASHALL, whose more active and enterprizing mind was not to be checked by trifles, enjoyed the vague apprehensions of his friend, and by way of making amends for the penance they had inflicted on themselves in Shire Lane, agreed to dine and finish the evening at a Tavern in Covent Garden.

Thither, then, as they pursued their course, the Squire expressed his surprise that a final stop was not put to scenes such as they had just witnessed, and all such places of nefarious rendezvous, abolished by the vigilance of the police.

"On the contrary," observed DASHALL, "it is the interest of the police, not utterly to destroy these receptacles of vice. They are the toleration haunts

of profligacy, where the officers of justice are generally assured of meeting the objects of their inquiry, and therefore, under proper restrictions, and an occasional clearance, the continuance of a minor evil is productive of public benefit, by arresting the progress of infamy, and preventing the extension of crime.

Passing along the Strand, the humane feelings of the Squire were excited by apparently a mutilated veteran seaman, who in a piteous tone of voice, supplicated his charitable consideration. The applicant stated, that he had lost an arm and an eye, and was deprived the use of a leg, in the service of his country, without friend or home, and entirely destitute of the means of subsistence, that he had no other resource than that of a humble reliance on public benevolence. The Squire with his usual philanthropic promptitude drew out his purse, but his friend intercepted the boon, and inquired of the seaman under whom, in what ship, and in what action he had sustained his misfortunes. To these questions a satisfactory answer was given, and the claim of the man to compassion and relief was about to be admitted, when another inquiry occurred, "are you a pensioner?"

A pause ensued: in the interim the mendicant seeing a person approach, of whose recognition he was not at all ambitious; dropped in a moment his timber toe, unslung his arm, dashed a patch from his eye, and set off with the speed of a race-horse.

During the amazement of our two observers of

Real Life, excited by this sudden and unexpected transformation, the officer, for such was the quondam acquaintance of the imposter, introduced himself to their notice. "Gentlemen," said he, "you are not *up to* the tricks of London, that fellow on whom you were about to bestow your charity, and who has just now exhibited his agility, is one of the greatest imposters in London ;—however, I shall not run him down at present.—I know his haunts, and reckon sure of my game in the evening."

"I confess," replied DASHALL, "that in the present instance I have been egregiously deceived ;—I certainly am not *up to* all the tricks of London, although neither a *Johnny Raw* nor a *green-horn ;* and yet I would not wish to prove callous to the claim of distress, even if sometimes unguardedly bestowing the mite of benevolence on an undeserving object."

"The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity in the Metropolis," said the Officer, "think differently, they recommend that no relief should be given to street-beggars."

"Then," said DASHALL, offended by the officer's interference,—"*I envy them not the possession of their feelings*," and the two friends renewed their walk.

Proceeding, without further interruption, our pedestrians were induced to intermingle with a crowd which had collected round a man who wore a most patriarchal redundancy of beard, and had been recognized by an acquaintance as a shoe-maker of the

name of Cooke, a disciple of the American Prophet, John Decker.

Their high mightinesses the mobility were mischievously inclined, and would certainly have grossly insulted, if not injured the poor devotee, had not Dashall and his friend taken him under their protection.* He had been quietly making his way

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* UNION HALL,

EMIGRATION TO JERUSALEM.

On Monday, in consequence of a very great uproar on Sunday night, in Worcester Street, Southwark, about the house of the American Prophet, John Decker, that singular person was brought before the Magistrates of this office, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood having attributed the disturbance to the unfortunate fanaticism of the prophet and his followers.

The constables stated, that on Sunday night, at half-past eight o'clock, they saw a mob, consisting of about three hundred people, collected at the door of the house, and heard the cries of "murder" issue from within. The officers on going up stairs, found the Prophet lying on his back. Some persons who had been abusing him escaped, and the Prophet said the cause of their violence was, that he had refused to get out of his bed to preach. He was conveyed to the watch-house. The witnesses informed the Magistrate, that the Prophet had made some proselytes, who were actually about to leave the country with him, and accompany him upon an expedition to the Holy Land. The parish officers were naturally alarmed at the inconveniences to which such an emigration would expose them, and hoped that every thing the arm of the law could do would be done to prevent it. The fanatic spirit of some of the followers of the Prophet may be guessed at from the following facts :—

The officers who apprehended him, had, two or three times, in the course of Sunday evening, gone to the house in Wor-

through Covent Garden Market, when the greetings and surprise of his friend at his strange transforma-

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cester Street, and dispersed a large congregation that had assembled in the room appropriated to preaching. The Prophet preached first, and was succeeded by one of his most zealous followers, who was followed by another. This was constantly the practice, and during the service, which was being listened to with rapture, upwards of a dozen of the congregation seemed to be as violently engaged as the Prophet himself, whose sincerity is well known. One man, a shoe-maker, named Cooke, has actually sold off his stock and furniture, which were worth £300.; and if he were not known to be the greatest admirer of the Prophet might be called his rival, for he has allowed his beard to grow to an immense length, and goes about preaching and making converts. He has a little son, who looks half-starved, and is denied all animal food by the Prophet and his father, upon the principle of Pythagoras—that he might not be guilty of eating a piece of his own grand-mother. Another tradesman, who was most industrious, and attached to his wife and seven children, proposes to leave them all, and go to Jerusalem. His beard is also becoming indicative of his intention, and he sleeps, as the others who are struck by the Prophet do—with his clothes on. None of the sixteen families who reside in the house in which the Prophet lives, have, however, caught the infection, and the landlady complained most severely of the annoyance to which she was subject.

Mr. Chambers said he expected to have heard that the Prophet was on his way to Jerusalem.

The Prophet said he only waited for a Tunisian vessel to set sail with his brother Cooke, and nine other of his brethren. Upon being questioned as to his inducing those men to leave their families, he said he did not take them, a higher power took them. After having stated the manner in which he had been pulled out of the bed, and declared that he forgave his enemies, he said, in answer to a question whether he was at Brixton,

tion, attracted the curiosity of the multitude, and his unhesitating declaration, that he meant to accompany the *great Prophet* to Jerusalem, excited derision and indignation against the unfortunate enthusiast, when luckily our two heros interposed their good offices and conducted the proselyte in safety to the Shakespeare Tavern.

No remonstrances of DASHALL were of any avail in inducing the pertinacious fanatic to forego his resolution of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and when the inquisitive numbers who still lingered in front of the tavern, had dispersed, Cooke, with appropriate acknowledgment of the protection which had been afforded him, took his leave, after having

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and worked there, "Yea," and to the question whether he liked it, "Nay."

Cooke, the shoe-maker, then stepped forward, and told the Magistrate that he was determined to follow his brother Decker to Jerusalem, but that the parish should suffer no inconvenience, for he should take his son with him on his pilgrimage. He said that they should not preach again where they had been so abused, but should remove to a house near the National School, in St. George's Fields, where they would preach till the day of their departure.

The Magistrate assured the Prophet that he should be committed if he preached again without a license, *which he might have next Sessions for* FOUR-PENCE. The Prophet was then discharged.

Decker, it appeared, had baptised seventeen persons, since he commenced his labours in St. George's Fields.

unsuccessfully endeavoured to make converts of Dashall and the Squire to the tenets of Prophet Decker, or to prevail on them to accompany the sacred band in the projected expedition to Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XIV.

My son, time was when by necessity,
(Nought else could move me to the enterprize,)
My steps were urg'd to London's wide domains,
I made my will, as prudent friends advis'd ;—
For little wot they, that beset with peril,
I ever should return.—Safe though thou speed'st
To London's wond'rous mart, thy pleasant way,
Think not that dangers cease, they but begin,
When ent'ring the metrop'lis ;—slowly then
Receive even Friendship's overtures, and shun
The softer sex their wiles and blandishments ;
Walk cautiously the streets, of crowds beware,
And wisely learn to fly each latent snare.

Amongst other occurrences of the preceding day, Cousin Bob adverted, at the breakfast table, to the confused intermixture of carriages, dissonant din of attendant lacqueys clamouring for vehicles, and the dangers occasioned by quarrelsome coachmen, precipitately, and at all hazards, rushing forwards to the doors of a mansion, on the breaking-up of a route, each claiming, and none willing to concede precedency in taking up their masters and mistresses,—"I am surprised," said the Squire, "that any rational being would sacrifice his time and comfort in making one of an assemblage where within doors you are pressed to the dread of suffocation, and in making your *exit*, are environed by peril and difficulty."

"Such," rejoined DASHALL, "are the follies of fashion. Its influence predominates universally; and the votarists of *bon ton*, are equally assiduous in the pursuit of their object, whether with the satellites in the gay and volatile regions of the court, or amongst those of 'sober fame' in the mercantile bustle of the city. In the purlieus of the great, *bon ton* is characterized by inconvenience; four or five hundred people, for example, invited to crowd a suite of rooms not calculated to accommodate half the number, the squeeze must be delightful! But

'Custom in every thing bears sovereign sway!'

thence yield the followers of High Life in the West to the follies of fashion, where the enjoyment of ease is a subordinate, if not altogether exploded consideration.—Eastward on the other hand:

'I *loves* High Life, and all the joys it yields,'
Says Madam Fussick, warm from Spitalfields.
'High Life's the day, 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
'And riding in a one-horse *chay* on Sunday,
'Tis drinking tea on summer afternoons,
'At Bagnigge Wells, in china and gilt spoons.'"

"Again," added the Squire, "what a vast expence is incurred by these idle and ostentatious displays of luxury, without one object of advantage gained!"

"Unproductive result," rejoined TOM, "is not always the case; it not unfrequently happens that a route and card-party are united; when the lady of the mansion generally contrives, by skill and finesse, to transfer a portion of the spoil into her own private

treasury; and notwithstanding expense, there are those who have given splendid routes and entertainments, and at the same time, recruited their exhausted finances, at the sole charges of incautious tradesmen, who notwithstanding repeated losses, yet absorbed in the love of gain, become the dupes of avarice and credulity.—In the elucidation of my remark,—

> 'If old assertions can't prevail,
> Be pleased to hear a modern tale.'

"Not long since," continued DASHALL, "an aspiring young limb of the law, of property, in expectancy (but that is neither *here* nor *there*) and fertile in expedient, contrived to insinuate himself into the good fellowship of a few *bon vivants;* and resolving to irradiate with 'surprising glory' the galaxy of fashion, he furnished a house, by permission of an accommodating upholsterer, in a style of magnificence, and decorated a side-board with a splendid service of plate, borrowed auspiciously for the occasion from a respectable silversmith, on a promise of liberal remuneration and safe return; after effecting the object of its migration, in dazzling the eyes of his honourable friends at his projected entertainment.

"Amidst the busy 'note of preparation,' the important day at last arrived; the suite of apartments became thronged with company, and every one admired the elegance of the furniture; the tasteful ornaments of the rooms; the brilliancy of the lights and massive construction of the valuable FAMILY

PLATE! In fact every thing conspired to give *eclat* to the scene, and confirm the friends of the founder of the feast in their belief alike of his exquisite judgment and high respectability.

"The silversmith, that he might not appear indelicately obtrusive, let a few days elapse after this grand *gala* had taken place, before he applied for restoration of his property, the borrower congratulated him on his good fortune, told him, that several friends had very much admired the plate, and even expressed an intention of ordering similar services; and that with regard to the borrowed plate, he had taken so strong a fancy to it, as to feel disposed to become a purchaser, if the price was reasonable, and an adequate consideration was made for prompt payment.

"The silversmith, who chuckled inwardly at the prospect of extending his business, and connecting himself with so many 'honourable men,' gratefully expressed his acknowledgments, and assuring him of liberal dealing, the several *items* of the borrowed plate were examined and dilated upon, the price of each article, after much higgling, was ultimately fixed, the sum total ascertained, and an early day appointed for a final settlement of the accompt. It never was the intention of the borrower to return the plate, but he now had achieved a great object, by entirely changing the whole complexion of the business; he had now converted *fraud* into *debt*, and happen what might, the silversmith could only sue him on a civil process, which against a limb of the

law, and as such, privileged from arrest, must be tedious and uncertain, whereas, had he made away with the plate, without accomplishing the object of this last manœuvre, (such is the *indiscriminating severity* of English law,) that he might have been amenable to the punishment of felony!

"Now comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er! the parties met for final settlement, when behold! the accepted purchaser offers the silversmith a bill at a month; he refuses it indignantly, and consults his solicitor as to the possibility of compelling the restoration of the plate; but the lawyer told him, that on his own shewing this could not be done. The silversmith had now no other resource than that of taking the proposed bill, and waiting the expiration of the month, for payment. In the meanwhile, the debtor exhibiting the talent of an able *conveyancer*, transmuted the silver into gold, and now laughs at the credulity of London tradesmen, and sets the silversmith at defiance!"*

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* This incident, as related by DASHALL, actually and very recently occurred.

An interesting and useful volume might be compiled on the subject of frauds practised on London tradesmen. Many of these tricks have been highly characteristic of ingenuity. The following is a ludicrous instance of female stratagem. We give the article literally, as it occurred.

A few days ago, a female, apparently a person of rank, visited in her carriage, towards the evening, a Silk Mercer's Shop, westward of Temple Bar, where she made choice, for purchase, of silks and other rich articles of feminine dress and decoration, to the value of above fifty pounds. Her manner was that of a per-

This detail threw the Squire into a train of rumination, on the tricks and chicanery of metropolitan

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fectly well-bred gentlewoman, and her person displayed no small portion of attractive and elegant accomplishment. Having completed her selection, she expressed much regret that she could not pay the amount of the bill on the instant: "But," she continued, "it is a delightful evening; my house is in the suburbs of town; a short and easy ride will prove a pleasant recreation, and if you will accompany me home in my carriage, you shall, on our arrival, be immediately paid." The mercer was more gallant of spirit than to reject the courtesy of a lady so fair and fascinating, and accepting with pleasure the proferred honour, the vehicle soon reached its destination. The lady first alighted, taking with her, into an elegant mansion, the articles of purchase; the mercer presently followed, was shewn into a handsome drawing-room, and received with much politeness, by apparently by a gentleman of the faculty.—A silence of a few minutes ensued, when the mercer inquired for the lady, observing, at the same time, that it was necessary he should return to town immediately. The courteous physician recommended silence, and the mercer became irritated and clamorous for his money and freedom of *exit*. Two attendants making their appearance, they were directed to conduct the patient to his apartment. The mercer suspecting that he was the dupe of artifice, grasped a poker, with the intention of effecting, at all hazard, his liberation from "durance vile," but his efforts had no other result than that of confirming his trammels, and he was presently bound over to keep the peace, under the guarantee of a straight-waistcoat! The unfortunate mercer now told a "plain unvarnished tale," which gained the attention of the humane physician, who was no other than the proprietor of the mansion, in which he managed its concerns as an Asylum for Lunatics. The lady who accompanied the mercer to the house, had been with the physician the preceding day, and made arrangements with him for the reception of

adventurers; while DASHALL amused himself with the breakfast-table concomitant, the newspaper. A few minutes only elapsed, when he laid it aside, approached the window, and seeing a funeral pass, in procession, along the street, he turned towards his Cousin, and interrupted his reverie with the following extemporaneous address :—

" Dost thou observe," he said, " yon sable tribe
Of death anticipaters ?—These are they
Who, when men die, rejoice ! all others else
Of human kind, shed o'er departed friends
The tear of reminiscence ; these prowlers
Hunt after DEATH, and fatten on his prey !
Mark now their measur'd steps, solemn and slow,
And visage of each doleful form, that wears
The semblance of distress ; they mourn for hire,
And tend the funeral rites with hearts of stone !
Their souls of apathy would never feel
A moment's pang were DEATH at one fell sweep,
Even all their relatives to hurl from earth !—
Knaves there exist among them who defraud
The grave for sordid lucre ; who will take
The contract price for hurrying to the tomb
The culprit corse the victim of the law,
But lay it where ? Think'st thou in sacred ground !
No ! in the human butcher's charnel-house !
Who pleas'd, reserves the felon for the knife,
And bribes the greater villain with a fee !"

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an insane patient.—It was now discovered that she had come under a fictitious name; had retreated in the hired vehicle with the mercer's property; and had adopted this curious stratagem, the more effectually to silence suspicion and prevent detection.

Cousin Bob was very much surprised by this sudden effusion, and inquiring the source of inspiration, Dashall put into his hands the newspaper, pointing to the following extraordinary communication, extracted *verbatim*.*

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* The King *v.* Cundick.—This was an indictment against the defendant, undertaker to the Horsemonger-lane gaol, for a misdemeanour, in corruptly selling for dissection the body of a capital convict, after he had been executed, contrary to his duty, in violation of public decency, and the scandal of religion. There were various counts in the indictment, charging the offence in different ways. The defendant pleaded Not Guilty.

The case excited considerable interest, as well for its unprecedented novelty as the singularity of its circumstances. It was a public prosecution at the instance of the Magistracy of the County.

Mr. Nolan and Mr. Bolland conducted the case for the Crown; and Mr. Adolphus, Mr. Turton, and Mr. Ryland, were for the defence.

It appeared in evidence that a capital convict, named Edward Lee, who had been tried and found guilty at the last Croydon Assizes, of a highway robbery, was publicly executed at Horsemonger-lane gaol, on Monday, the 10th of September. After he was cut down he was delivered over to the defendant, the appointed carpenter and undertaker of the gaol, for interment at the County's expense, for which he was allowed three guineas. He received particular directions that the afflicted mother and other friends of the deceased were to be permitted to see the body before interment, and follow it to the grave, if they thought proper. The friends of the deceased called on the defendant, who lives in Redcross-street, to know when the funeral would take place. He appointed the following day, Tuesday, the 11th of September. The unhappy mother of the deceased, being confined to her bed, was unable to attend the

The Squire having perused this appalling account of human depravity, expressed himself in energetic

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funeral, but sent a friend to the house of the defendant to see the body, and cut a lock of its hair. Application being made to the defendant for this purpose, he said he had already buried the body, because he could not keep such people any longer in his house. The friend demanded a certificate of the funeral, which he promised to procure on a subsequent day, upon paying a fee. On the Thursday following the uncle of the deceased called for a certificate of the burial, but could not get it, the defendant then saying that the body had been buried the day before. The friends then became clamorous, and complaint being made to Mr. Walter, the gaoler, he sent repeatedly for the defendant to come to the gaol and explain his conduct, which he declined. At length one of the turnkeys was sent after him on the Friday, with positive directions to bring him forthwith. As soon as the defendant found that he was compelled to go to Mr. Walter, he made an excuse, that he had some immediate business to attend to, but would meet the messenger in an hour at a neighbouring public house. To this the turnkey consented, but watched the defendant to his house, where he saw two or three suspicious looking men lurking about. After waiting for some time, the defendant came to him, and expressed his surprise that he was not gone to the public-house. The defendant appeared agitated, and went off as hard as he could towards the Southwark Iron Bridge. A person named Crisp, who was with the turnkey, went one way after the defendant, and the turnkey another. The latter went to Crawford's burial ground, where he saw the same suspicious looking man whom he had observed about the defendant's house, in the act of interring a coffin. He immediately interposed, and said the coffin should not be buried until he examined its contents. At this moment the defendant came into the burying-ground, and seemed angry at the interruption, and begged he might be allowed to inter the body, which he acknowledged was Edward Lee; and ex-

terms of indignation against the miscreant, who to the acute miseries of maternal affliction at the pre-

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cused himself for not burying it before, by saying, that the pressure of other business prevented him. The turnkey remonstrated with him for disobedience of the orders he had received to permit the friends of the deceased to see the body and attend the funeral. The defendant seemed greatly perplexed: at length he took hold of Crisp and the turnkey by the sleeve, and, with considerable agitation, offered them 10*l.* each to permit him to bury the coffin, and say no more about the matter. This was peremptorily refused. The turnkey insisted upon opening the coffin, and whilst the defendant went to explain his conduct to Mr. Walter, he did open it, and found that it contained nothing but earth. It appeared that the defendant had been applying to the sexton in the course of the week for a certificate of the burial, but was unable to succeed, the body not having been buried. Search was then made for the body, and at length it was traced to Mr. Brooks's dissecting rooms in Blenheim-street, Marlborough-street, where it had undergone a partial dissection. The upper part of the scull had been removed, but replaced. Several persons identified the body as that of Edward Lee. It was proved that about ten o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 11th September, a hackney-coach had stopped at the defendant's house, and the defendant was seen assisting two men in lifting a large hamper into the carriage, which then drove off. This was the substance of the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Adolphus, in an able and ingenious address to the Jury, contended that the indictment must fail, inasmuch as the evidence did not satisfy the allegation in the indictment, that the defendant had sold the body for lucre and gain. Now there was no proof whatever that it had been sold, which might have easily been made out, if the fact was so, by summoning Mr. Brooks, the anatomist. The real fact was, that the body had been stolen by other persons from the defendant's house, and the defendant had been driven to the miserable

mature loss of a son, and by such a death! could add the bitter anguish of consigning his cold remains, unseen by any earthly spirit of sympathy, to the knife of the dissector, in breach of every law moral and divine! In the warmth of his kindly feelings, the Squire would have uttered a curse, had he not been prevented by the entrance of his old friend, Sir Felix O'Grady. The two friends received their quondam acquaintance with much cordiality. "*Cuish la machree!*" exclaimed the Baronet, shaking heartily the hands of Tom and Bob; "and how have you done these many long days past?"—This inquiry having been satisfactorily answered, Sir Felix explained the object of his visit:—"Aunts of all sorts, or any sort, or no sort at all at all," said he, "are cursed bad things, sure enough; as somebody in the play says."

This abrupt commencement excited the risible feelings of Dashall and his Cousin, which were further stimulated by *Sir Felix* seriously appealing to their commiseration, under the pressure of misfortune,—"for this same respectable maiden lady, Mrs. Judith Macgilligan, my venerable aunt as aforesaid, has recently imported her antiquated piece of virginity from her native mountains near Belfast, and having

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shifts proved in evidence, in order to conceal the misfortune, and prevent the loss of his lucrative situation in the gaol.

No witnesses to facts were called for the defendant; but several persons gave him a good character for honesty and industry.

The Jury, under the learned Judge's directions, found the defendant *Guilty*.

had my address pat enough, the worse luck, the *sowl*, with an affected anxiety for my welfare, must take up her residence, while in town, in the same house with her dutiful nephew, that she may have the opportunity of watching over him in his *erratic* pursuits, as she says, with maternal solicitude; that is, in other words, to spy into all my actions, and bore me everlastingly with her intolerable company. It was but the blessed morning of yesterday that she took a fancy to exhibit her beautiful person at the lounge in Bond-street;—by-the-bye, this same paragon of perfection has passed her grand climacteric, being on the wrong side of sixty;—is as thin as a lath and as tall as a May-pole;—*speaks* an indescribable language of the mongrel kind, between *Irish* and *Scotch*, of which she is profuse to admiration; and forgetting the antiquity of her person, prides herself on the antiquity of her ancestry so much, that as she is said to bear a strong resemblance to her grandmother, judging from the full-length portrait (painted seventy years ago,) of that worthy progenitor of our family, who was a descendent, lineally, from O'Brien king of Ulster, that she copies her dress on all public occasions, to the great amusement and edification of the spectators: and in these venerable habiliments she promenaded Bond-street, hanging on my arm;—by the Powers, till I felt ashamed of my precious charge, for all the world was abroad, and my reverend aunt was the universal magnet of attraction."

"Well, and you find yourself comfortable," said

DASHALL,—"we have all of us foibles, and why expect your aunt to be exempted from them?—Have you any thing in expectance,—is she rich?"

"Twenty thousand pounds, twice told," replied Sir Felix, "sterling money of Great Britain, in which I have a reversionary interest."

"Why then," said TALLYHO, "you cannot do better than contribute all in your power to her ease and pleasure; and in exercising this commendable duty, you will gain present satisfaction, and may justly anticipate future benefit."

"And," added DASHALL, "if my Cousin or myself can by any means further your object, in contributing towards the full attainment of your aunt's amusement while she remains in town, you may command our services."

"By the powers of fortune," exclaimed the Baronet, "you have just given me the opportunity I was wishing for; that is, I had a favour to ask, but which I could not find courage enough to do, notwithstanding my native assurance, until now. You must know, then, that on Easter Monday, the illustrious Judith Macgilligan, descendant lineally from O'Brien king of Ulster, means to honour the Civic entertainment with her sublime presence, and grace the Ball at the Mansion-house in a dress resembling that of her grandmother the princess, worn seventy years ago. Now, my dear friends, having pledged yourselves to contribute all in your power towards the pleasure of my venerable aunt, which of you will be her partner for the evening?"

The pause of a moment was succeeded by a hearty laugh; TALLYHO had no objections to the hand, as a partner at the ball, of Miss Judith Macgilligan, even should she choose to array herself after the manner of the princess her grandmother. But DASHALL observing that as no masque balls were given at the Mansion-house, it would be necessary that Miss Macgilligan should forego her intention of appearing otherwise than in modern *costume*. *Sir Felix* undertook to arrange this point with his relative, and in the name and on behalf of Squire TALLYHO, of Belville-hall, to engage the distinguished honour of her hand at the ensuing Mansion-house Ball.

This important affair having been satisfactorily adjusted, it was proposed by DASHALL that, as his Cousin and the Baronet had neither of them ever been present at the Epping Hunt on Easter Monday, they should form themselves into a triumvirate for the purpose of enjoying that pleasure on the morrow. The Squire having in town two hunters from his own stud, embraced the proposition with the avidity of a true sportsman, and *Sir Felix* declining the offer of one of these fleet-footed coursers, it was agreed they should be under the guidance of TOM and BOB, and that *Sir Felix* should accompany them, mounted on his own sober gelding, early in the morning, to the field of NIMROD, from which they purposed to return to town in sufficient time to witness other holiday sports, before dressing for the entertainment at the Mansion-house.

These preliminaries settled, and *Sir Felix* agreeing to take a *pot-luck* dinner with his two friends, the *trio* resolved on a morning lounge of observation, and sallying forth, took their way along Piccadilly accordingly.

Although it was Sunday morning, this street presented, with the exception of the shops being closed, nearly the same appearance of bustle as on any other day; the number of pedestrians was not apparently less, and of equestrians and carriage-occupants, an increase; the two latter description of the *ton*, actually or *would-be*, passing onwards to the general Sunday rendezvous, HYDE-PARK, where REAL LIFE IN LONDON is amusingly diversified; and where may be seen frequently, amongst the promiscuous promenaders of the Mall, a prince of the blood-royal undistinguishable by external ornament from any of the most humble in the moving panorama; while an endless succession of carriages, in which are seated, what England beyond any other country may proudly boast of, some of the most beautiful women in the world, present the observer with an enlivening theme of admiration; and, together with the mounted exhibiters, from the man of fashion on the "pampered, prancing steed," to the youth of hebdomadary emancipation on "the hacked Bucephalus of Rotten Row," form an assemblage at once ludicrous and interesting.

Having circumambulated the "Ring," our triumvirate returned by the gate in Piccadilly, and crossing from thence to Constitution-hill, DASHALL pointed

out to his companions the seat, as now fixed upon (on the summit of the Green Park) of a MILITARY PILLAR, intended to be raised in commemoration of the many victories achieved by British valour in the last war. "This plan, if properly carried into effect by the erection (said DASHALL) of a column equal in splendor of execution with the glory it is meant to record, will be the greatest ornament of the metropolis."

"If again," added the Squire, "it does not prove like some other recent projections, a *Castle in the air!*" *

Without any other occurrence worthy of remark, the perambulators reached home, and enjoyed the comfortable quietude of an excellent domestic dinner, without interruption. Every arrangement having been made for the amusements of next day, the party broke up, *Sir Felix* returning to his lodgings, to gladden the heart of Miss Judith Macgilligan with the anticipation of conquest; and DASHALL and TALLYHO retiring to early repose, that they might encounter the business of the morning with recruited renovation.—Next day

> The feathered songster chanticleer
> Had wound his bugle horn,
> And told the early villager
> The coming of the morn;—

When the Baronet made his appearance "on a milk-

* TALLYHO probably alludes to the long meditated Monument in memory of the late Princess CHARLOTTE, towards the memory of which a very large sum of money was raised by public subscription.

white steed," before the mansion of DASHALL. In a few moments the friendly *trio* were assembled in the breakfast-parlour, and partook of a hasty repast while the coursers from the Belville-stud, destined to perform a prominent part in the forthcoming adventures of the day, were getting in readiness. The preparations were soon completed,—the hunters, two noble animals, were brought to the door,

Each " with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing and pleas'd, his head touching his breast."

" Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow,"

was the order of Richard," said the Baronet; " but had he been in possession of such a horse as either of these, ' White Surrey' might have gone to the devil."

" I'll warrant them both, sound, wind and limb, and gentle to boot," said the Squire,—" Come then, if you wish to be well-mounted, and would really look like a " baron bold," seat yourself fearlessly on either, and bear yourself through the streets of London with the dignity befitting a true, magnanimous and puissant knight of Munster!"—This address had the desired effect,—it implied a doubt of the Baronet's courage, and he seated himself on the " gallant steed" immediately.—TOM and BOB at same time betook themselves, the former to the other " high mettled racer," and the latter to the unassuming rejected Rosinante of *Sir Felix*. A trifling delay, however, occurred; the stirrups of the Baronet's

charger were too short, and he alighted while the groom repaired the defect.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed;
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed."

Whether, like the Calenderer's horse under the *mis*-guidance of the celebrated John Gilpin, the disdainful steed now in the management of *Sir Felix*, "wondered what thing he'd got upon his back," we are not competent to decide; but he certainly in his progress "o'er the stones" manifested frequent impatience of restraint. These symptoms of contumaciousness were nevertheless borne by the Baronet without complaint,—

Till finding soon a smoother road
Beneath its well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

And, as if intuitively knowing the incapacity of his rider to restrain him, and despising curb and rein, the indignant animal set off at full speed, to the great dismay of DASHALL and the Squire, who putting their horses to the pith of their mettle, hurried after their friend with the utmost solicitude. Luckily, however, the career of the spirited animal was impeded, and finally stopped, by the frequent interposition of the passengers on the road, and the Baronet was safely set down, ready to exclaim with Hawser Trunnion, "If ever I get astride the back of such another harum scarum son of a bitch again, my name is not *Felix O'Grady*."

The pursuers speedily rejoined the pursued, and felt happy in the knowledge of his welfare. The abashment of the baronet, occasioned by this untoward adventure, soon gave way to his characteristic good-humour; and having resigned all further government of the Squire's unruly quadruped, and resumed possession of his own, the triumvirate proceeded towards the place of destination.

In the meanwhile, the city horsemen arose with Phœbus, to mount their rosinantes, to be present at the enlargement of the stag, and were roused from their slumbers according to order by the watchmen. The motley group, that was early in the field, furnished a capital subject for the caricaturist. Carts, horses, lame mares, and refractory donkies, with their grotesque riders, covered the field, together with dandies in chaises, and the lassies from St. Giles's, Chick-lane, Wapping, and St. Catherine's, in market carts, with their sweet-hearts, considerably swelled the number of the hunters. The stag was decorated with bunches of ribbons, and seemed when enlarged much more frightened at the appearance of the Londoners, than at the hounds, his natural enemies. When the chase commenced, never was witnessed such a scene of confusion and disorder. Upset carts, and unhorsed huntsmen, were seen in all directions. The stag went off in good style, and out of hundreds of horsemen, not above a dozen were able to keep their seats, but a number of fellows were on the lurk to *take care of the stray horses*.

After a cursory glance at the variegated and boiste-

rous assemblage, the stag bounded forward with the velocity of lightning, amidst the astounding shouts of the multitude, and was instantly followed by his biped and quadruped foes of indescribable diversity, from the amateur of the turf on his spirited and well caparisoned steed, to the spavined gelding, bearing its cockney rider, and numerous other *annual* equestrians, preceded by every description of the canine race, from the high bred beagle to the "cur of low degree." All was tumultuous dissonance, and confusion worse confounded. TALLYHO enjoyed the scene to the very acme of delight, and giving the reins to his experienced courser, high in blood, and eager for accustomed exercise, the noble animal accompanied by its companion under the guidance of DASHALL, started off with unrivalled celerity, and in a few moments set all competition at defiance. Sir Felix, in an attempt to follow his friends, leaped a fence, but gaining the opposite side, horse and rider came to the ground: fortunately neither of them sustained any injury.—Sir Felix, however, on regaining his footing, found that his horse, which had gone forward, was in possession of a stranger, who losing his own, had availed himself of this opportunity of remounting, and now pursued his way bare-headed; for the wind had uncourteously uncovered his pericranium, and he abandoned his *castor* to its fate rather than by stopping to pick it up, risque the restitution of his prize, and the wrath of the baronet, who stood spell-bound against the fence, vociferously demanding his gelding, and extending his arm in

reiterated denunciation of vengeance. The unceremonious intruder turning round on the saddle, without slackening his career.—"Bide you where you are, my fine fellow," he provokingly exclaimed, "until the chase is over, and your gelding shall then be forthcoming." If the sense of misfortune is alleviated by seeing it participated by others, the baronet had ample fund of consolation, for numbers around him were involved in similar calamity. He profited too, by an admirable lesson of patience under disaster. On the right of his runaway gelding, and its rider, he perceived a dismounted horseman, quietly submitting to adversity, by seating himself on a bank, while his unburthened steed pursued the chase with unabating celerity, leaving its owner to wait, at leisure, its return. Two cockney equestrians now approached, at full speed, the fence were Sir Felix still stood, in the attitude of remonstrance and irritation; and attempting the leap, one, like the baronet, gained the opposite side, but with a less successful result; for the rider was pitched over with some violence, with his heels aloft in the air, as if about to perambulate the field on his hands, while his horse came to the ground on its face and knees, suspended by its hind legs from the upper bar of the fence, and vainly essaying at extrication. The other cockney sportsman was similarly situated: his horse had not cleared the fence. neither had the rider, although he had reached t[illegible]eck of his rosinante in his progress to the opposite side; in this position he assumed a permanent aspect, for his horse rested

with his fore-legs over the fence, and seemed incapable of either retrogading or proceeding. These lessons taught the baronet resignation in mishap; the result of which was the return, in about an hour, of his friends Tom and Bob, to his great comfort, which was further increased by their bringing with them his gelding, having recognized the animal in the possession of a stranger, who, on their claiming it as belonging to Sir Felix O'Grady, very readily gave it up, saying, that the baronet had not forgot in the midst of his threats, frequently to announce his name, and hoping that he would excuse him for having resorted to the privilege which every person claims on this day, of *taking care of the stray horses*. The party now fully satisfied with the humours and disasters of the Easter Hunt, turned their steeds homewards, and journeying unimpeded, notwithstanding the throng of the road, they quickly gained town, without the occurrence of any other memorable incident.

Having reached the mansion of Dashall, Sir Felix acquainted Tallyho with the success of his mission respecting the hand, as a partner, at the Mansion-house Ball, of the august descendant of the Kings of Ulster, the sage and venerable Miss Judith Macgilligan. "O, the beautiful *illustrissimo!* the sweet *crature*," exclaimed the baronet, "with commendable care of her virgin purity, and fair unsullied fame, is tenacious of *etiquette*, and insists that she shall be asked with all due form and respect, (after I have introduced your Squireship to the honour

of her notice) at the Mansion-house. By my conscience, I believe she is in love with your character, and no doubt will prove desperately so with your person. Faith and troth now, she is both too young and too old for matrimony; too young, because she may live to torment you these twenty years to come, which is a penance no sprightly lad should voluntarily undergo for all her fortune; and too old, being in all respects disqualified by age, for the important object of marriage, which was instituted for the procreation of children."

"My dear sir," rejoined the Squire, "immaculate may the lady remain in her person and property, I have no views on either."

"By the powers of charity retract that 'stern decree,'" exclaimed the baronet, "would you break the heart of the love-sick nymph, by chilling indifference to the potency of her charms and the magnitude of her fortune? However, all joking apart, my good friends, will you do my aunt and your humble servant the honour of calling at our lodgings; we shall wait your coming and proceed together to the civic entertainment?" This was agreed to;—the baronet retired, and the two cousins having the best part of the day still before them, set out on a stroll to TOTHILL-FIELDS Fair, with the view of ascertaining REAL LIFE in WESTMINSTER, amongst the middle and lower orders of its extensive population.

Crossing St. James's Park, our two observers soon reached the scene of jollity. Here, as in all the fairs held in London, and its vicinity, was a vast assemblage

of idlers, including both sexes and all ages. "They talk of the severity of the times," said DASHALL, "and the distress of the lower orders of society; I cannot say, however, that I have witnessed any semblance of distress or privation amongst such in this metropolis to the extent represented, in the whole course of my observation.—These fairs, for instance, more properly marts of iniquity, are crammed to excess; and in pursuit of low enjoyment there appears no deficiency of pecuniary means. In all these resorts of dissipation, not only the shows are filled with spectators, but the booths and neighbouring public-houses are crowded with male and female revellers."

The Squire acquiesced in the correctness of his friend's remark, and both coincided in opinion that the regular daily public places of amusement in the metropolis afford ample opportunity for rational recreation, independent of the continuance of fairs, which have no other tendency than facilitating the progress of licentiousness.

DASHALL observed, that on the present occasion, in the midst of so much alleged distress,—the booths and shows of TOTHILL-FIELDS FAIR were much more extensive than in former years. "We must, however," said he, "although the evil continues, do the Magistrates the justice to say that they have acted meritoriously in preventing the erection of those dangerous machines named *round-abouts*, by which, at former fairs, many serious accidents were occasioned.

While Tom and Bob were quizzing the costermongers and the Venuses, they in their turn were queered out of their *wipes;* thus another cogent argument was afforded as to the necessity of suppressing these nuisances, as being the rendezvous of infamy, and the harvest of depredation. The visitors appeared in all their glory, as elegant and boisterous as usual; the consumption of gin and gingerbread was apparently prodigious, and the great luxury amongst the fashionables was fried sausages and the bolting of oysters with sugar for wagers. Having lost their *wipes*, the two friends resolved at least to save their *tattlers;* and having seen a sufficiency of Westminster jollification, they left the fair to those visitors who might better appreciate its enjoyment.

Returning home, they were not encountered by farther mischance, and having shortly reached their destination, and dressed for the evening *gala*, a chariot was ordered, and they were set down at the lodgings of Sir Felix O'Grady.

The baronet introduced his two friends to his aunt, with much affected form, and with an arch leer of expression, which, on an occasion of minor import, would have excited the risibility of Bob, but this was no laughing affair, the presentation therefore was conducted with all due solemnity, and Miss Judith Macgilligan received him with a maidenish diffidence and complacency, yet with the dignity becoming a descendant of O'Brien, King of Ulster.

Having partaken of a slight repast, the party drove off, in the lady's temporary vehicle, and rattling

rapidly along the streets, were in a very short time arrived at the Mansion-house. The company was select and elegant; the ladies particularly, might vie in splendour of ornament and fascination of personal charms, with first rate beauties of the west; and what gave the entertainment a superior zest above every other consideration, was the condescending affability of the Civic Queen, who received her numerous and delighted guests with a truly hospitable, yet dignified politeness; nor was there any deficiency on the part of her lord; all that the most excellent arrangements and the most minute attention could accomplish was done, to the entire gratification and comfort of the company.*

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* Easter Amusements.—Mansion-house. The customary Easter Civic Dinner and Ball were given at the Mansion-house. A material alteration was effected in the entertainment upon this occasion, by considerably abridging the number of cards, which it was the practice hitherto to issue. The Lady Mayoress received the company before dinner in the ball room; in discharging which office her ladyship displayed much ease and elegance of manner. The company adjourned to the Egyptian Hall to dinner, at about half-past six o'clock. They consisted of Lord Viscount Sidmouth, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Peel, and some other members of the Ministry, the Lords Bishop of London and Landaff, and other church dignitaries; the Lords Chief Justices of England, and the Court of Common Pleas; the Vice Chancellor, several of the diplomatic corps, as well as the leading Members of the Senate and the Army, and other gentlemen of distinction, her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, and several ladies of rank, in all about three hundred and fifty individuals of both sexes. There were five tables laid out in the hall, which from being prettily ornamented with festoons

We believe that in the general participation of pleasure there existed one solitary exception only, in the person of Miss Judith Macgilligan. It unfortunately happened that an opportunity offered not for the display of her graces in the dance. She then became peevishly taciturn, complained of indisposition, and expressing a desire of returning home, the gentlemen consequently assented, and the party left the Mansion-house at an earlier hour than they had either anticipated or desired.

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of flowers attached to pillars along the centre of each, had an extremely picturesque appearance upon entering the room. After dinner the usual toasts were drank, and the respective parties present returned thanks. Messrs. Pyne, Broadhurst, and other professional gentlemen, sung several songs and glees in their happiest style. At a little after nine o'clock the Lady Mayoress and the ladies withdrew, and the gentlemen shortly afterwards rejoined them in the ball-room.

THE BALL.

At a little before ten o'clock, the ball-room was prepared, and in a short time the most distinguished of the guests repaired thither. The dresses of the ladies were in general particularly elegant. The ball was opened by two of the younger daughters of the Lord Mayor, Misses Ann and Harriett Magnay, who danced the *minuet de la cour* in so elegant and finished a manner, as elicited general approbation. The quadrilles were led off by the Duke de Cazes and Baron Langsdorff, and were continued with the greatest spirit throughout the night. The centre tables in the Egyptian hall were removed for the accommodation of the company, but the side tables were retained, and refreshments served out from them in abundance.

CHAPTER XV.

" All LONDON is full of vagaries,
Of bustle of splendour and show,
At every turn the scene varies,
Whether near, or still further we go.
Each lane has a character in it,
Each street has its pauper and beau:
And such changes are making each minute,
Scarce one from the other we know.
The in and out turnings of LIFE,
Few persons can well understand;
But in LONDON the grand source of strife,
Is of fortune to bear the command.
Yet some who are *high up* to day,
Acknowledged good sober and witty,
May to-morrow be *down* in decay,
In this great and magnanimous city.

" APROPOS," said the Hon. TOM DASHALL, laying down the Times newspaper after breakfast, " a fine opportunity is offered to us to day, for a peep at the Citizens of London in their Legislative Assembly, a Court of Common Council is announced for twelve o'clock, and I think I can promise you much of entertaining information, by paying a visit at Guildhall and its vicinity. We have several times passed it with merely taking a view of its exterior, but the interior is equally deserving of attention, particularly at a period when it is graced by the personages and appendages which constitute its state and dignity. London is generally spoken of as the first commer-

cial city in the known world, and its legislators, as a corporate body, becomes a sort of rallying post for all others in the kingdom. We have plenty of time before us, and may lounge a little as we march along to amuse or refresh ourselves at leisure." "With all my heart," said TALLYHO, "for I have heard much about the Lord Mayor, the Sword Bearer, and the Common Hunt, all in a bustle,—though I have never yet had an opportunity of seeing any of them."

"They are interesting subjects, I can assure you, so come along, we will take a view of these *Gogs* and *Magogs* of civic notoriety," and thus saying, they were quickly on the road for the city. The morning being fine, they took their way down St. James's Street, at the bottom of which their ears were attracted by the sounds of martial music approaching.

"We have nicked the time nicely indeed," said DASHALL, "and may now enjoy a musical treat, before we proceed to the oratorical one. The Guards in and about the Palace, are relieved every morning about this time, for which purpose they are usually mustered at the Horse-Guards, in the Park, where they are paraded in regular order, and then marched here. It forms a very pleasing sight for the cockney loungers, for those out of employ, and those who have little inclination to be employed; and you see the crowds that are hastening before them, in order to obtain admission to Palace Yard, before their arrival—let us join the throng; there is another detachment stationed there ready to receive them,

and while they are relieving the men actually on duty, the two bands alternately amuse the officers and the bye-standers with some of the most admired Overtures and Military Airs."

They now passed the gate, and quickly found themselves in a motley group of all descriptions, crowding to the seat of action, and pouring in from various avenues. Men, women, and children, half-drill'd drummers, bandy-legged fifers, and *suckling* triangle beaters, with bags of books and instruments in their hands to assist the band. The colours were mounted as usual on a post in the centre, the men drawn up in ranks, and standing at ease, while the officers were pacing backwards and forwards in the front, arm-in-arm with each other, relating the rencontres of the preceding day, or those in anticipation of the ensuing. This order of things was however quickly altered, as the relieving party entered, and at the word "attention," every officer was at his post, and the men under arms. Our friends now moved under the piazzas so as to be in the rear of the party who had the first possession, and after hearing with great admiration the delightful airs played by the two bands, which had been the principal object of attraction with them—they proceeded through the Park and reached Charing Cross, by the way of Spring Gardens.

"Zounds," said TALLYHO, "this is a very unworthy entrance to a Royal Park."

"Admitted, it is so," was the reply, and a degradation to the splendid palace, I mean internally, which is so close to it, and which is the present residence of

Majesty. They now proceeded without any thing further of consequence worthy of remark, till they reached Villiers-street.

"Come, said Tom, "I perceive we shall have time to take a look at the world below as well as the world above;" when crossing into the Adelphi, and suddenly giving another turn, he entered what to Bob appeared a cavern, and in one moment was obscured from his sight.—"Hallo," said Tallyho, "where the devil are you leading me to?"—"Never mind," was the reply; "keep on the right side, and you are safe enough; but if you get into the centre, beware of the Slough of Despond—don't be afraid."

Upon this assurance Bob groped his way along for a few paces, and at a distance could discover the glimmering of a lamp, which seemed but to make darkness more visible. Keeping his eye upon the light, and more engrossed with the idea of his own safety in such a place than any thing else, for he could neither conjecture where he was nor whence he was going, he presently came in violent contact with a person whom he could not see, and in a moment found himself prostrate on the ground.

"Hallo," cried a gruff voice, which sounded through the hollow arches of the place with sepulchral tone—"who the devil are you—why don't you mind where you go—you must not come here with your eyes in your pocket;" and at the same time he heard a spade dug into the earth, which almost inspired him with the idea that he should be buried alive.

"Good God protect," (exclaimed Bob,) "where is Dashall—where am I."

"Where are you—why you're in the mud to be sure—and for aught I know, Dashall and all the rest may be in the clouds; what business have you dashing here—we have enough of the Dandies above, without having them below—what have you lost your way, or have you been *nibbling* in the light, and want to hide yourself—eh?"

"Neither, neither, I can assure you; but I have been led here, and my friend is on before."

"Oh, well, if that's the case, get up, and I'll hail him,—*ey-ya-ap*,"—cried he, in a voice which seemed like thunder to our fallen hero, and which was as quickly answered by the well known voice of his Cousin, who in a few minutes was at his elbow.

"What now," vociferated Tom, "I thought I gave you instructions how to follow, and expected you was just behind me."

"Why for the matter of that," cried the unknown, "he was not before you, that's *sartin*; and he knocked himself down in the mud before ever I spoke to him, that's all I know about it—but he don't seem to understand the navigation of our parts."

"I don't wonder at that," replied Tom; "for he was never here before in his life—but there is no harm done, is there?"

"None," replied Bob; "all's right again now—so proceed."

"Nay," replied the unknown, "all's not right yet; for if as how this is your first appearance in the shades below, it it but fair you should come *down*."

"Down," said Bob, "why I have been down—you knock'd me down."

"Well, never mind, my master, I have set you on your *pins* again; and besides that, I likes you very well, for you're *down as a hammer*, and *up* again *like a watch-box*—but to my thinking a *drap o'somut* good would revive you a little bit; and I should like to drink with you—for you ought to pay your footing."

"And so he shall," continued Tom—"So come along, my lad."

By this time Bob had an opportunity of discovering that the person he had thus unfortunately encountered, was no other than a stout raw-boned coal-heaver, and that the noise he had heard was occasioned by his sticking his pointed coal-shovel in the earth, with intention to help him up after his fall. Pursuing their way, and presently turning to the right, Bob was suddenly delighted by being brought from utter darkness into marvellous light, presenting a view of the river, with boats and barges passing and repassing with their usual activity.

"What place is this," inquired Tallyho.

"Before you," replied his Cousin, "is the River Thames; and in the front you will find wharfs and warehouses for the landing and housing of various

merchandize, such as coals, fruit, timber, &c.: we are now under the Adelphi Terrace, where many elegant and fashionable houses are occupied by persons of some rank in society; these streets, lanes, and subterraneous passages, have been constructed for the convenience of conveying the various articles landed here into the main streets of the metropolis, and form as it were a little world under ground."

"And no bad world neither," replied the coal-heaver, who upon inspection proved to be no other than *Bob Martlet*, whom they had met with as one of the *heavy wet* party at Charley's Crib—"For there is many a family lives down here, and gets a good bit of bread too; what does it signify where a man gets his bread, if he has but an honest appetite to eat it with: aye, and though I say it, that house in the corner there, just down by the water's edge, can supply good stuff at all times to wash it down with, and that you know's the time of day, my master: this warm weather makes one *dryish* like, don't it."

Tom thought the hint dry enough, though Bob was declaring he was almost wet through: however, they took their road to the *Fox under the Hill*, as it is termed. On entering which a good fire presented itself, and Tallyho placed himself in front of it, in order to dry his clothes, while Bob Martlet was busy in inquiring of the landlord for a brush to give the *gemman* a *wipe down*, as, he observed, he had a sort

of *a trip up* in these wild parts—though to be sure *that there* was no great wonder, for a gentleman who was near sighted, and did'nt wear spectacles; "however," continued he "there *an't* no harm done; and so the *gemman* and I are going to drink together—arn't we, Sir?"

TALLYHO, who by this time had got well roasted by the fire-side, nodded his assent, and DASHALL inquired what he would like.

"Why, my master, as for that, it's not much matter to me; a drap of *sky blue* in *a boulter of barley*,* with *a dollop of sweet*,† and a little *saw dust*,‡ is no bad thing according to my thinking; but Lord bless you! if so be as how a *gemman* like you offers to treat *Bill Martlet*, why *Bill Martlet* never *looks a gift horse in the mouth*, you know, as the old saying is; but our landlord knows how to make such *rum stuff*, as I should like you to taste it—we call it *hot*, don't us, landlord?—Come, lend us hold of the brush?"

"Aye, and brush up, Mr. Landlord," said the Hon. TOM DASHALL; "let us have a taste of this nectar he's talking of, for we have not much time to stop."

"Lord bless your eye sight," replied Martlet, "there an't no occasion *whatsomdever* for your honours to stay—if you'll only give the order, and

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* *A boulter of barley*—a drink—or a pot of porter.

† *A dollop of sweet*—sugar.

‡ *Saw-dust*—a cant term for ginger or nutmeg grated.

push about the possibles, the business is all done. Come, *shovel* up the *sensible*," continued he to the landlord," " mind you give us the real double XX. I don't think your coat is any the worse, it would sarve me for a *Sunday swell toggery* for a twelvemonth to come yet; for our dirt down here is as I may say clean dirt, and d—me if I don't think it looks all the better for it."

" Thank you, my friend," said Bob; " that will do very well," and the landlord having by this time completed his cookery, produced the *good stuff*, as Martlet termed it.

" Come, gentlemen, this is the real right sort, nothing but the bang-up article, arn't it, my master? But as I always likes the landlord to taste it first, by way of setting a good example, just be after telling us what you think of it."

" With all my heart," said the landlord; who declared it was as prime a pot of hot as he had made for the last fortnight.

With this recommendation our friends tried it; and after tipping, took their departure, under the positive assurance of Martlet, that he should be very glad to see them again at any time.

They now pursued their way through other subterraneous passages, where they met waggons, carts, and horses, apparently as actively and usefully employed as those above ground.

" Come," said Tom, " we have suffered time to steal a march upon us, as they reached the Strand; " we will therefore take the first *rattler* we can meet

with, and make the best of our way for the City."—This was soon accomplished, and jumping into the coach, the old *Jarvey* was desired to drive them as expeditiously as possible to the corner of King-street, Cheapside

CHAPTER XVI.

" How wretched those who tasteless live,
And say this world no joys can give :
Why tempts yon turtle sprawling,
Why smoaks the glorious haunch,
Are these not joys still calling
To bless our mortal paunch ?
O 'tis merry in the Hall
When beards wag all,
What a noise and what a din ;
How they glitter round the chin ;
Give me fowl and give me fish,
Now for some of that nice dish ;
Cut me this, Sir, cut me that,
Send me crust, and send me fat.
Some for tit bits pulling hauling,
Legs, wings, breast, head,—some for liquor, scolding, bawling
Hock, port, white, red, here 'tis cramming, cutting, slashing,
There the grease and gravy splashing,
Look, Sir, look, Sir, what you've done,
Zounds you've cut off the Alderman's thumb."

The Hon. Tom Dashall, who was fully aware that City appointments for twelve o'clock mean one, was nevertheless anxious to arrive at their place of destination some time before the commencement of the business of the day ; and fortunately meeting with no obstruction on the road, they were set down at the corner of King-street, about half-past twelve.

" Come," said he, " we shall now have time to look about us at leisure, and observe the beauties of

this place of civic festivity. The Hall you see in front of you, is the place devoted to the entertainment usually given by the Lord Mayor on his entrance upon the duties and dignities of his office. It is a fine gothic building, in which the various courts of the city are held. The citizens also meet there for the purpose of choosing their representatives in Parliament, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, &c. It was originally built in the year 1411, previous to which period the public, or as they term it the Common Hall, was held at a small room in Aldermanbury. The expense of the building was defrayed by voluntary subscription, and its erection occupied twenty years. It was seriously damaged by the fire of 1666, since which the present edifice, with the exception of the new gothic front, has been erected. That, however, was not finished till the year 1789, and many internal improvements and decorations have been introduced since. There is not much of attraction in its outward appearance. That new building on the right has recently been erected for the accommodation of Meetings of Bankrupts; and on the left is the Justice-Room, where the Aldermen attend daily in rotation as magistrates to decide petty causes; but we must not exhaust our time now upon them."

On entering the Hall, TALLYHO appeared to be highly pleased with its extent, and was presently attracted by the monuments which it contains. "It is a noble room," said he.—"Yes," replied TOM, "this Hall is 153 feet in length, 48 in breadth, and the height to the roof is 55." TALLYHO was, how-

ever, more engaged in examining the monument erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, and an occasional glance at the two enormous figures who stand at opposites, on the left of the entrance.—Having read the tablet, and admired the workmanship of the former, he hastily turned to the latter. "And who in the name of wonder are these," inquired.

"These," replied his communicative Cousin, "are called *Gog* and *Magog*. They are two ancient giants carved in wood, one holding a long staff suspending a ball stuck with pikes, and the other a halbert, supposed to be of great antiquity, and to represent an ancient Briton and a Saxon. They formerly used to stand on each side of that staircase which leads to the Chamberlain's Office, the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, the Court of Aldermen, and the Common Council Chamber. At the other end are two fine monuments, to the memory of Lord Chatham, the father of Mr. Pitt, and his Son. The windows are fine specimens of the revived art of painting on glass. There is also a monument of Mr. Beckford."

While they were taking a view of these several objects of curiosity, their attention was suddenly attracted by a confused noise and bustle at the door, which announced the arrival of the Lord Mayor and his attendants, who passed them in state, and were followed by our friends to the Council Chamber; on entering which, they were directed by the City Marshall, who guarded the door, to keep below the bar. Tallyho gazed with admiration and delight on the

numerous pictures with which the Chamber is decorated, as well as the ceiling, which forms a dome, with a skylight in the centre. The Lord Mayor having first entered the Court of Aldermen, the business of the day had not yet commenced. Tom directed his Cousin's eye in the first instance to the very large and celebrated painting by Copley, which fronts the Lord Mayor's chair, and represents the destruction of the floating batteries before Gibraltar, to commemorate the gallant defence of that place by General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, in 1782. The statue of the late King George the Third; the death of David Rizzio, by Opie; the miseries of Civil War, from Shakespeare; Domestic Happiness, exemplified in portraits of an Alderman and his family; the death of Wat Tyler; the representation of the Procession of the Lord Mayor to Westminster Hall, by water; and the ceremony of swearing in the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, in 1781; containing portraits of all the principal members of the Corporation of London at that time. Meanwhile the benches were filling with the Deputies and Common Councilmen from their several wards. At one o'clock, the Lord Mayor entered the Court, attended by several Aldermen, who took their seats around him and the business of the day commenced. Among those on the upper seats, Tom gave his Cousin to understand which were the most popular of the Aldermen, and named in succession Messrs. Waithman, Wood, Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Birch, Flower, and Curtis; and as their object was not so much to hear the de-

bates as to see the form and know the characters, he proposed an adjournment from their present rather uncomfortable situation, where they were obliged to stand wedged in, by the crowd continually increasing, during which they could take a few more observations, and he could give some little clue to the origin and present situations of the persons to whom he had directed his Cousin's attention. Making the best of their way out of the Court, they found themselves in an anti-room, surrounded by marshalmen, beadles of Wards waiting for their Aldermen, and the Lord Mayor's and Sheriffs' footmen, finding almost as much difficulty to proceed, as they had before encountered. Having struggled through this formidable phalanx of judicial and state appendages,

"Now," said DASHALL, "we shall be enabled to breathe again at liberty, and make our observations without fear; for where we have just quitted, there is scarcely any possibility of making a remark without having it snapped up by newspaper reporters, and retailers of anecdotes; here, however, we can indulge *ad libitum*."

"Yes," replied TALLYHO, "and having seen thus far, I am a little inquisitive to know more. I have, it is true, at times seen the names of the parties you pointed out to me in the daily prints, but a sight of their persons in their official stations excites stronger curiosity."

"Then," said TOM, "according to promise I will give you a sort of brief sketch of some of them. The present Lord Mayor is a very eminent wholesale

stationer, carrying on an extensive trade in Queen-street; he ought to have filled the chair before this, but some temporary circumstances relative to his mercantile concerns induced him to give up his rotation. He has since removed the obstacle, and has been elected by his fellow-citizens to the high and important office of Chief Magistrate. I believe he has not signalized himself by any remarkable circumstance, but he has the character of being a worthy man. Perhaps there are few in the Court of Aldermen who have obtained more deservedly the esteem of the Livery of London, than Alderman Waithman, whose exertions have long been directed to the correction of abuses, and who represented them as one of their members during the last Parliament, when he displaced the mighty Alderman Curtis. Waithman is of humble origin, and has, like many others of Civic notoriety, worked his way by perseverance and integrity as a linen-draper, to respectable independance, and the hearts of his fellow-citizens: he has served the office of Sheriff, and during that time acted with a becoming spirit at the death of the late Queen, by risking his own life to save others. His political sentiments are on the opposition side, consequently he is no favorite with ministers."

"And if he were," replied TALLYHO, "that would scarcely be considered an honour."

"True," continued TOM, "but then it might lead to profit, as it has done with many others, though he appears to hold such very light."

"Alderman Wood has not yet been so fortunate

as the celebrated Whittington, whom you may recollect was thrice Lord Mayor of London; but he has had the honour to serve that office during two succeeding years: he is a member of Parliament, and his exertions in behalf of the late Queen, if they have done him no great deal of good among the higher powers, are at least honourable to his heart.

"Of Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter there is but little to be said, except that he has served the office, and been a Colonel of the City Militia—led off the ball at a Jew's wedding—used to ride a white charger—and is so passionately fond of military parade, that had he continued another year in the office, the age of chivalry would certainly have been revived in the East, and knights-errant and esquires have completely superseded merchants, traders, and shopkeepers.

"Alderman Birch is an excellent pastry-cook, and that perhaps is the best thing that can be said of him: he has written some dramatic pieces; but the pastry is beyond all comparison best of the two, and he needs no other passport to fame, at least with his fellow-citizens.

"But last, though not least, under our present consideration, comes the renowned Sir William, a plain bluff John Bull; he is said to be the son of a presbyterian citizen, and was rigidly educated in his father's religion. He obtained the alderman's gown, and represented the City in the year 1790: he is a good natured, and, I believe, a good hearted man enough, though he has long been a subject for satirical wit. He was Lord Mayor in 1796: you may re-

collect what was related of him by the literary labourer we met with in the Park—anecdotes and caricatures have been published in abundance upon him: he may, however, be considered in various points of view—as an alderman and a biscuit baker—as a fisherman"—

"How!" cried TALLYHO!

"Why, as a fisherman, he is tne Polyphemus of his time.

"His rod was made out of the strongest oak,
His line a cable which no storm e'er broke,
His hook was baited with a dragon's tail,
He sat upon a rock and *bobb'd* for a whale."

"Besides which," continued DASHALL, "he is a great sailor; has a yacht of his own, and generally accompanies Royalty on aquatic excursions. I remember a laughable caricature, exhibiting the alderman in his own vessel, with a turtle suspended on a pole, with the following lines, in imitation of Black-eyed Susan, said to be written by Mr. Jekyll:—

"All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When *Castlereagh* appeared on board,
'Ah where shall I my *Curtis* find.
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my fat William sail among your crew.'"

He is a banker, a loan-monger, and a contractor, a member of Parliament, and an orator; added to which, he may be said to be a man of wit and humour—at all events he is the cause of it in others.

His first occupations have procured him great wealth, and his wit and humour great fame.

"The worthy Alderman's hospitality to the late good humoured and gossiping James Boswell, the humble follower and biographer of Dr. Johnson, is well known; and it is probable that the pleasures of the table, in which no man more joyously engaged, shortened his life. To write the life of a great man is no easy task, and to write that of a *big* one may be no less arduous. Whether the Alderman really expected to be held up to future fame by the Biographer of Johnson, cannot be very easily ascertained; however that wish and expectation, if it ever existed, was completely frustrated by the death of poor Boswell.

"I recollect to have seen some lines of the worthy Alderman, on the glorious victory of the Nile, which shew at once his patriotism, his wit, and his resolution, in that he is not to be laughed out of the memorable toast he once gave—

> "Great Nelson, in the grandest stile,
> Bore down upon the shores of Nile,
> And there obtained a famous victory,
> Which puzzled much the French Directory.
> The impudence of *them there* fellows,
> As all the newspapers do tell us,
> Had put the grand Turk in a pet,
> Which caus'd him send to Nelson an aigrette;
> Likewise a grand pelisse, a noble boon—
> Then let us hope—a *speedy* peace and *soon*.*"

* Whether the following lines are from the same hand or not, we are unable to ascertain; at least they wear a great similarity of character:

"Egad," said Bob, "if this be true, he appears to knock up rhymes almost as well as he could bake biscuits" (smothering a laugh.)

"Why," replied Dashall, "I believe that it has not been positively ascertained that these lines, which unlike other poetry, contain no fiction, but plain and undeniable matter of fact, were wholly indicted by the worthy Alderman; indeed it is not impossible but that his worship's barber might have had a hand in their composition. It would be hard indeed, if in his operations upon the Alderman's *pericranium*, he should not have absorbed some of the effluvia of the wit and genius contained therein; and in justice to this operator on his chin and *caput*, I ought to give you a specimen which was produced by him upon the election of his Lordship to the Mayoralty—

"Our present Mayor is William Curtis,
A man of weight and that *your sort is.*"

"This epigrammatic distich, which cannot be said to be destitute of point, upon being read at table, received, as it deserved, a large share of commendation; and his Lordship declared to the company present, that it had not taken his barber above three hours to produce it *extempore*."

Tallyho laughed heartily at these satirical touches upon the poor Alderman.

I give you the three glorious C's,
Our *Church, Constitution,* and *King;*
Then fill up three bumpers to three noble V's.
Wine, Women, and *Whale fish-ing.*

"However," continued Tom, "a man with plenty of money can bear laughing at, and sometimes laughs at himself, though I suspect he will hardly laugh or produce a laugh in others, by what he stated in his seat in the House of Commons, on the subject of the riots * at Knightsbridge. I suspect his wit and good humour will hardly protect him in that instance."

After taking a cursory look into the Chamberlain's Office, the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas, they took their departure from Guildhall, very well satisfied with their morning's excursion.

It was between three and four o'clock when our

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* On a motion made by Mr. Favell in the Court of Common Council, on the 21st of March, the following resolution was passed, indicative of the opinion that Court entertained of the conduct of Alderman Curtis on the occasion here alluded to:

"That Sir William Curtis, Bart. having acknowledged in his place in this Court, that a certain speech now read was delivered by him in the House of Commons, in which, among other matters which he stated respecting the late riot at Knightsbridge, he said, 'That he had been anxious that a Committee should investigate this question, because he wished to let the world know the real character of this Great Common Council, who were always meddling with matters which they had nothing to do with, and which were far above their wisdom and energy. It was from such principles they had engaged in the recent inquiry, which he would contend they had no right to enter upon. Not only was evidence selected, but questions were put to draw such answers as the party putting them desired.'

"That the conduct of Sir William Curtis, one of the representatives of this City in Parliament, has justly merited the censure and indignation of this Court and of his fellow Citizens."

friends left the Hall. Tom Dashall being upon the *qui vive*, determined to give his Cousin a *chevy* for the remainder of the day; and for this purpose, it being on a Friday, he proposed a stroll among the *Prad*-sellers in Smithfield, where, after partaking of a steak and a bottle at Dolly's, they accordingly repaired.

"You will recollect," said Tom, "that you passed through Smithfield (which is our principal cattle market) during the time of Bartholomew Fair; but you will now find it in a situation so different, that you would scarcely know it for the same place: you will now see it full of horse-jockeys, publicans, pugilists, and lads upon the lark like ourselves, who having no real business either in the purchase or sale of the commodities of the market, are watching the manners and manœuvres of those who have."

As Tom was imparting this piece of information to his attentive Cousin, they were entering Smithfield by the way of Giltspur-street, and were met by a man having much the appearance of a drover, who by the dodging movements of his stick directly before their eyes, inspired our friends so strongly with the idea of some animal being behind them which they could not see, and from which danger was to be apprehended, that they suddenly broke from each other, and fled forward for safety, at which a roar of laughter ensued from the byestanders, who perceiving the hoax, recommended the dandies to take care they did not dirty their boots, or get near the hoofs of the *prancing prads*. Tom was not much disconcerted at this

effort of practical jocularity, though his Cousin seemed to have but little relish for it.

" Come along," said Tom, catching him by the arm, and impelling him forward, " although this is not Bartholomew Fair time, you must consider all fair at the horse-fair, unless you are willing to put up with a horse-laugh."

Struggling through crowds who appeared to be buying, selling, or bargaining for the lame, the broken winded, and spavined prads of various sizes, prices, and pretensions,

" There is little difference, said Tom, " between this place as a market for horses, and any similar mart in the kingdom,

> " Here the friend and the brother
> Meet to *humbug* each other,

except that perhaps a little more refinement on the arts of *gulling* may be found ; and it is no very uncommon thing for a stolen *nag* to be offered for sale in this market almost before the knowledge of his absence is ascertained by the legal owner.—I have already given you some information on the general character of horse-dealers during our visit to Tattersal's ; but every species of trick and low chicanery is practised, of which numerous instances might be produced ; and though I admit good horses are sometimes to be purchased here, it requires a man to be perfectly upon his guard as to who he deals with, and how he deals, although the regulations of the market are, generally speaking, good."

" I *wouldn't* have him at *no* price," said a coster-

monger, who it appeared was bargaining for a donkey; "the b——y sulkey b—— von't *budge*, he's not *vorth* a fig out of a horses ——."

"I knows better *as that 'are*," cried a chimney-sweeper; "for *no* better *an't* no *vare* to be had; he's long backed and strong legged. Here, Bill, you get upon him, and give him *rump steaks*, and he'll run like the devil *a'ter* a parson."

Here Bill, a little blear-eyed chimney-sweeper, mounted the poor animal, and belaboured him most unmercifully, without producing any other effect than kicking up behind, and most effectually placing poor Bill in the mud, to the great discomfiture of the donkey seller, and the mirth of the spectators. The animal brayed, the byestanders laughed, and the bargain, like poor Bill, was *off*.

After a complete turn round Smithfield, hearing occasionally the *chaffing* of its visitants, and once or twice being nearly run over, they took their departure from this scene of bustle, bargaining, and confusion, taking their way down King-street, up Holborn Hill, and along Great Queen-street.

"Now," said Tom, "we will have a look in at Covent Garden Theatre; the Exile is produced there with great splendour. The piece is certainly got up in a style of the utmost magnificence, and maintains its ground in the theatre rather upon that score than its really interesting dialogue, though some of the scenes are well worked up, and have powerful claims upon approbation. The original has been altered, abridged, and (by some termed) amended, in order

to introduce a gorgeous coronation, a popular species of entertainment lately."

Upon entering the theatre, TALLYHO was almost riveted in attention to the performance, and the latter scene closed upon him with all its splendid pageantry before he discovered that his Cousin had given him the slip, and a dashing cyprian of the first order was seated at his elbow, with whom entering into a conversation, the minutes were not measured till DASHALL's return, who perceiving he was engaged, appeared inclined to retire, and leave the cooing couple to their apparently agreeable *tete-a-tete*. BOB, however, observing him, immediately wished his fair incognita good night, and joined his Cousin.

" D—d dull," said TOM,—" all weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

" But very grand," rejoined BOB.

" I have found nothing to look at," replied TOM; " I have hunted every part of the House, and only seen two persons I know."

" And I," said TALLYHO, " have been all the while looking at the piece."

" Which *piece* do you mean, the one beside you, or the one before you?"

" The performance—The Coronation."

" I have had so much of that," said TOM, " that finding you so close in attention to the stage, that I could get no opportunity of speaking to you, I have been hunting for other game, and have almost wearied myself in the pursuit without success; so that I am for quitting the premises, and making a call at

a once celebrated place near at hand, which used to be called the *Finish*. Come along, therefore, unless you have 'mettle more attractive;' perhaps you have some engagements?"

"None upon earth to supersede the one I have with you," was the reply. Upon which they left the House, and soon found themselves in Covent Garden Market. "This," said TOM, "has been the spot of many larks and sprees of almost all descriptions, and election wit has been as cheap in the market as any of the vegetables of the venders; but I am going to take you to a small house that has in former times been the resort of the greatest wits of the age. Sheridan, Fox, and others of their time, have not disdained to be its inmates, nor is it now deserted by the votaries of genius, though considerably altered, and conducted in a different manner: it still, however, affords much amusement and accommodation. It was formerly well known by the appellation of the *Finish*, and was not opened till a late hour in the night, and, as at the present moment, is generally shut up between 11 and 12 o'clock, and re-opened for the accommodation of the market people at 4 in the morning. The most respectable persons resident in the neighbourhood assemble to refresh themselves after the labours of the day with a glass of ale, spirits, or wine, as they draw no porter. The landlord is a pleasant fellow enough, and there is a pretty neat dressing young lass in the bar, whom I believe to be his sister—this is the house."

"House," said BOB, "why this is a deviation

from the customary buildings of London; it appears to have no up stairs rooms."

"Never mind that," continued DASHALL, "there is room enough for us, I dare say; and after your visit to the Woolpack, I suppose you can stand smoke, if you can't stand fire."

By this time they had entered the Carpenter's Arms, when turning short round the bar, they found themselves in a small room, pretty well filled with company, enjoying their glasses, and puffing their pipes: in the right hand corner sat an undertaker, who having just obtained a victory over his opposite neighbour, was humming a stave to himself indicative of his satisfaction at the result of the contest, which it afterwards appeared was for two *mighty's*;* while his opponent was shrugging up his shoulders with a feeling of a very different kind."

"It's of no use," said Jemmy,† as they called him,

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* "*Mighty*."—This high sounding title has recently been given to a *full glass* of ale,—the usual quantity of what is termed a glass being half a pint, generally supplied in a large glass which would hold more—and which when filled is consequently subjected to an additional charge.

† To those who are in the habit of frequenting the house, this gentleman will immediately be known, as he usually smokes his pipe there of an afternoon and evening.

"With his friend and his pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo still soaking his clay."

With a certain demonstration before him of the mortality of human life, he deposits the bodies of his friends and neighbours in the earth, and buries the recollection of them in a cloud,

" for you to enter the lists along with me, for you know very well *I must have you at last.*"

" And no doubt it will prove a good fit," said an elderly shoemaker of respectable appearance, who seemed to command the reverence of the company, " for all of us are subject to the *pinch.*"

" There's no certainty of his assertion, however," replied the unsuccessful opponent of *Jemmy.*

" *Surely not,*"* said another most emphatically, taking a pinch of snuff, and offering it to the shoe-

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determined, it should seem, to verify the words of the song, that

" The right end of life is to live and be jolly."

His countenance and manners seldom fail to excite risibility, notwithstanding the solemnity of his calling, and there can be little doubt but he is the *finisher* of many, after the *Finish;* he is, however, generally good humoured, communicative, and facetious, and seldom refuses to see any person in company for a *mighty,* usually concluding the result with a mirthful ditty, or a doleful countenance, according to the situation in which he is left as a winner or a loser; and in either case accompanied with a brightness of visage, or a dull dismal countenance, indicative of the event, which sets description at defiance, and can only be judged of by being seen.

* " *Surely not,*" are words in such constant use by one gentleman who is frequently to be met in this room, that the character alluded to can scarcely be mistaken: he is partial to a pinch of snuff, but seldom carries a box of his own. He is a resident in the neighbourhood, up to *snuff,* and probably, like other men, sometimes *snuffy;* this, however, without disparagement to his general character, which is that of a respectable tradesman. He is fond of a *lark,* a *bit of gig,* and an argument; has a partiality for good living, a man of feeling, and a dealer in *felt,* who wishes every one to wear the cap that fits him.

maker; for you know *Jemmy* may come to the *pinch* before *John*."

"Never mind," continued *Jemmy*, "I take my chance in this life, and sing *toll de roll loll*."

By this time our friends, being supplied with *mighties*, joined in the laugh which was going round at the witty sallies of the speakers.

"It is possible I may go first," said the undertaker, resuming his pipe; "and if I should, I can't help it."

"*Surely not*,—but I tell you what, *Jemmy*, if you are not afraid, I'll see you for two more *mighties* before I go, and I summons you to shew cause."

"*D—n your summons*,"* cried the former un-

* "*D—n your summons.*" This, as one of the company afterwards remarked, was a sore place, and uttered at a moment when the irritation was strong on the affected part. The speaker is a well known extensive dealer in the pottery, Staffordshire, and glass line, who a short time since in a playful humour caught a sovereign, tossed up by another frequenter of the room, and passed it to a third. The original possessor sought restitution from the person who took the sovereign from his hand, but was referred to the actual possessor, but refused to make the application. The return of the money was formally demanded of the man of porcelain, pitchers, and pipkins, without avail. In this state of things the loser obtained a summons against the taker, and the result, as might be expected, was compulsion to restore the lost sovereign to the loving subject, together with the payment of the customary expenses, a circumstance which had the effect of causing great anger in the mind of the dealer in brittle wares. Whether he broke any of the valuable articles in his warehouse in consequence has not been ascertained, but it appears for a time to have broken a friendship between the parties concerned: such breaches, however, are perhaps easier healed than broken or cracked *crockery*.

successful opponent of the risible undertaker, who at the word summons burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was immediately joined by all but the last speaker.

" The summons is a sore place," said Jemmy.

" *Surely not.* I did not speak to him, I spoke to you, Sir ; and I have a right to express myself as I please : if that gentleman has an antipathy to a summons, am I to be tongue-tied ? Although he may sport with *sovereigns*, he must be accountable to plebeians ; and if I summons you to shew cause, I see no reason why he should interrupt our conversation."

" *Surely not,*" was reverberated round the room, accompanied with a general laugh against the interrupter, who seizing the paper, appeared to read without noticing what was passing.

The company was now interrupted by the entrance of several strangers, and our two friends departed on their return homeward for the evening.

CHAPTER XVII.

" Roam where you will, o'er London's wide domains,
The mind new source of various feeling gains ;
Explore the giddy town, its squares, its streets,
The 'wildered eye still fresh attraction greets ;
Here spires and towers in countless numbers rise,
And lift their lofty summits to the skies ;
Wilt thou ascend ? then cast thine eyes below,
And view the motley groupes of joy and woe :
Lo ! they whom Heaven with affluence hath blest,
Scowl with cold contumely on those distrest ;
And Pleasure's maze the wealthy caitiffs thread,
While care-worn Merit asks in vain for bread ;
Yet short their weal or woe, a general doom
On all awaits,—oblivion in the tomb !"

Our heros next morning determined on a visit to their Hibernian friend and his aunt, whom they found had not yet forgot the entertainment at the Mansion-house, and which still continued to be the favorite topic of conversation. Sir Felix expressed his satisfaction that the worthy Citizens of London retained with increasing splendor their long established renown of pre-eminent distinction in the art of good living.

" And let us hope," said Dashall, " that they will not at any future period be reduced to the lamentable necessity of restraining the progress of epicurism, as in the year 1543, when the Lord

Mayor and Common Council enacted a sumptuary law to prevent luxurious eating; by which it was ordered, that the Mayor should confine himself to *seven*, Aldermen and Sheriffs to *six*, and the Sword-bearer to *four* dishes at dinner or supper, under the penalty of forty shillings for each supernumerary dish!"

"A law," rejoined the Baronet, "which voluptuaries of the present times would find more difficult of observance than any enjoined by the decalogue."

The Squire suggested the expediency of a similar enactment, with a view to productive results; for were the wealthy citizens (he observed) prohibited the indulgence of luxurious eating, under certain penalties, the produce would be highly beneficial to the civic treasury.

The FINE ARTS claiming a priority of notice, the party determined on visiting a few of the private and public Exhibitions.

London is now much and deservedly distinguished for the cultivation of the fine arts. The commotions on the continent operated as a hurricane on the productions of genius, and the finest works of ancient and modern times have been removed from their old situations to the asylum afforded by the wooden walls of Britain. Many of them have, therefore, been consigned to this country, and are now in the collections of our nobility and gentry, chiefly in and about the metropolis.

Although France may possess the greatest number of the larger works of the old masters, yet England

undoubtedly possesses the greatest portion of their first-rate productions, which is accounted for by the great painters exerting all their talents on such pictures as were not too large to be actually painted by their own hands, while in their larger works they resorted to inferior assistance. Pictures, therefore, of this kind, being extremely valuable, and at the same time portable, England, during the convulsions on the Continent, was the only place where such paintings could obtain a commensurate price. Such is the wealth of individuals in this country, that some of these pictures now described, belonging to private collections, were purchased at the great prices of ten and twelve thousand guineas each.

Amongst the many private collections of pictures, statues, &c. in the metropolis, that of the Marquis of Stafford, called the Cleveland Gallery, is the most prominent, being the finest collection of the old masters in England, and was principally selected from the works that formerly composed the celebrated Orleans Gallery, and others, which at the commencement of the French revolution were brought to this country. Thither, then, our tourists directed their progress, and through the mediation of DASHALL access was obtained without difficulty.

The party derived much pleasure in the inspection of this collection, which contains two or three fine pictures of *Raphael*, several by *Titian* and the *Caraccis*, some capital productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and some admirable productions of the English school, particularly two by *Wilson*,

one by *Turner*, and one by *Dobson*, amounting, in the whole, to 300 first-rate pictures by the first masters, admirably distributed in the new gallery, the drawing-room, the *Poussin* room (containing eight *chef d'œuvres* of that painter), the passage-room, dining-room, old anti-room, old gallery, and small room. The noble proprietor has liberally appropriated one day in the week for the public to view these pictures. The curiosity of the visitors being now amply gratified, they retired, Sir Felix much pleased with the polite attention of the domestic who conducted them through the different apartments, to whom Miss Macgilligan offered a gratuity, but the acceptance of which was, with courteous acknowledgments, declined.

Proceeding to the house of *Mr. Angerstein*, Pall Mall, our party obtained leave to inspect a collection, not numerous, but perhaps the most select of any in London, and which has certainly been formed at the greatest expense in proportion to its numbers. Among its principal ornaments are four of the finest landscapes by *Claude;* the Venus and Adonis, and the Ganymede, by *Titian*, from the Colonna palace at Rome; a very fine landscape by *Poussin*, and other works by *Velasquez*, *Rubens*, *Murillo*, and *Vandyck:* to all which is added the invaluable series of *Hogarth's* Marriage-a-la-mode.

Returning along Pall-Mall, our perambulators now reached the *Gallery of the British Institution;* a Public Exhibition, established in the year 1805, under the patronage of his late Majesty, for the

encouragement and reward of the talents of British artists, exhibiting during half of the year a collection of the works of living artists for sale; and during the other half year, it is furnished with pictures painted by the most celebrated masters, for the study of the academic and other pupils in painting. The Institution, now patronised by his present Majesty, is supported by the subscriptions of the principal nobility and gentry, and the number of pictures sold under their influence is very considerable. The gallery was first opened on April 17, 1806.

In 1813, the public were gratified by a display of the best works of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, collected by the industry and influence of the committee, from the private collections of the royal family, nobility, and gentry; and in 1814, by a collection of 221 pictures of those inimitable painters, *Hogarth, Gainsborough*, and *Wilson*.*

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* That the Fine Arts engaged not a little of the attention of the British Public during the late reign, is a fact too notorious to require proof. The establishment of the Royal Academy, in 1768, and its consequent yearly Exhibitions, awakened the observation or stimulated the vanity of the easy and the affluent, of the few who had taste, and of the many who were eager to be thought the possessors of it, to a subject already honoured by the solicitude of the sovereign. A considerable proportion of the public was thus induced to talk of painting and painters, and to sit for a portrait soon became the fashion; a fashion, strange to say, which has lasted ever since. Whether the talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds as a painter, were alone the cause of his high reputation, may, however, admit of a doubt. From an early period of life, he had the good fortune to be

Since then they have regularly two annual exhibitions; one, of the best works of the old masters, for the improvement of the public taste, and knowledge of the artists, varied by some of the deceased British artists, alternately with that on their old plan of the exhibition and sale of the works of living artists.

The directors of this laudable Institution have also exhibited and procured the loan for study, of one or two of the inimitable cartoons of *Raphael* for their students. An annual private exhibition of their studies also takes place yearly; the last of which displayed such a degree of merit as no society or academy in Europe could equal.

Sir Felix, who on a former occasion had expressed a wish to acquire the art of verse-writing, was so much satisfied with his inspection of this exhibition,

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associated in friendship with several of the most eminent literary characters of the age; amongst whom there were some whose high rank and personal consequence in the country greatly assisted him to realize one leading object which he had in view, that of uniting in himself (perhaps for the first time in the person of an English painter) the artist and the man of fashion. From his acknowledged success in the attainment of this object, tending as it did to the subversion of ancient prejudices degrading to art, what beneficial effects might not have resulted, had the President exerted his influence to sustain the dignity of the artist in others! But satisfied with the place in society which he himself had gained, he left the rest of the Academy to follow his example, if they could, seldom or never mixing with them in company, and contenting himself with the delivery of an annual lecture to the students. Genius is of spontaneous growth, but education, independence, and never-ceasing opportunity, are necessary to its full developement

that he became equally emulous of attaining the sister-art of painting; but DASHALL requested him to suspend at present his choice, as perhaps he might alternately prefer the acquisition of music.

"In that case," rejoined the Baronet, "I must endeavour to acquire the knack of rhyming extempore, that I may accompany the discordant music with correspondent doggerels to the immortal memory of the heroic achievements of my revered Aunt's mighty progenitor—O'Brien king of Ulster."

This expression of contempt cast by the Baronet on the splendor of the ancient provincial sovereign of the north, had nearly created an open rupture between his aunt and him. TALLYHO, however, happily succeeded in effecting an amnesty for the past, on promise under his guarantee of amendment for the future.

The party now migrated by Spring Garden Gate into the salubrious regions of St. James's Park, and crossing its eastern extremity, took post of observation opposite the Horse Guards, an elegant building of stone, that divides Parliament-street from St. James's Park, to which it is the principal entrance. The architect was Ware, and the building cost upwards of £30,000. It derives its name from the two regiments of Life Guards (usually called the Horse Guards) mounting guard there.

"Here is transacted," said DASHALL, "all the business of the British army in a great variety of departments, consisting of the Commander-in-Chief's Office,—the Offices of the Secretary-at-War,—the

Adjutant-General's Office,—the Quarter-Master-General's Office,—besides the Orderly Rooms for the three regiments of Foot Guards, whose arms are kept here. These three regiments, containing about 7000 men, including officers, and two regiments of Horse Guards, consisting together of 1200 men, at once serve as appendages to the King's royal state, and form a general military establishment for the metropolis. A body called the Yeomen of the Guard, consisting of 100 men, remains a curious relic of the dress of the King's guards in the fifteenth century. Some Light Horse are stationed at the Barracks in Hyde Park, to attend his Majesty, or other members of the Royal Family, chiefly in travelling; and to do duty on occasions immediately connected with the King's administration.

"On the left is the Admiralty (anciently Wallingford House), containing the offices and apartments of the Lords Commissioners who superintend the marine department of this mighty empire.

"On the right is the Treasury and Secretary of State's Offices. Here, in fact, is performed the whole State business of the British Empire. In one building is directed the movements of those fleets, whose thunders rule every sea, and strike terror into every nation. In the centre is directed the energies of an army, hitherto invincible in the field, and which, number for number, would beat any other army in the world. Adjoining are the executive departments with relation to civil and domestic con-

cerns, to foreign nations, and to our exterior colonies. And to finish the groupe, here is that wonderful Treasury, which receives and pays above a hundred millions per annum."

Entering Parliament-street from the Horse-Guards, our perambulators now proceeded to Westminster-bridge,* which passing, they paid a visit to Coade and Sealy's Gallery of Artificial Stone, Westminster-bridge-road.

This place contains a great variety of elegant models from the antique and modern masters, of statues, busts, vases, pedestals, monuments, architectural and sculptural decorations, modelled and baked on a composition harder and more durable than any stone.

Animadverting on the utility of this work combining the taste of elegance with the advantage of permanent wear, the two friends, Tom and Bob, recollected

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* *Westminster Bridge.* This bridge was built between the years 1730 and 1750, and cost £389,000. It is 1223 feet long, and 44 feet wide; containing 14 piers, and 13 large, and two small semicircular arches; and has on its top 28 semi-octangular towers, twelve of which are covered with half domes. The two middle piers contain each 3000 solid feet, or 200 tons of Portland stone. The middle arch is 76 feet wide, the two next 72 feet, and the last 25 feet. The free-water way between the piers is 870 feet. This bridge is esteemed one of the most beautiful in the world. Every part is fully and properly supported, and there is no false bearing or false joint throughout the whole structure; as a remarkable proof of which, we may quote the extraordinary echo of its corresponding towers, a person in one being able to hear the whispers of a person opposite, though at the distance of nearly 50 feet.

having seen, in their rambles through the metropolis, many specimens of the perfection of this ingenious art, particularly at Carlton-House, the Pelican Office, Lombard-street, and almost all the public halls. The statues of the four quarters of the world, and others at the Bank, at the Admiralty, Trinity House, Tower-hill, Somerset-place, the Theatres; and almost every street presents objects, (some of 20 years standing,) as perfect as when put up.

Retracing their steps homewards, our pedestrians again crossed the Park, and finding themselves once more in Spring Gardens, entered the Exhibition Room of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

This, beyond any other gratification of the morning, pleased the party the most. The vivid tints of the various well-executed landscapes had a pleasing effect, and wore more the appearance of nature than any similar display of the fascinating art which they had hitherto witnessed.

This Society, which was formed in 1804, for the purpose of giving due emphasis to an interesting branch of art that was lost in the blaze of Somerset-House, where water-colours, however beautiful, harmonized so badly with paintings in oil, has, in its late exhibitions, deviated from its original and legitimate object, and has mixed with its own exquisite productions various pictures in oil.

The last annual exhibition of painting in oil and water colours, was as brilliant and interesting as any former one, and afforded unmixed pleasure to every visitor.

One more attraction remained in Spring Gardens, which Tom, who had all the morning very ably performed the double duty of conductor and explainer, proposed the company's visiting;—"That is," said he, "Wigley's Promenade Rooms, where are constantly on exhibition various objects of curiosity."

Thither then they repaired, and were much pleased with two very extraordinary productions of ingenuity, the first Mr. Theodon's grand *Mechanical and Picturesque Theatre*, illustrative of the effect of art in imitation of nature, in views of the Island of St. Helena, the City of Paris, the passage of Mount St. Barnard, Chinese artificial fireworks, and a storm at sea. The whole was conducted on the principle of perspective animation, in a manner highly picturesque, natural, and interesting.

Here also our party examined the original model of a newly invented *travelling automaton*, a machine which can, with ease and accuracy, travel at the rate of six miles an hour, ascend acclivities, and turn the narrowest corners, by machinery only, conducted by one of the persons seated within, without the assistance of either horse or steam.

This extraordinary piece of mechanism attracted the particular attention of the Baronet, who minutely explored its principles, with the view, as he said, of its introduction to general use, in the province of Munster, in substitution of ricketty jaunting-cars and stumbling geldings. Miss Judith Macgilligan likewise condescended to honour this novel carriage with her approbation, as an economical im-

provement, embracing, with its obvious utility, a vast saving in the keep of horses, and superseding the use of jaunting-cars, the universal succedaneum, in Ireland, for more respectable vehicles; but which, she added, no lady of illustrious ancestry should resort to.

This endless recurrence to noble descent elicited from Sir Felix another "palpable hit;" who observed, that those fastidious dames of antiquity, to whatever country belonging, of apparent asperity to the present times, would do well in laying aside unfounded prejudices; that the age to which Miss Macgilligan so frequently alluded, was one of the most ignorant barbarism; and the unpolished females of that day unequal to a comparison with those of the present, as much so, as the savage squaws of America with the finished beauties of an Irish Vicegerent's drawing-room.*

Re-entering St. James's Park, our party directed their course towards the Mall, eastward of which they were agreeably amused by the appearance of groupes of children, who, under the care of attendant nursery maids, were regaling themselves with milk

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* The pride of ancestry, although prevalent in Ireland, is not carried to the preposterous excess exemplified by Cambrian vanity and egotism. A gentleman lately visited a friend in Wales, who, among other objects of curiosity, gratified his guest with the inspection of his family genealogical tree, which, setting at naught the minor consideration of antediluvian research, bore in its centre this notable inscription,—*About this time the world was created!!!*

from the cow, thus presenting to these delighted juveniles a rural feast in the heart of the metropolis.

Here DASHALL drew the attention of his friends to a very important improvement. "Until within these few months," said he, "the Park at night-fall presented a very *sombre* aspect; being so imperfectly lighted as to encourage the resort of the most depraved characters of both sexes; and although, in several instances, a general caption, by direction of the police, was made of these nocturnal visitants, yet the evil still remained; when a *brilliant* remedy at last was found, by entirely irradiating the darkness hitherto so favourable to the career of licentiousness: these lamps, each at a short distance from the other, have been lately introduced; stretching along the Mall, and circumscribing the Park, they shed a noontide splendor on the solitude of midnight. They are lighted with *gas*, and continue burning from sunset to day-break, combining ornament with utility. Thus vice has been banished from her wonted haunts, and the Park has become a respectable evening promenade.

"This Park," continued the communicative DASHALL, "which is nearly two miles in circuit, was enclosed by King Charles II., who planted the avenues, made the Canal and the Aviary adjacent to the Bird-cage Walk, which took its name from the cages hung in the trees; but the present fine effect of the piece of ground within the railing, is the fruit of the genius of the celebrated Mr. Brown."*

* St. James's Park was the frequent promenade of King

The party now seated themselves on one of the benches in the Mall, opposite the spot where lately stood the Chinese or Pagoda bridge. TALLYHO had often animadverted on the absurdity of the late inconvenient and heterogeneous wooden structure, which had been erected at a considerable public expense; its dangling non-descript ornaments, and

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Charles II. Here he was to be seen almost daily; unattended, except by one or two of his courtiers, and his favorite greyhounds; intermixing with his subjects, in perfect confidence of their loyalty and attachment. His brother James one day remonstrating with him on the impolicy of thus exposing his person,—"James," rejoined his majesty, "take care of yourself, and be under no apprehension for me: my people will never kill ME, to make YOU king!"

In more recent times, Mr. Charles Townsend used every morning, as he came to the Treasury, to pass by the Canal in the Park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the duckey, duckey, duckies, he found unfortunately that he had forgotten them;—"Poor duckies!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you some bread, but here is sixpence for you to buy some," and threw the ducks a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very wisely told the story to some gentlemen with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the body of a duck, which he gave Charles to cut up. Our hero, surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning, bade the waiter send up his master, whom he loaded with epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly that he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," said he, "gentlemen, this very morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the Canal in St. James's Park."

tiresome acclivity and descent of forty steps each. "What," said he, "notwithstanding the protection by centinels of this precious *memento* of vitiated taste, has it become the prey of dilapidation?"

"Rather," answered DASHALL, "of premature decay. Its crazy condition induced the sage authors of its origin to hasten its destruction; like the Cherokee chief, who, when the object of his regard becomes no longer useful, buries him alive!"

Contrasting the magnificent appearance of the adjacent edifices, as seen from the Park, with one of apparently very humble pretensions, Miss Macgilligan inquired to what purpose the "shabby fabric" was applied, and by whom occupied."

"That 'shabby fabric,' Madam," responded DASHALL, "is *St. James's Palace*, erected by Henry VIII., in which our sovereigns of England have held their Courts from the reign of Queen Anne to that of his late Majesty George III."*

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* The state apartments, now renovated, comprehend six chambers. The first is the guard chamber, at the top of the stairs: this has been entirely repaired, and on the right hand there is a characteristic chimney-piece, instead of the ill-shaped clumsy fire-place which previously disgraced this approach to the grand rooms. The next room, continuing to advance, is the presence chamber. This chamber has been remodelled, and a large handsome octagonal window introduced. This produces the best effect, and has rendered a gloomy room very light and cheerful. The privy chamber, which forms the eastern end of the great suite that runs from east to west, parallel to the Mall in the Park, and is, strictly speaking, the immediate scene of the Court; this is entirely

The descendant of O'Brien was astonished, and connecting her ideas of the internal show of this

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new from the foundation, and is a continuation of the old suite of state apartments. The chamber is of noble dimensions, being nearly 70 feet in length, and having four windows towards the garden and Park beyond. A magnificent marble chimney-piece occupies the centre, on the east end. The anti-drawing-room and the drawing-room, in which little alteration appears, except in the introduction of splendid chimney-pieces of statuary marble, taken from the library of Queen Caroline in the Stable Yard, built by Kent. The workmanship of these is amazingly fine, and the designs very rich. The throne is at the upper end of the drawing room No. 5, and from the chimney of the room No. 3, the vista through the middle doors of the anti-drawing-rooms is about 200 feet!! The *coup d'œil* must be indescribably grand, when all the three apartments are filled with rank and beauty. The ceilings of the principal rooms, 3, 4, and 5, are coved upon handsome cornices, carved and gilt. This gives the apartments a spacious and lofty appearance; and there being four large windows in each, the whole suite is very imposing. The rooms are to be fitted with mirrors, and a noble collection of the royal pictures. Over the chimney in the drawing-room, Lawrence's splendid portrait of George IV., surrounded by the fine old carvings of Grinling Gibbons, of which many are preserved in the Palace, will be the principal object. In the anti-drawing-room a portrait of the venerable George III. will occupy a similar station; and on each side will appear the victories which reflected the highest lustre on his reign,—*Trafalgar* and *Waterloo*. In the privy chamber, a portrait of Queen Anne will be attended by the great Marlborough triumphs of *Lisle* and *Tournay*, *Blenheim*, and other historical pieces. Other spaces will exhibit a series of royal portraits, from the period of the founder of the Palace, Henry VIII. to the present era; including, of course, some of the most celebrated works of Holbein and

Palace with its outward appearance, doubted not, secretly, that it was far inferior to the residence, in former times, of her royal progenitor.

Probably guessing her thoughts, DASHALL proceeded to observe, that the Palace was venerable from age, and in its interior decoration that it fully corresponded in splendor with the regal purposes to which it had been so long applied; "It is now, however," he added, "about to assume a still more imposing aspect, being under alterations and adornments, for the reception of the Court of his present Majesty, which, when completed, will render it worthy the presence of the Sovereign of this great Empire."

Vandyke. The unrivalled "Charles on horseback," by the latter, is among the number, and the gallery, altogether, must be inestimable, even as a panorama of the arts in England for three centuries. On the whole, these state apartments, when completed, will not be excelled, if equalled, by any others in Europe. Holbein, whom we have just mentioned, was a favourite of Henry VIII. One day, when the painter was privately drawing a lady's picture for the king, a nobleman forced himself into the chamber. Holbein threw him down stairs; the peer cried out; Holbein bolted himself in, escaped over the roof of the house, and running directly to the king, fell on his knees, and besought his majesty to pardon him, without declaring the offence. The king promised to forgive him, if he would tell the truth. Immediately arrives the lord with his complaint. After hearing the whole, his majesty said to the nobleman,—"You have behaved in a manner unworthy of your rank. I tell you, of seven peasants I can make so many lords, but not one Holbein. Be gone, and remember this, if you ever presume to avenge yourself, I shall look on an injury you do to the painter as done to me."

The sole use made lately of St. James's Palace, is for purposes of state. In 1808, the south-eastern wing of the building was destroyed by fire; the state apartments were, however, uninjured, and the Court of George the Third and his Queen was held here.

On the right of the Palace, the attention of the party was next attracted by Marlborough House. It was built in the reign of Queen Anne, by the public, at the expense of 40,000*l.* on part of the royal gardens, and given by the Queen and Parliament, on a long lease, to the great Duke of Marlborough. It is a handsome building, much improved of late years, and has a garden extending to the Park, and forms a striking contrast to the adjoining Palace of St. James's. It is now the town residence of his Royal Highness, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg.

Our party now passed into St. James's-street, where Miss Macgilligan, whose acerbitude of temper had been much softened by the politeness of her friends during the morning's ramble, mentioned, that she had a visit to make on an occasion of etiquette, and requesting the honour of the gentlemen's company to dinner, she was handed by the Squire of Belville-hall, with all due gallantry and obeisance, into a hackney-chariot; Tom in the meanwhile noting its number, in the anticipation of its ultimately proving a requisite precaution.

The trio, now left to their own pursuits, lounged leisurely up St. James's-street, and pausing at the caricature shop, an incident occurred which placed in a very favorable point of view the Baronet's promp-

titude of reply and equanimity of temper. Having had recourse to his glasses, he stood on the pavement, examining the prints, unobservant of any other object; when a porter with a load brushed hastily forward, and coming in contact with the BARONET, put him, involuntarily, by the violence of the shock, to the left about face, without the word either of caution or command. "Damn your spectacles!" at same time, exclaimed the fellow; "Thank you, my good friend," rejoined Sir Felix,—"it is not the first time that my spectacles have saved my eyes!"

Remarking on this rencounter, DASHALL observed, that the insolence of these fellows was become really a public nuisance. Armed in the panoply of arrogance, they assume the right of the footway, to the ejection, danger, and frequent injury of other passengers; moving in a direct line with loads that sometimes stretch on either side the width of the pavement, they dash onward, careless whom they may run against, or what mischief may ensue. "I would not," continued DASHALL, "class them with beasts of burthen, and confine them to the carriage-way of the street, like other brutes of that description; but I would have them placed under the control of some salutary regulations, and humanized under the dread of punishment."

The Squire coincided with his friend in opinion, and added, by way of illustration, that it was only a few days since he witnessed a serious accident occasioned by the scandalous conduct of a porter: the

fellow bore on his shoulders a chest of drawers, a corner of which, while he forced his way along the pavement, struck a young lady a stunning blow on the head, bringing her violently to the ground, and falling against a shop window, one of her hands went through a pane of glass, by which she was severely cut; thus sustaining a double injury, either of which might have been attended with fatal consequences.

The three friends had now gained the fashionable lounge of Bond-street, whence turning into Conduit-street, they entered Limmer's Coffee-house, for the purpose of closing, by refreshment, the morning's excursion.

Here DASHALL recognized an old acquaintance in the person of an eminent physician, who, after an interchange of civilities, resumed his attention to the daily journals.

In the same box with this gentleman, and directly opposite, sat another, whose health was apparently on the decline, who finding that the ingenious physician had occasionally dropped into this coffee-house, had placed himself *vis-a-vis* the doctor, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw his attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his (the invalid's) constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: "Doctor," said he, "I have for a long time been very far from being well, and as I belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I would be glad

to remove them."—The doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded. "I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly; I have a strange swimming in my head," &c. In short, after giving the doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms, he concluded the state of his case with a direct question:—"Pray, doctor, what shall I take?" The doctor, in the act of resuming the newspaper, gave him the following laconic prescription:—"Take, why, take advice!"

This colloquy, and its ludicrous result, having been perfectly audible to the company present, afforded considerable entertainment, of which the manœuvring invalid seemed in no degree willing to partake, for he presently made his *exit*, without even thanking the doctor for his gratuitous advice.*

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* Limmer's Hotel.—This justly esteemed Hotel was much frequented by the late unfortunate Lord Camelford. Entering the coffee-room one evening, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the papers of the day. Soon after came in a "dashing fellow," a "first-rate blood," who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with Lord C., and in a most consequential tone hallowed out, "Waiter! bring in a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them in the next box." He then drew to him Lord C.'s candle, and set himself to read. His Lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his para-

The repast ended, the friends separated; Sir Felix to rejoin his august relative at their lodgings, and arrange with her preparations for the entertainment of Tom and Bob, and these two gentlemen also returning homewards to dress for the important occasion.

Passing the house of his tailor, the Baronet stept in, and desired Mr. Snip to send to his lodgings, any time in the course of the evening, for the last new suit, for the purpose of alteration, as had been already pointed out.

Miss Macgilligan had preceded her nephew in reaching home, and gave him, on his arrival, an appropriate and edifying lecture on a three-fold subject, embracing—petulancy,—respect to superiors,—and veneration for the memory of our ancestors.

The Baronet, who never designed seriously to insult his aunt, but merely to have a bye-blow at her prominent foible,—pride of descent,—listened with

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graph, called out in a mimic tone to that of Mr ——, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which Mr. —— was, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow, that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?"—"Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter.—"Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence—"Lord Camelford!!! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually stole away, without daring to taste his Madeira.

becoming deference to her dissertation, which was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, (the same who on a certain occasion confided to Mother Cummings the safety of his master's property,*)—" The tailor's boy, Sir Felix, for the new suit your Honor ordered to be altered."—" Very Well," rejoined Sir Felix," sure enough Mr. Snip is prompt in observance of instructions,—let the lad have the suit immediately."—This business having been despatched, Miss Macgilligan was about to resume her admonitory discourse; when, luckily, the arrival of the expected guests prevented its continuance, and it was consequently postponed until a more favourable opportunity.

Dinner was shortly announced, during which nothing occurred of particular import. When the exhilirating " Tuscan grape" had superseded the discarded viands, Miss Macgilligan mentioned, that she had been grossly imposed upon by the driver of the hackney-chariot. It seems, that conceiving Jehu was exacting more than his fare, the lady, presenting a handful of silver, told him to *take it all, if he thought proper*, and the conscientious knight of the whip had actually embraced the offer in its literal acceptation, and pocketing the money, made the best of his way, before she recovered from the surprise occasioned by this " *iniquitous*" transaction.

" *Iniquitous!*" repeated the BARONET;—" by the powers of folly but there was no advantage taken at all, at all; and the man must have been worse

* Vide page 205.

than an idiot had he rejected so liberal an offer! Gramachree, he might cry, and thanks to the donor, such opportunities don't occur every day."

Appealing to her guests, she had the mortification of finding the opinion of her nephew supported.—"Certainly, madam," said DASHALL, "the conduct of the man in putting a construction not meant upon your word, was highly reprehensible; yet I am afraid that redress is unavailable. A gift was implied, though obviously not intended, but impartially speaking, you tendered a donation, and the man, if not morally right, was legally justifiable in accepting it."

While this case was under discussion, the baronet chuckled at the mischance of his aunt, and in defiance of the admonition given him a few hours before, seemed more petulant, less respectful, and totally irreverent of his ancestors.

In the enjoyment of this triumph, and asserting that *he* could not be *taken-in*, even by the most artfully conducted manœuvre, he was struck dumb by the information that Mr. Snip the tailor had called for the new suit. "The devil fly over the hill of Howth with him!" exclaimed the astounded Sir Felix, with a secret foreboding of evil, "has he not had the new suit, hours ago?"

"He says not, sir," answered the servant.

"Where then, in the name of mystery," rejoined the baronet, "are the clothes gone to? They were sent by his boy, where they not?"

"He denies, sir," responded the servant, "that he sent for the clothes at all at all."

"*Sowl* of my grandmother! send in this snip of a tailor instantaneously."

DASHALL immediately surmised a fraud, and the statement of Snip converted suspicion into fact.

Mr. Snip repeated, that he had not sent for the clothes; and neither did he keep a boy; but he recollected that there was a lad in his shop purchasing some trifling article at the time Sir Felix gave his address, and ordered the new suit to be sent for; and there is no doubt, added Snip, that this young adept, being thus put in the way of successfully practising a fraud, gladly availed himself of the opportunity, and obtained possession of the clothes in my name. But, Sir Felix (continued Mr. Snip) it must have escaped your recollection when you sanctioned the delivery of the clothes, that I had particularly cautioned you, when you first honoured me with your custom, against your sending to my house any articles of apparel by pretended messengers from me, unless on the authority of my own hand writing.

"I exonerate you," said the baronet, "from censure, and exempt you from loss. I have been swindled. There is now no remedy. So make me another suit, and by stricter vigilance, we shall endeavour to avoid future depredation."*

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* This is amongst the inferior classes of fraud daily practised in the metropolis. The following is one of a first rate description.

SWINDLING.—A case most ingeniously contrived and successfully carried into execution on Saturday last, is scarcely to be equalled on the records of fraud. It was equal to that

It was now Miss Macgilligan's turn to triumph, but, to the surprise and relief of her nephew, she did not avail herself of the privilege; sensible, perhaps, that the loss which *she* sustained, was occasioned by her own imprudence, and that *his* misfor-

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practised on Rundle and Bridge, the jewellers, some time ago, but the present case is only at the expense of four costly gold watches. The swindler, who called himself Mr. Winter, is rather above the middle size, was dressed in a brown frock coat, wears long whiskers, and is well calculated for imposition in address and manner. A house in Southampton-street, Strand, occupied by Mr. Holt, the barrister, having been advertised to be let, Mr. Winter called about it several times last week, and he appointed Saturday last to call with some ladies, when he could give a final answer; and the servants were desired, if the occupants were from home, to shew the *gentleman* and his party into the dining-room. Having secured this point, Mr. Winter called upon Mr. Ely, a jeweller, at the latter end of the week, and after looking over some trifles, in the shop, he desired that some ladies' watches might be brought to his *residence*, No. 5, Southampton-street, at a certain hour on Saturday, for inspection. The swindler called some time before the jeweller was expected, and inquired if the ladies who were to meet him there had called, and being informed in the negative, he affected surprise, and desired them to be informed of his arrival when they came. He was shewn into the front drawing-room, but he preferred the adjoining room, and desired the servant to shew a gentleman, who would call, into the front room, and let him know when he arrived. The jeweller was to his time with the goods, and Mr. Winter paid him a visit, and after looking over the goods, he selected four watches, worth 100*l.* to shew the ladies in the next room, instead of which he took his hat, and walked off with the watches. After waiting till out of patience, the jeweller rang the bell, and the servant missed Mr. Winter, who had promised her servitude the landlord his new tenant, and the jeweller his watches!

tune might have happened to those even the most guarded against deception, she consoled instead of recriminating. The most perfect unanimity now prevailed between the two relatives; and the evening passed on with increased pleasure. The unexpected migration of the new suit led to conversation on the frauds of London, when DASHALL justly observed, that if the ingenuity exemplified in depredation was exercised in honest industry, in place of being now the pest, many of those men might have been the ornaments of Society.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Tho' village delights may charm for a time,
With hunting, with cricket, with trap-ball and such!
The rambles in London are *bang-up* and *prime*,
And never can tire or trouble us much;
'Tis a life of variety, frolic, and fun:
Rove which way you will, right or left, up or down,
All night by the *gas*, and all day by the sun,
Sure no joys can compare with the joys of the town."

Our two friends, in consequence of some allusions made by the company at the Finish, on a preceding day, to a house of great theatrical celebrity in Drury-lane, resolved on a visit the following evening; and it may here be necessary to introduce such of our readers as are not in the secret, to the same.

The Harp, opposite Drury-lane Theatre, is well known as the resort of theatrical amateurs and professors; but those who have not had an opportunity of visiting its interior, can scarcely form an idea of the mirth, wit, and humour constantly displayed within its walls. The circumstance here alluded to, though not exactly introduced in point of time, is

one which generally takes place once in three years; viz. the election of a Mayor to represent the now CITY OF LUSHINGTON, an event which is attended with as much of bustle, interest, and whimsicality, as a popular election for a member of Parliament. The generality of the persons who are frequent visitors to the house are termed *Harponians*, and by due qualification become citizens of LUSHINGTON. Although we cannot give a true and circumstantial history of this ancient city, we doubt not our numerous readers will discover that its title is derived from an important article in life, commonly called *Lush*. The four wards are also appropriately titled, as symbolical of the effects which are usually produced by its improper application. On entering the room, the first corner on the right hand is *Suicide Ward*, and derives its appellation from a society so named, in which each member is bound by an oath, that however he might feel inclined to lay violent hands upon his glass, he would not lay violent hands upon his own existence.

The left hand corner has also a name as appropriate as its neighbour, being called *Poverty Ward*; so termed from its vicinity to the door, and the ease with which a citizen, whose *tanner case* * and *toggery* † are out of repair, may make his *entree* and *exit*, without subjecting himself to the embarrassing gaze and scrutiny of his more fortunate fel-

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* *Tanner case*—a pocket.

† *Toggery*—cloathing.

low-citizens. *Juniper Ward*, which is directly opposite to *Poverty Ward*, may in a moral point of view be said to mark the natural gradation from the one to the other. Whether these wards are so placed by the moral considerations of the ingenious citizens or not, we are at present unable to learn; but we have discovered that *Juniper Ward* is so called in consequence of a club, consisting of seven citizens, who bound themselves to meet every evening exactly on the spot, taking each upon himself to defray the expense of *blue ruin* for the whole party on each evening alternately.

In the corner directly opposite to *Suicide Ward* is *Lunatic Ward*, indicative no doubt of the few steps there are between the one and the other: hence the four corner pillars of this ancient and honourable city are replete with moral instruction to the wise and discriminating part of society.

Each of these wards, like the wards of the City of London, has its alderman, and no doubt can be entertained of their being ably represented, as well as their rights and privileges being well secured and sustained.

A gentleman who is well known and highly respected for his abilities and attentions as theatrical agent, which character he has sustained for many years, is high bailiff, and at proper periods issues his writ in the following form:—

"City of Lushington, (to wit.)

"The high bailiff having received a requisition to convene a meeting for the purpose of nominating aldermen to represent the

different wards, and from them to elect a mayor for the above city for the year ensuing ;

" The high bailiff, in pursuance thereof, fixes Saturday the 22d December inst. to nominate for the purpose aforesaid, and from thence proceed to the election, which election is to continue till the following Monday, being the 24th, when the poll is to be closed.

" Given under my hand, this 18th day of December, 1821.

(Signed) " F. SIMS, high bailiff."

" *Lushington Hall.*"

" The election to commence at 7 o'clock ; the poll to be closed at half-past 10."

After this official notice, preparations are made in due form for the election, and in the fitting up of the hustings the most skilful and ingenious artists are selected from the several wards, while the candidates are employed in forming their committees, and canvassing their friends and fellow-citizens, each of them professing an intention to intersect the city with canals of *sky blue*, to reduce the price of *heavy wet*, and to cultivate plantations of the *weed*, to be given away for the benefit and advantage of the community, thereby to render taxation useless, and the comforts of life *comeatable* by all ranks and degrees of society. To take the burthensome load of *civic state* upon themselves, in order that their friends and neighbours may be *free ;* that independence may become universal, and that the suffrages of the people may be *beyond controul ;* nor can it be doubted but these professions are made with as much sincerity as many of a similar nature in larger cities, and in situations of much greater importance.

"For quacks profess the nation's ills to cure,
To mend small fortunes, and set up the poor;
And oft times neatly make their projects known,
By mending not the public's, but their own.
The poor indeed may prove their watchful cares,
That nicely sift and weigh their mean affairs,
From scanty earnings nibbling portions small,
As mice, by bits, steal cheese with rind and all;
But why should statesmen for mechanics carve,
What are they fit for but to work and starve."

It is, however, proper to observe, that in the City of Lushington there are no sinecures, no placemen and pensioners, to exhaust the treasury; honour is the grand inducement for the acceptance of office, and highly honour'd are those who are fortunate enough to obtain the marks of distinction to which they aspire.

The oath administered upon such occasions is of a most serious and solemn nature; which, however, notwithstanding the conscientious scruples of the voters, must be taken with suitable gravity before they can be permitted to poll; being in substance nearly as follows:—

"I (A. B.) do swear that I have been an inhabitant of the *City of Lushington* for the space of —— years; and that I have taken within its walls —— pots of porter, —— glasses of *jackey*, and smoked —— pipes; (the blanks are filled in according to circumstances); that is to say, one pot of *heavy wet*, one glass of *juniper*, and one loading of *weed* at least annually; have been the cause of such acts in others, or have been present when such acts have been performed; and that I have not polled at this election."

This oath is sworn with all due solemnity, by kissing the foot of a broken glass, and the vote is then recorded.

Tom and Bob, who had so little previous intimation of this important event, were informed as they proceeded to the scene of action, by a friend of one of the candidates, that the election was strongly contested between *Sir William Sims*, the son of the worthy high bailiff, *Sir Benjamin Rosebud*, *Jessamine Sweetbriar*, *Sir Peter Paul*, and *Peregrine Foxall*, the silver-toned orator, strongly supported by the *Tag Rag and Bobtail Club*. Sir Frederick Atkinson introduced and proposed by the *Marquis of Huntley*, a well known sporting character from the county of Surrey, and Mr Alderman *Whetman*, of *Lushington* notoriety. The door of the house was well guarded by the posse comitatis, armed with staves, emblematical of the renowned city to which they belonged, and decorated with the favors of the different candidates by whom they were employed, or whose interest they espoused. The staves, instead of the crown, were surmounted by quartern measures, and produced a most *striking* and novel effect, as they appeared to be more reverenced and respected than that gaudy bauble which is a representative of Royalty.

At the moment of our friends entrance, large bodies of voters were brought up by canvassing parties from the surrounding habitations, with colours flying, and were introduced in succession to poll;

and as time was fast escaping, every one was active in support of his favourite candidate. All was bustle and anxiety, and Tom and Bob approached the hustings with two chimney-sweepers, a hackney-coachman, and three light bearers, *alias* link-carriers, from Covent Garden Theatre. Having polled for *Sir William Sims*, who very politely returned thanks for the honour conferred on him, standing room was provided for them by the inhabitants of *Lunatic Ward*, who it should seem like others under the influence of the moon, have their lucid intervals, and who upon this occasion displayed a more than usual portion of sanity, mingled with good humour and humanity.

In this quarter of the city, where our friends expected to find distracted, or at least abstracted intellect, they were very pleasingly disappointed at discovering they were associated with reasonable and intelligent beings; although some of them, fatigued by their exertions during the election, were so strongly attacked by *Somnus*, that notwithstanding the bustle with which they were surrounded, they occasionally dropped into the arms of the drowsy god, and accompanied the proceedings with a snore, till again roused to light and life by some more wakeful inhabitant.

At the appointed time, the high bailiff announced the election closed, and after an examination of the votes, declared the choice to have fallen on Sir William, a circumstance which drew forth a unanimous burst of approbation, long, loud, and deep, which in a few moments being communicated to

those without. This was as cordially and as vociferously answered by anxious and admiring crowds.

The influx of citizens, upon the event being known, to hear the speeches of the different candidates, choaked up every avenue to the hustings, and beggars all description; the inimitable pencil of a Hogarth could hardly have done justice to the scene, and a Common Hall of the City of London might be considered a common fool to it; every voter had a right, established that right, and enjoyed it. Here stood the well-dressed *Corinthian* in his *bang-up toggery*, alongside of a man in armour, one of the Brazier's Company, armed with a pot-lid and a spit, and decorated with a jack-chain round his neck. There stood a *controller of the prads*, a *Jarvey*, in close conversation with one of the lighters of the world, with his torch in hand. A *flue faker* in one corner, was endeavouring to explain a distinction between smoke and gas to a lamplighter, who declared it as his opinion, "that the City of Lushington,—at all times a luminous and deservedly revered City,—had had more light thrown upon it that election, by the introduction of the link carriers, than it ever had before; and likewise that his dissertation on smoke and gas was not worth one puff from his pipe."

In the midst of this bustle, noise and confusion, it was some time before the high bailiff could obtain silence; when Sir William made his appearance on the hustings, and in language well suited for the occasion, declared the heartfelt gratitude he entertained for the high and distinguished honour so hand-

somely conferred upon him, with his determination never to lose sight of the invaluable rights and privileges of his constituents, assuring them they were welcome to indulge themselves with any thing the house afforded. He next complimented his opponents on the very gentlemanlike way in which the election had been conducted, and alluded most emphatically to the introduction of those voters who endeavour to lighten the darkness of the world, the link-carriers, who by their manners and conduct had become on that occasion as it were *links of a chain*, which in point of friendship, good humour and independence, he sincerely hoped would never be broken. Rapturous applause followed this speech, which notwithstanding the almost overpowering load of gratitude with which the speaker was burthened, was given with good emphasis and corresponding effect.

The other candidates returned thanks to those of their fellow-citizens who had supported their interest; and no one seeming inclined to call for a scrutiny, Sir William took the official oath, and was invested with the cloathing of magistracy, which being done, Mr. Alderman Whetman arose to address the mayor.

The well known ability usually displayed by this gentleman, his patriotic zeal, and undeviating integrity, commanded immediate silence, while he informed the chief magistrate of a circumstance which had recently occurred, and which left one of the wards unrepresented, by a worthy alderman who in consequence of accepting an office in the board of controul, had by the laws of Lushington vacated his

seat. An explanation being demanded, it appeared that the worthy alderman had become a deputy manager of a country theatre, and consequently must be considered under the board of controul; it was therefore necessary he should at least be re-elected before he could be allowed to continue in the distinguished station of alderman: this point being agreed to, the situation was declared vacant, and a time appointed for the election.

The official business of the election being over, harmony and conviviality became the order of the night; foaming bowls and flowing glasses decorated the tables; many of the citizens withdrawing to rest after their labours, made room for those who remained, and every one seemed desirous to

> "Wreath the bowl
> With flowers of soul,
> The brightest wit can find us;
> We'll take a flight
> Towards heav'n to-night,
> And leave dull earth behind us."

The song, the toast, the sentiment, followed each other in rapid succession; mirth and good humour prevailed, and time, while he exhausted himself, appeared to be inexhaustible. The beams of wit, the lively sallies of humour, and the interchange of good fellowship, eradiated the glass in its circulation, and doubly enhanced its contents; and in amusements so truly congenial with the disposition of the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin, they joined till after four o'clock in the morning, thus rendering themselves true

and devoted citizens of *Lushington*, when they sallied forth, tolerably well *primed* for any *lark* or *spree* which chance might throw in their way. It was a fine morning, and while the shopkeepers and tradesmen were taking their rest, the market gardeners and others were directing their waggons and carts to Covent Garden.

"Now," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "we will just take a turn round the Garden, and a stroll down Drury-lane, for a walk will do us no harm after our night's amusement, and we can hardly fail to find subjects worthy of observation, though in all probability we are too early to realize all the poet's description of a market :"

"A market's the circle for frolic and glee,
Where tastes of all kinds may be suited ;
The *dasher*, the *quiz*, and the "*up to all*"—he,
Pluck *sprees* from the plants in it rooted.
If the *joker*, or *queer one*, would fain learn a place,
Where they'd wish for a morning to "*lark it*,"
They need go no further than just shew their face,
In that region of mirth, a large market"

The streets that surround the theatres, and which of an evening are thronged with the elegant equipage of the visitors, were now filled with carts, waggons, and other vehicles of various denominations, for conveyance of the marketable commodities to and from the place of sale: here and there were groupes of Irishmen and basket-women, endeavouring to obtain a load, and squabbling with assiduous vociferations for the first call.

"This," said Tom, "is the largest market for vegetables we have in the metropolis, and supplies numerous retail dealers with their stock in trade; who assemble here early in the morning to make their bargains, and get them home before the more important business of the day, that of selling, commences." While Tom was explaining thus briefly to his Cousin, a loud laugh attracted their attention, and drew them to a part of the market where a crowd was collected, to witness a squabble between a Jew orange merchant and a pork butcher.* The Israelite

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* Although the Hon. Tom Dashall hurried his Cousin from the scene of altercation, at the time of its occurrence, they enjoyed a hearty laugh at the following report of the facts which appeared in one of the morning papers shortly afterwards:—

EPHRAIM *versus* STEWART.

"This was a proceeding in *limine*, by which the plaintiff sought reparation for violence done to his religious scruples and bodily health by the defendant, inasmuch as he, the plaintiff, being a Jew, on Wednesday, the 12th day of this month, in the forenoon, in the parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, did, with malice aforethought, knock him down with a pig's head, contrary to the statute, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King," &c.

Both plaintiff and defendant pleaded each for himself, no counsel being employed on either side.

Ephraim Ephraim deposed, that he is by profession an orange-merchant, carrying on his business in Covent Garden market. That the defendant, Richard Stewart, is a dealer in pork and poultry in the said market; and that he the said Richard Stewart, on the day and time then stated, did thrust a pig's face against his cheek with such violence, as to throw

appeared to be in a great rage, swore he would have revenge of his insulting neighbour, and *pull him up.*

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him backwards into a chest of oranges, whereby he sustained great damage both in body, mind, and merchandize. Plaintiff stated moreover, that he had previously and on sundry occasions forewarned the said Richard Stewart, it was contrary to the tenets of his religion to come in contact with pork, and yet nevertheless he the said Richard did frequently, and from time to time, intrude pork upon his attention, by holding it up aloft in the market, and exclaiming aloud, "Ephraim, will you have a mouthful?" All this, he humbly submitted, betokened great malice and wickedness in the said Richard, and he therefore besought the magistrate to interpose the protection of the law in his behalf.

The magistrate observed, that he was astonished a person of Mr. Stewart's appearance and respectability should be guilty of such conduct, and having explained to him that the law afforded equal protection to the professors of every religion, called upon him for his defence.

"May it please your Worship," said Mr. Richard Stewart, who is a well fed man, of a jolly and pleasing countenance, "May it please your Worship, I keeps a shop in Covent Garden Market, and have done so any time these ten years, and Mr. Ephraim's stand is next to mine. Now, your Worship, on Wednesday morning I'd a hamper o'pork sent up out o'Hertfordshire, and so I opened the hamper, and at the top of it lay a nice head, and I takes it and holds it up and says I, Heres a *bootiful* head, says I, did ever any body see such a handsome *un*, and sure enough your Worship it was the most *bootiful* as ever was, and would a done any body's heart good to see it. It was cut so clean of the quarter (drawing his finger closely across his own neck), and was so short i'the snout, and as white as a sheet,—it was, your Worship, remarkably handsome. And so, I said, says I, look here, did ever any body see such a picture, holding it up just in this manner. With that, 'Ah, says Mr. Ephraim, says he, now my dream's out; I

The exasperation of the Jew afforded much merriment to the spectators, who seemed to enjoy his aggravation: our friends, however, had arrived too late to discover the cause, and although not very particular about discovering themselves amid the mob,

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dream't last night that I saw two pig's heads together, and there they are;' meaning my head, and the pig's head, your Worship. Well, I took no notice o'that, but I goes me gently behind him, and slides the pig's head by the side of his head, claps my own o'the other side all on a row, with the pig's in the middle, your Worship; and says I to the folks, says I, now who'll say which is the honestest face of the three. With that, your Worship, all the folks fell a laughing, and I goes myself quietly back again to my stall. But poor Ephraim, he fell in such a passion! Lord, Lord, to see what a pucker he were in, he danced, and he capered, and he rubbed his whiskers, though I verily believe the pig's head never touched him; and he jumped and he fidgeted about, all as one as if he was mad, till at last he tumbled into the orange chest, your Worship, of his own accord, as it were, and that's the long and the short of it, your Worship, as my neighbours here can specify."

His Worship, having listened attentively to those conflicting statements, decided that the defendant had acted indecently in insulting the religious feelings of the plaintiff, though at the same time the affair was hardly worth carrying to the Sessions, and therefore he would recommend the plaintiff to be satisfied with an apology.

The defendant expressed the greatest willingness to apologize. "For," says he, "I have ax'd another Jew what could make Mr. Ephraim in such a passion; and he told me, your Worship, that if you get a *rale* Jew, and rub him with a bit o'pork, it's the greatest crime as ever was."

Plaintiff and defendant then retired, and the matter was compromised.

conceived it most prudent to move onward without inquiry; "for," as Tom observed, "if we ask any questions we are sure to be told lies:" they then passed through the Market, made their way up James-street to Long Acre, and thence to Drury-lane.

The watchmen were just leaving their stations, with an intention to partake of what they had all night been endeavouring to deprive others, and the humbler ranks of society were preparing for the business of the day; while the *batter'd beau*, the *clean'd out buck*, and the dissipated voluptuary, were occasionally to be seen gliding from holes and corners, and scampering home with less wisdom in their heads, and less money in their purses, than when they left. Here was to be seen the City shopman, hastening away from his dulcenea, to get down his master's shutters before the gouty old gentleman should be able to crawl down stairs; there, the *dandy*, half dressed, and more than half seas over, buttoning his toggery close round him to keep out the damp air of the morning, affecting to sing

"Be gone dull care;"

slipped along, as he supposed, unobserved, between dustmen, scavengers, *flue-fakers*, gardeners, fish-fags, and bricklayer's labourers—to refit and put himself in a situation to recount the adventures of the night. At one door, stood a shivering group of half-starved chimney-sweepers, rending the air with their piercing cries of "*sweep*," occasionally relieved

by a few hearty d—ns bestowed upon the servant, that she did not *come down*, in order to let a diminutive urchin *get up* the *flue*; leaning against a post at the corner of the street was an overdone Irishman, making a bargain with *pug-nosed Peg*, a sort of half-bred *pinafore cyprian*, whose disappointments during the night induced her to try at obtaining a morning customer. The Hibernian was relating the ill usage he had been subjected to, and the necessity he had of making a hasty retreat from the quarters he had taken up; while *Bet Brill*, on her road to Billingsgate, was *blowing him up* for wearing *odd* boots, and being a *hod* man—*blowing a cloud* sufficient to enliven and revive the whole party.

"Poor fellow," said Tom, "it would be a charity to pop him into a *rattler*, and drive him home; and do you see, he is standing close to a mud cart, the delicate drippings of which are gently replenishing his otherwise empty pockets."

"Be aisy," said Pat Murphy the hodman, "arn't he an Irish *jontleman*, arn't I a *jontleman* from Ireland; and arn't it fit and proper, and right and just, as well as *jontlemanly*, that two *jontlemen* should go together, so come along *Peg*, we'll just take a taste of the cratur, drink success to the lads of Shellaly, and put the matter in its right shape." With this *pug-nosed Peg* seized him by one arm, and the last orator by the other, and in a short time they entered a *sluicery* in the neighbourhood, which enclosed the party from view.

Turning from the group which they had been pay-

ing attention to, they were suddenly attracted by a female purveyor for the stomach, who was serving out her tea, coffee, and saloop, from a boiling cauldron, and handing with due complaisance to her customers bread and butter, which was as eagerly swallowed and devoured by two dustmen, who appeared to relish their delicate meal with as much of appetite and *goût*, as the pampered palate of a City alderman would a plate of turtle. The figure of the lady, whose commodities were thus desirable and refreshing to the hungry dust-collectors, struck BOB at the first view as having something matronly and kind about it.

"These persons," said TOM, "are really useful in their vocation; and while they provide a wholesome beverage for the industrious, are rather deserving of approbation than censure or molestation: the latter, however, they are frequently subjected to; for the *lads of lark*, in their moments of revelry, think lightly of such poor people's stock in trade, and consider it a prime *spree* to upset the whole concern, without caring who may be scalded by the downfall, or how many of their fellow-creatures may go without a breakfast and dinner in consequence: but do you mark the other woman behind her?"

"I do," said BOB, "and it is impossible to view them both without noticing the striking contrast they form to each other."

"Your observations are just," continued TOM; "that is an old beldame of the neighbourhood, in search of the poor unhappy girl who has just taken

the Irishman in tow, an encourager of all that is vicious and baneful in society."

"I could almost judge that from her features," replied Bob, "though I do not pretend to much skill in physiognomy."

"A debauched body and a vitiated mind are perceptible in her face, and having remained on the town till these were too visible for her to hope for a continuance, she is now a tutoress of others, to make the most of those with whom they promiscuously associate. She furnishes the finery, and shares the plunder. It is, however, a melancholy and disgusting picture of Real Life in London, and merely deserves to be known in order to be avoided, for there is no species of villainy to which persons of her stamp"——

"Of whom it is to be hoped there are but few," cried Tallyho, interrupting him.

"For the sake of human nature," replied Dashall, it is to be hoped so; but there is no species of villainy to which they will not stoop." *

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* The Hon. Tom Dashall's observations on this subject are but too strikingly exemplified by a case heard at Worship-street Police Office a short time back, in which Jemima Matthews was charged with conduct which excited astonishment at the depravity of human nature.—One of the parish constables of Spitalfields stated, he proceeded to the residence of the prisoner in Upper Cato-street, and found the wretch at the bar surrounded by eight children, while a supper, consisting of a variety of meats and vegetables, was making ready on the fire. Three children, Frederick Clark, John Clark, and John Bailey, were owned by their parents. The children seemed so much

At this moment their attention was suddenly called to another subject, by a loud huzza from a combination of voices at no great distance from where they then were, and in a few minutes a considerable concourse of dustmen and others appeared in view.

" There is something in the wind," said DASHALL, " we must have a look at these gentry, for there is frequently some humour among them."

" I hope," replied BOB, " they have not overturned the dustcart in the wind, for I am apprehensive in such a case we should scarcely have eyes to view their frolics."

TOM laughed at the ready turn of his Cousin, and remarking that all flesh was dust, proceeded towards the increasing party: here they soon found out that, as a venerable son of the *fan-tailed-hat fraternity* described it, " *a screw was loose.*"

" Perhaps," inquired BOB, " it is the linch-pin."

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under the controul of this infamous woman, that they were afraid to tell the truth until she was removed from the bar. Little Bailey then said, they were daily sent out to steal what they could, and bring it home in the evening. When they could get nothing else, they stole meat from the butchers, and vegetables from the green-grocers. The woman kept a pack of cards, by which she told their fortunes, whether they would succeed, or be caught by the officers. Mr. Swaby observed, that since he had attended the Office, he never witnessed a case of so much iniquity. The prisoner was remanded for further examination, and the magistrate intimated he should desire the parish to prosecute her for the misdemeanor, in exciting these children to commit felonies.

"Why aye, mayhap as how that there may be the case for aught I knows about it. Howsomdever, I'll tell you all about it:—first and foremost you must know that *Dick Nobbs* lives down here in Charles-street, and *Dick Nobbs* has got a wife. Now she is the devil's own darling, and Dick is a match for her or the devil himself, come from wherever he may, but as good a fellow as ever lapp'd up a pail full of water-gruel; and so you must know as how Dick has this here very morning been found out, in bed with another man's wife. The other man is a nightman, and rubbish-carter, vhat lives in the same house with Dick; so this here man being out all night at a job, Dick gets lushy, and so help me ——, he finds his way steady enough into that there man's bed, and vhen that there man comes home, my eyes vhat a blow up! There lays Dick Nobbs fast asleep in the man's wife's arms, so he kicks up a row—Dick shews fight—and the man comes and tells us all about it; so we are going to try him for a misdemeanor, and he can't help himself no how whatsomedever."

Tom was alive to the story, and in a few minutes the culprit was conducted to a neighbouring public-house, tried before a whole bench of the society, cast, and condemned to undergo the usual sentence in such cases made and provided, entitled, "*Burning Shame*," and active preparations were making by those of the fraternity without, to carry into immediate execution the sentence pronounced by those within.

The offender was decorated with a bunch of

christmas in his hat, and two large carrots in the front, to represent *horns*. In this manner he was mounted on the brawny shoulders of four of his companions, preceded by the crier of the court, another dustman, with a bell, which he rung lustily, and at intervals proclaimed the crime of which the culprit had been found guilty. After the crier, followed eight more of the brotherhood, two and two, their hats ornamented with bunches of holly, and a burning candle in the front of each hat. Then came the culprit, carried as already described, with a pot of *heavy wet* in one hand, and a pipe of tobacco in the other, which he occasionally smoaked, stooping forward to light it at one of the candles in the *fantail* hats of his two front supporters. The rear of this ludicrous procession was brought up by several other dustmen and coalheavers, and their *ladies*. The procession sat out from Charles-street, down Drury-lane, Great Queen-street, Wild-street, and round Clare Market, followed by an immense crowd, which kept increasing as they went, and nearly rendered the streets impassable. Two collectors were appointed, one on each side of the street, and were very active in levying contributions among the spectators to defray the expenses. They stopped at several public houses, where they quaffed off oceans of *heavy wet*, and numerous streamlets of *old Jamaica*, and then returned to head-quarters in Charles-street, where the offence was drowned in drink, and they and their ladies passed the remainder

of the evening, as happy as beer and gin, rum and tobacco, could make them.

Having witnessed a considerable part of this ceremonious proceeding, and been informed of the intended finale, our friends, who began to feel somewhat uncomfortable for want of refreshment and rest, proposed returning home; and having thrown themselves into a hack, they in a short time arrived at Piccadilly.

CHAP. XIX.

" If in REAL LIFE's chapter you e'er find a blank,
'Tis yourself and you only you justly can thank;
For to him who is willing—there's no need to stand,
Since enough may be found 'twixt Mile End and the Strand
To instruct, to inform, to disgust or invite,
To deplore, to respect, to regret or delight."

" 'Tis in London where unceasing novelty grows,
Always fresh—and in bloom like the opening rose;
But if to the rose we its sweetness compare,
'Tis as freely confess'd many thorns gather there;
And if to avoid the latter you're prone,
'Tis at least quite as well, where they are, should be known."

THE arrival at Piccadilly turned out to be truly agreeable to our friends, who were scarcely dressed and seated at the breakfast-table, before they were surprised by the unexpected appearance of an old friend, whose company and conversation had upon many occasions afforded them so much pleasure and information. This was no other than Sparkle.

" My dear boy," said the Hon. TOM DASHALL, " you are welcome to the scene of former gratifications. How is your better half, and all friends in the country—any increase in the family? Why you look as healthy as Hygeia, and as steady as old time."

"I confess," replied Sparkle, "you ask so many questions upon important subjects in one breath, that I am quite deficient of wind to answer them *seriatim*. You must therefore take an answer in two words—all's right."

"Enough," replied Tom, "then I am content; but how, what,—are you in town alone?"

"You shall know all in time, but don't drive on too hard. I am glad to meet you again in the regions of fun, frolic, and humour, of which I doubt not there is, as there always was, a plentiful stock. Glad to see you both in good health and tip-top spirits. I have only come to pass a fortnight with you; and as I intend to make the utmost use of every minute of the time, don't let us waste in empty words what would be better employed in useful deeds."

"Useful deeds," re-echoed Tom, "useful deeds—that savours of reflection. I thought you were fully aware it is an article considered of little value in the labyrinths of London; but since you are become, as I may venture to presume, a useful man, what may be the objects upon which you propose to practise your utility?"

"Still the same I find, Tom; all life, spirit, and gaiety, nothing like a hit, and I suppose you now think you have a palpable one. Never mind, I am not easily disconcerted, therefore you may play off the artillery of your wit without much chance of obtaining a triumph; but however, in plain words, I I expect to be a happy father in about another month."

"O ho!" said TOM, "then you are really a useful member of society, and I suppose are merely come up to town for the purpose of picking up a little more useful information and instruction how to perform the part of Papa."

"Nay," replied SPARKLE, "I could hardly expect to obtain such from you. I must therefore be excused and acquitted of all such intentions—but joking apart, how are you devoted?"

"To you," replied TALLYHO, who was much pleased by this accession to their society.

"Then," continued Sparkle, "lend me all the assistance in your power. When did you see our old friend Merrywell?"

"The last time I saw him was in a place of safety, studying the law, and taking lessons from its professors in the *Priory*."

"We must find him," replied Sparkle; "so if you are not engaged, come along, and I will relate the circumstances which induce this search as we proceed."

To this proposal TOM and BOB readily acceding, the party were quickly on their way towards *Abbot's Park*.

"You must know," said Sparkle, "that Merrywell's uncle in the country having received some information upon the subject of his confinement, probably very highly coloured, has since his release withdrawn his patronage and support, so that the poor fellow has been without supplies for some time past, and I am at a loss to conjecture by what means

he is now *working the oracle* for a subsistence. His uncle, however, is in the last stage of a severe illness, with little chance of recovery; and as I apprehend there is but little time to spare, I intend, if possible, to find our old acquaintance, start him for his relative's residence, in hope that he may arrive in time to be in at the death, and become inheritor of his estate, which is considerable, and may otherwise be apportioned among persons for whom he has had but little or no regard while living."

"The object in view is a good one," said DASHALL, "and I sincerely hope we shall succeed in our endeavours."

Passing down St. James's-street, Sparkle was quickly recognized by many of his old acquaintances and friends, and congratulated upon his return to the scenes where they had, in company with him, enjoyed many a *lark*; and invitations came in as fast upon him as the moments of life were fleeting away: for the present, however, all engagements were declined, till the principal object of his journey to London should be accomplished; and after inquiries about old friends, and observations upon the passing occurrences of the moment were over, they proceeded on their way. Westminster Bridge was the precise line of direction for them to pursue, and as fortune would have it, they had scarcely arrived at the foot of it, before they discovered Merrywell bustling along in an opposite direction: he, however, appeared rather inclined to pass without recognition or acknowledgment, when Sparkle turning close upon him,

gave him a hearty tap on the shoulder, which made him as it were involuntarily turn his head.

"Well met," said Sparkle, "I want you."

"At whose suit, Sir?" was the immediate inquiry.

"To suit yourself," was a reply as quickly given.

"Zounds!" said Merrywell, "I had little idea of being tapped on the shoulder by an old friend—but are you indeed in earnest?"

"Certainly I am, and can't be refused; but if you should be pinched for bail, I think I have two friends with me who will do the needful;" introducing Tom and Bob.

"I see how it is," continued Merrywell, "and have no objection to a joke; but I can't bear to have it carried too far.—How d'ye do, how d'ye do—can't stop—in a devil of a hurry—full of business."

"Zounds!" said Tom, "you are almost as bad as the man who having married a wife could not come; but if I may be so bold, whither away so fast?"

"To Westminster Hall—the sessions is on—must go—law is like the tide, it stays for none—adieu."

"We cannot part thus," said Sparkle, "I have come some miles in search of you, and cannot afford to be played with now."

"Then accompany me to Westminster Hall, and I will be at your service."

"If not," replied Sparkle, "I shall enter a special detainer against you—so come along."

They now entered Westminster Hall, where Mer-

rywell having disposed of some briefs and other papers into the hands of a counsellor preparatory to a cause coming on ;

" There," continued he, " now I am at your service."

" Then tell me," said Sparkle, " what you are at."

" First," inquired Merrywell, " let me know what is your object in asking such a question."

This being briefly explained, together with the absolute necessity there was for his leaving town without delay—

" Now," said he, " I am at liberty to give you a sketch of circumstances which have befallen me since I saw you last."

" Come then," said DASHALL, " we will proceed to Piccadilly, spend a comfortable afternoon, and ship you off by the mail from the White Horse Cellar at eight o'clock."

" With all my heart," was the reply. " Well, now you must understand, I am a sort of dabbler in professions. I was liberated from the high wall of the Priory by the Insolvent Debtor's Act ; and since the unfortunate representation to the Old Boy, which deprived me of the needful supplies, I have tried my hand in three different ways."

" And which are they ?"

" Love, law, and literature," continued Merrywell.

" A very pretty combination," said DASHALL, " and are you able to make them blend comfortably together ?"

"Nothing more easy in the world. In the first place, a lady has taken a fancy to me, which fancy I am willing to indulge; in return for which she provides me with every indulgence.—I profess to be principal in the office of a lawyer of established practice, who suffers me to share in the profits of such business as I can obtain. In the way of literature I have as yet done but little, though I am encouraged to hope much, from the success of others. Indeed I am told, if I can but write libels for John Bull, I may make a rapid fortune."

"And when so made," said Sparkle, "I shall wish you well with it; but I think the speculation I have already named much more likely to turn out equal to your wishes, and more consonant with your feelings, than the pursuit of either of those you have mentioned."

"There I agree perfectly with you; and if I can make all right with the old gentleman, a fig for all the rest of my occupations: but you know I always liked independence, and if I could not get a fortune ready made, I had a desire to be the architect of one I should raise for myself."

"Why I know you have generally borne the character of a man of genius."

"Yes, and a deal my character did for me after quitting the walls. Why man, I happened to hear of a vacancy in a city parish school, for which I ventured to conceive myself duly qualified, and therefore determined to make application to the churchwardens, one of whom had the character of being a man of

great power, and was said to be the first *in his line* in the three kingdoms. Away I posted, full of hope and expectation of becoming a second *Caleb Quotem*, not doubting but salary and circumstances would turn out exactly to my wish."

"But I thought you liked independence," said TALLYHO.

"Rather too much to engage in that concern," was the reply, "as you will hear presently. Upon tracing out this gentleman who bore so strong a recommendation to particular notice, you may guess my surprise upon finding '*purveyor of sausages*' in gold letters over his door."

DASHALL burst into an irresistible laugh, and was most cordially joined by Sparkle and TALLYHO, who were now strongly interested in the result of Merrywell's account.

"When I arrived," continued Merrywell, "this patron was reading the newspaper, which he threw down immediately upon my entrance, having mistaken me for a customer."

"*Survant*, Sir," said he, pulling down his greasy waistcoat.—"I am come, Sir," said I, to make some inquiry concerning a vacant school-master-ship."—"Oh there again," resumed the sausage-making churchwarden,—"Vy you are the seventeenth *fellow* that has been here to-day a bothering me about this plaguy *vacasey*. How do you read? you'll have a trial before me and my brother representative of this parish, and my spouse will also attend *the reading bouts*. Now if so be as you minds your hits, why

then may be you'll be the dominy. But mind you, I don't like your *sonorous woices*, and my spouse—she knows things quite as well as I do,—she *vants* a great deal of action, so only you mind, loud and *sonorous*, and plenty of *muscular motion* for my spouse, that's the *vay* to win; but I haven't any time to talk to you now, you must call of an evening, when I am more at leisure, and then I'll explain; so move off now, Sir, move off, for I sees a customer coming—*survant maum*."—"Flesh and blood could bear no more, and so"——"So what," said Sparkle; "did you knock him down in the midst of his own sausages?"

"No, no, I knew too much of the law for that; but I *cut* the churchwarden, and *bolted* from the sausage-shop, determined to embrace law, physic, or divinity, in preference to cutting

"——— The rumps
Of little school-boy Jackies."

"The study of the law was rather compulsory than voluntary, for during my residence in the *College* I was under the necessity of devoting some part of my time to, though I felt no great partiality for it; and you know law is law; and as in such, and so forth, and hereby and aforesaid, provided always nevertheless notwithstanding, law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired: law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off: law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow: law is like a scold-

ing wife, very bad when it follows us: law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it."

"I believe that sincerely," cried the Hon. Tom Dashall; "for I think there are instances enough in which law has nothing at all to do with justice:*"

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* This remark of the Hon. Tom Dashall is admirably illustrated by the following statement:—

Twelve People in one Bail Bond for Ten Pounds.—There are very few instances of delinquency which we have stated, that will stagger the belief of the fair practitioner, because they know such transactions are possible; their only surprise is the impunity with which they are committed, mixed with some regret that the profession is so contaminated. The species of peculation we have now to submit to our readers is of singular nature; for we know not whether folly, impudence, or infamy, has the greater share in the transaction; we will therefore leave our readers to judge:—as to the statement of the fact, it is impossible we can err, as we were concerned for the defendants, and the case, singular as it is, was literally and accurately thus:—

One of those unfortunate females who contribute to the existence of a miscreant crew of bawds, milliners, hair-dressers, tallywomen, and many other reptiles of the same class, was arrested for ten pounds, at the house of the celebrated, or, more properly speaking; the notorious, Mrs. Johnson, of Jermyn-street:—the attorney accompanied the officer; and it happened that a young gentleman connected with a banking-house of great respectability was present, whom the attorney directed to take in a bail bond, with the lady-abbess herself; but as they were not sufficiently responsible, ten more of the cyprian tribe, all nuns of the same convent, were likewise required to execute this bond; of course they complied. The attorney,

By this time they were arrived in Piccadilly, where they sat down to a cheerful refreshment, and pro-

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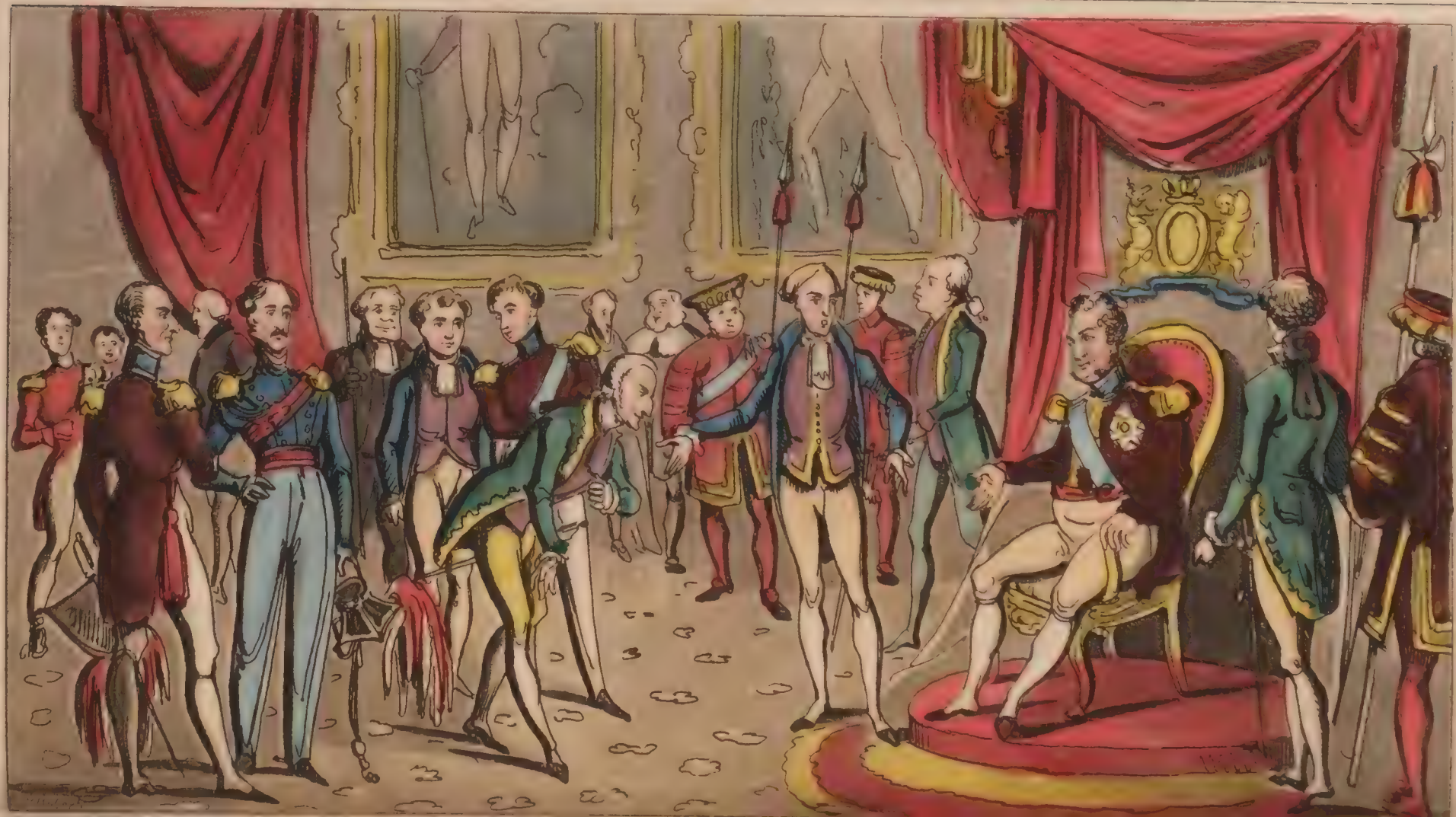
after having made the parties acquainted with the great favour he had shewn them, and the vast responsibility he had taken upon himself, required *no more* than two guineas for the officer and himself; telling them he would give them information when any thing further was to be done; instead of which he took an assignment, sued out process, prepared declarations, and served the parties.

The gentleman, rather alarmed at the idea of the circumstance being known, desired us to pay the debt and costs: for that purpose we applied to the attorney, and to our astonishment we were informed that the costs amounted to *Thirty Pounds!* for that there were twelve defendants. The reader cannot suppose that any thing further could pass upon such a preposterous subject, than giving notice of an application to the court, to set aside the proceedings. On our return home we found eleven of the defendants, consisting of the old brood hen and her chickens, each with a copy of the process in her hand The business now most certainly put on the appearance of some costs. We again applied to the attorney, and, by way of cutting it short, offered him five pounds; but he, like many others who rely on the integrity and propriety of their practice, disdained a compromise, or abridgement of his lawful fees, and he was hardy enough to suffer the application. It is almost needless to say, the proceedings were set aside. We have forborne to mention the name of the attorney, on account of the misery in which this dreadful transaction has involved him, a misery which amply atones for his offences, and deprives him of the power of ever offending again as an attorney. Far be it from us then to sink him deeper in the gulph of wretchedness: we kick not the dead lion; it is athletic triumphant villany against which we wage war.

ceeded to make arrangements for Merrywell's departure: previous to this, however, DASHALL and his Cousin had an engagement to keep with their Hibernian friends, of which particulars will appear in the next Chapter.



CHAPTER XX.

All hail to the day of the tutelar Saint,
Old GEORGE, not the King, but the Prince of brave fellows,
And Champion of England, by Providence sent
To slay a fierce Dragon as histories tell us!

And hail to the King of the first Isle on Earth,
His fame with *St. George* and the *Dragon* who blending,
Has chosen to celebrate this as his birth,
The day of all others, good fortune portending.

Away then with CARE, let us haste to the *Park*,
Where *Buckingham-house* will exhibit a levy
Resplendent in rank, youth and beauty;—and hark!
Hoarse cannon announce both the birth-day and *Levee*.

Reverberate then, in each sea-port the roar!
And wave, ENGLAND'S Standard on high, from each steeple,
And skip from the offing, each ship, to the shore,
And joyfully dance on dry land with the people!*

THE morning of St. George's Day was ushered in, as the appointed anniversary of his Majesty's birth, by all the church-bells of the metropolis, the waving of the royal standard from the steeples, the display of

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* That we may not be accused of plagiarism, we acknowledge ourselves indebted for the hyperbole contained in the last two lines of these introductory stanzas, to an original recommendation for a proper display of rapture, as contained in the following couplet by one Peter Ker, wherein he very humanely invites

the colours of all nations by the vessels in the Thames, and other manifestations of affection by a grateful people to the best of Sovereigns !—

> " The sky was overcast, the morning lower'd,
> And heavily in clouds brought on the day."

But despite of wind or wet, female curiosity must be gratified. Miss Judith Macgilligan had some time previous to this auspicious day, expressed a desire to witness the gay and brilliant assemblage of company in progress to the Levee, and Tom and Bob having gallantly volunteered their services on this important occasion, they now sallied forth, just as the Park and Tower guns were thundering the announcement of festivity, and joining Sir Felix O'Grady and his aunt at their lodgings, the party immediately moved onward to the scene of action.

Already had Royalty taken wing, and dignified with his presence the late maternal Palace, before our pedestrians reached the Park, to the great disappointment of Miss Macgilligan, who however consoled herself with the hope of being able to obtain a glimpse

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all the vessels belonging to Great Britain to strand themselves out of joy for the accession of James I.

> " *Let subjects sing, bells ring, and cannons roar,*
> *And every ship come dancing to the shore.*"

Cumberland mentions in his Memoirs, that when his father the Bishop revisited his estate in Ireland, an affectionate rustic hit upon an ingenious mode of shewing his happiness, by leaping from a tree, and breaking his leg ! We do not find that any of his Majesty's loving subjects in the Park on St. George's Day followed the example of the Irish rustic !

of monarchy as his Majesty passed on his return to Carlton-house.

The Baronet in the meanwhile was in a reverie, which at last broke out in the following rhapsody:—

Oh! blest occasion of dispensing good,
How seldom used, how little understood!—
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
Watch every beam philosophy imparts:
To give religion her unbridled scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd,
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise,
His life a lesson to the land he sways.
Blest country where these kingly glories shine!
Blest England, *if* this happiness be thine!

But,—

If smiling peeresses, and simp'ring peers,
Encompassing his throne a few short years;
If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd steed,
That wants no driving and disdains the lead;
If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks,
Playing at beat of drum their martial pranks,
Should'ring, and standing as if stuck to stone,
While condescending majesty looks on;—
If monarchy consists in such base things,
Sighing, I say again, I pity Kings.

An immense number of splendid carriages now presented themselves to view, in continued and uninterrupted succession, stretching from the Horse Guards the whole length of the Mall, to Buckingham-house, where each setting down, and thence taking up a position in the Bird-cage Walk, they formed a

circle of nearly two miles, and exhibited, in the magnificence of the vehicles, the admirable symmetry of the horses, and rich liveries of the attendants, a scene of interest, matchless perhaps by any other metropolis in the universe.

Skirting the indeterminable line of carriages, that slowly and under frequent stoppages proceeded to the goal of attraction, our party penetrated at last the dense mass of spectators, and gaining a favourable post of observation, took a position adjacent to Buckingham-house, where the band of music of the Foot Guards within, and that of the Horse Guards without the iron-railing circumscribing the palace, alternately enlivened the scene with "concord of sweet sounds."

But the great and general object of attention, was that of female loveliness, occupying almost every passing vehicle. DASHALL remarked, that he had never before been gratified with such an extensive and captivating display. Sir Felix and the Squire were in raptures, and even the primitive austerity of Miss Macgilligan yielded to the influence of beauty, and acknowledging its predominancy, she at same time observed, that its fascination was enhanced by the dress of the ladies, which, though splendid, exhibited genuine taste, and was more remarkable for its uniform adherence to modesty than she had hitherto seen it on any similar occasion.*

* We are not fastidious, neither would we wish the charms of youth and beauty inaccessible to admiration; but certainly

DASHALL, whose place would more properly have been in the circle within the palace than amongst the spectators without, was frequently saluted by the passing company; and when the fair hand of beauty waved gracefully towards him, Sir Felix felt happy in the friendship and society of a gentleman thus honoured with such distinguished recognition, and in the warmth of his feelings exclaimed aloud, that, "by the immortal powers, were he King of England, he would be more proud of the irradiating charms of these celestial visiters, than in the diadem of royalty and extension of empire!" This remark was universally acquiesced in, and most cordially so by a group of lively girls, to whom it had apparently given much pleasure; one of whom thanked the Baronet in the name of the sex, and complimented him on his gallantry, which she said was truly characteristic of his country.

To Sir Felix an encomium from a fair lady was ever irresistible.

He bowed, expressed a commensurate feeling of gratitude for the honour conferred upon him, and professed himself an ardent admirer of the *whole of women kind*; concluding by humming a stanza from BURNS,—

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the dress, or rather *undress* of our fair countrywomen, has of late years bordered closely on nudity.—Female delicacy is powerfully attractive; we were glad to observe its predominancy at the last *Levee*, and we trust that it will gain universal prevalence.—*Edit.*

" Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."

Unluckily for the apopthegm of the Baronet, it so happened, that a quarrel took place in the immediate vicinity and hearing of the party, between two rival female fruiterers of the *Emerald Isle ;* during which incivilities were exchanged in language not altogether acceptible to the auricular organs of delicacy. The brogue was that of Munster,—the war of words waged quicker and faster ; and from invective the heroines seemed rapidly approximating to actual battle. Neither park-keeper nor constable were at hand ; and although the surrounding mobility " laughed at the tumult and enjoyed the storm," Sir Felix, much distressed at so untoward an incident, and deeply interested in the honour of his country, so lately the theme of elegant panegyric, dashed through the crowd, the component parts of which he scattered aside like chaff, and arrested the further progress of the wranglers.

" Arrah, now, for the honour of Munster, be *asy*, ye brats of the devil's own begetting !"

" Hear him ! hear him ! hear the *umpire !*" resounded from all quarters.

" May the devil make hell-broth of ye both, in his own caldron !"

The mirth of the multitude became now still more obstreperous, and Tom and Bob pushed forward to the assistance of their friend, who was in the act of

keeping the two viragos apart from each other, having a hand on each, and holding them at arms length, alternately threatening and remonstrating, while the two nymphs, with frightful grimaces, struggled to elude his grasp, and abide the chance of war;—the scene altogether would have afforded ample scope for the pencil of an artist; and if not edifying, was at least to a numerous and motley assemblage of spectators, highly entertaining.

Sir Felix declined the assistance of his friends,—"Never mind it," said he, "Ill settle the affair myself, my honies:" and slipping a half-crown piece into the hand of each of the *amazons*—"Now be off *wid* you," he whispered,—"*lave* the Park immediately;—away to the gin-shop;—shake hands *wid* each other in friendship; and drink good-luck to Sir Felix O'Grady."

With many expressions of gratitude, the contending parties obeyed the mandate, and walked off lovingly together, cheek-by-jowl, as if no irruption of harmony had happened!

"Long life to him!" exclaimed a son of green ERIN; *wid* a word in the ear he has settled the business at once."

"And I pray," said a reverend looking gentleman in black, "that all conflicting powers may meet with like able mediation."

"Amen!" responded a fellow in the drawling nasal tone of a parish-clerk; and the congregation dispersed.

The tumult thus happily subdued, Sir Felix, with

Tom and Bob, rejoined Miss Macgilligan and the group with whom she had been left in charge when the two latter gentlemen came to the Baronet's relief.

The "ardent admirer of *the whole of women kind*," sustained the jokes of the company with admirable equanimity of temper; and the same young lady who had eulogized his gallantry, now said that it was unfair, and what the Baronet could not possibly mean, to take his words in their literal acceptation; at the same time she highly commended his benevolent interference in the quarrel between the two women, and congratulated him on his address in bringing it to an amicable termination.

Resuming their attention to the still continued line of company, Dashall and his friends remarked that pearls were a prominent part of female ornament at the present levee; particularly, he said, with the galaxy of *Civic* beauty from the East; for he had recognized so decorated, several *elegantes*, the wives and daughters of aldermen, bankers, merchants and others, of his City acquaintances.*

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* By what curious links and fantastical relations are mankind connected together. At the distance of half the globe, a Hindoo gains his support by groping at the bottom of the sea for the morbid concretion of a shell-fish, to *decorate the throat of a* London *alderman's wife!* It is said that the great Linnæus had discovered the secret of infecting oysters with this perligenous disease; what is become of the secret we know not, as the only interest *we* take in oysters, is of a much more vulgar, though perhaps a more humane nature. Mr. Percival, in

A ponderous state carriage, carved and gilt in all directions, and the pannels richly emblazoned with heraldry, now came slowly up the Mall, and Sir Felix immediately announced the approach of the Lord Mayor of the City of London; but as the vehicle approximated nearer towards him, he became lost in a labyrinth of conjecture, on perceiving, that the pericranium of its principal inmate was enveloped in a wig of appalling dimensions; he now inquired whether the profundity of wisdom was denoted by the magnitude of a wig; and if so, why it was not worn by the Civic Sovereign rather on the seat of justice, where it might operate *in terrorem* on delinquency, than on the happy occasion of his Majesty's anniversary; when DASHALL unravelled the mystery, by acquainting the Baronet, that the personage whom he supposed to be the Lord Mayor of London, was the Lord High Chancellor of England.

The company still poured along, numerous and diversified, beyond all former precedent; including all the nobility in town, their ladies, daughters, *et cetera;* officers of the army and navy, grand crosses and knights companions of the most honourable order of the Bath; dignified sages and learned brethren of the law; and, "though last, not least in our

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his *Account of the Island of Ceylon,* gives a very interesting account of the fishery, and of the *Sea-dogs.* "This animal is as fond of the legs of Hindoos, as Hindoos are of the pearls of oysters; and as one appetite appears to him much more natural and less capricious than the other, he never fails to indulge it."

esteem," the very right reverend Fathers in God, the Lords Bishops, in the *costume* of sacerdotal panoply; and amidst the fascination of female beauty, setting their affections on *things above!* *

From noon until past four, visiters continued to arrive; when the carriages again circumscribed the Park, each taking up at the gate of Buckingham-house, and thence passing home by the Bird-cage Walk, and through the Horse Guards. The arrangements were excellent; no accident occurred. The Life Guards lined the Mall, and a numerous detach-

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* Latimer, bishop of Worcester, speaking of the gentlemen of the black cloth, says,—"Well, I would all men would look to their dutie, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian common weale. And now I would ask a strange question. Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all Englande, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all Englande. And will you know who it is? I will tell you. *It is the* Devil! He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never fynde him unoccupyed; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never fynde him out of the way; call for him when you will he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realme; no lording or loytering can hynder him; he is ever applying his busyness; ye shall never fynde him idle I warrant you."

What was the devil's gratitude to Latimer for this eulogy? According to his biography, "for his zeal in the Protestant faith, he was, with Ridley, bishop of London, *burnt* at Oxford in 1554."

ment of police-officers were on the alert throughout the day. Their indefatigable exertions however were not entirely available in counteracting the industry of the light-fingered gentry, of whom there were many on the look-out; and doubtless on this, as on every other occasion of public resort in the metropolis, they reaped the fruits of a plentiful harvest.

The party sauntering along the Mall, Sir Felix observed one of the group with whom he was associated when viewing the company proceeding to the Palace, and would have entered into familiar chit-chat with him, but for the interposition of DASHALL, who taking the Baronet aside, cautioned him against having intercourse with a stranger, of whom he knew nothing, but who had all the appearance of a *black-leg*.

DASHALL was an accurate observer of men and manners; and in the present instance his conjecture was well founded; for, in a few subsequent moments, this assumed gentleman was met by a reconnoitering party of the police, who claiming the privilege of old acquaintance, took him into custody as a reputed thief, to the manifest surprise and dismay of Miss Judith Macgilligan, who instinctively putting her hand into her pocket, found that her purse had vanished through the medium of some invisible agency. It contained, fortunately, silver only. She now mentioned her loss, and expressed her suspicion of the *gentleman* in duresse; he having stood close by her, for a considerable length of time, while she and her friends were stationary in the Mall. The

officers accordingly searched him; but the wily adept, anticipating consequences, had disencumbered himself of the purse; part of the silver, however, found in his possession, tallied in description with that which had been lost, although the lady could not identify it as her property. He was conducted from the Park, with the view of being introduced to the recollection of the magistrates of the Public-office in Bow-street.

During this transaction, a carriage bearing the royal arms, and attended by two footmen only, drove rapidly along the Mall, without attracting particular notice, and entering the garden-gate of Carlton-house, was immediately lost to public view; nor did the numerous groups who were in waiting to catch a transient glance of royalty, recognise in the unassuming inmate of this vehicle, the sacred person of *his most gracious Majesty* KING GEORGE THE FOURTH, who was thus pleased modestly to decline the congratulations of his loving subjects, by eluding, *incognita*, their observation.

This was a second grievous disappointment to our venerable aunt, and might have operated as a spell against the further enjoyment of the day; but the gloom of vexation was dispersed by the Esquire of Belville-hall, who observed, that the royal lineage of the lady might aspire to a more intimate knowledge of majesty than a view *en passant*, and that at any future levee there could not exist a doubt of the facility of Miss Macgilligan's introduction.

A convenient and vacant bench presenting itself, the associates now seated themselves.

"*Apropos*," exclaimed Sir Felix, "talking of the King, does his Majesty mean to honour with another visit his Hanoverian dominions this ensuing summer?"

The inquiry was directed to DASHALL, whom the Baronet was accustomed to look upon as an universal intelligencer.

TOM declared his incompetency to answer the question.

"Well," continued Sir Felix, "were *I* the monarch of this empire, *I* would make myself acquainted with every part of it. A tour through England, Scotland, and Ireland, should be my primary object, and a visit to my foreign territories a subordinate consideration. *I* would travel from town to town in the land that gave me birth; like the Tudors and the Stuarts; with confidence in the loyalty of my people, my person should be familiar to them, and *I* should at all times be accessible to their complaints. Elizabeth and the Second James made frequent excursions into distant parts of the country, and every where were received with addresses of fidelity. Were his present Majesty to follow, in this respect, the example of his royal predecessors, who can doubt his experiencing the most ample and unequivocal demonstrations of attachment to his person and government?"

The friendly associates indulged a hearty laugh at the expense of the visionary, although they did him

the justice to believe that his theoretical improvements on the policy of majesty was the ebullition of a generous heart, warm in fraternal regard for the whole of human kind.

Tom, however, reminded him that the pusillanimous James II. acquired no popularity by his royal tours; and that the affections of the people were not to be gained by the merely personal condescension of the monarch.*

So slow was the progress of the vehicles towards the palace for the purpose of taking up their respective owners, that many gentlemen, whose residences were in the vicinity, rather than wait, preferred walking across the Park; while the unusual exhibition of a pedestrian in full court-dress excited no little attention from the multitude. Our party proceeding in

* During the reign of King James II., and when, not unlike the present day, the people were much oppressed and burthened with taxes, that monarch having, in the course of a tour through England, stopt at Winchelsea, the Corporation resolved to address his Majesty; but as the Mayor could neither read nor write, it was agreed that the Recorder should prompt him on the occasion. Being introduced, the Recorder whispered the trembling Mayor, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." The Mayor mistaking this for the beginning of the speech, addressed the King, and repeated aloud, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." The Recorder, in amaze, whispered the Mayor, "What the devil do you mean?" The Mayor in the same manner instantly repeated, "What the devil do you mean?" The Recorder, alarmed, whispered more earnestly, "By G—d, Sir, you'll ruin us all." The Mayor, still imagining this to be a part of his speech, said, with all his might, "By G—d, Sir, you'll ruin us all."

their lounge, was presently met by one of these gentlemen, who recognizing DASHALL and TALLYHO, shook them cordially by the hand, and was introduced to Sir Felix and his Aunt, as Captain of the Royal Navy.

The Captain, to adopt a Court phrase, was most graciously received by the lady; who observing he had been present at the Levee, begged that he would favour her with an account of what had passed.

The gallant Captain, retracing his steps with his friends along the Mall, said, that little or nothing had occurred worthy of remark.

"The drawing-room," he continued "was crowded to such excess, that I should have felt myself more at ease in the bilboes; however, amidst the awkwardness of the *squeeze*, I frequently came into unavoidable contact with some very fine girls, and that pleasure certainly more than compensated all inconveniences. The King (God bless him)! perspired most prodigiously; for the heat was intolerable; he appeared very much fatigued; and I hope has retired with a superior relish to enjoy the quietude and luxury of the royal table at Carlton Palace. The presentations of the female sprigs of nobility were numerous, to all of whom he paid particular attention, in duty bound, as a gallant Cavalier and the best bred gentleman in Europe. Indeed, he seemed to gloat on the charms of those terrestrial deities with ecstacy! The introductions were endless, and the etiquette tiresome and monotonous. In fact, after making my humble congée, extrication became

my only object, and I effected a retreat with difficulty. My stay was short, and as I had neither inclination nor opportunity for minute remark, I hope, Madam, that you will pardon my incapability of answering your inquiry in a more particular manner."

Nothing farther could be elicited. In truth, the Captain had left nothing untold; for his description of the Levee, although succinct, was correct, laying aside the enumeration of the *dramatis personæ*, too numerous, and in many instances perhaps too insignificant, for recollection.

The gallant son of Neptune now took his leave, and the party continued to enjoy the pleasure of the promenade.

The Park was still thronged with spectators, attracted by the retiring visitors, of whom some it seems were no welcome guests.

Whether vice had contaminated the haliowed presence of Royalty, we cannot take upon us to say; but it appears that the *sanctum sanctorum* had been polluted by intrusion; for a notification was issued next day by the Lord Chamberlain, prefaced with the usual WHEREAS, "that certain *improper persons* had gained access to his Majesty's Levee, and stating, that in future no one would be admitted unless in full Court dress, including bag-wig, sword," &c.*

* As if these appendages were only within the reach of the higher classes of the community, and uncomeatable by purchase! The most depraved character may obtain the plausible appearance of gentility, and obtrude himself into the first circle of fashion. These opportunities abound in the metropolis; and

The party having lounged away another pleasant hour, made ultimately their *exit* from the Park by the Stable-yard, and entering Pall Mall, were agreeably surprised with a very interesting exhibition.

During many years of the late King's reign, it was usual on the birth-day anniversary for the different mail coaches to pass in review before his Majesty in front of St. James's Palace. The custom still prevails.

On the present occasion numerous spectators had assembled opposite Carlton-house; and it is presumed that the Sovereign thence witnessed the procession, although he was not within the view of public observation.

Above thirty mail coaches, fresh gilt and painted, or in the language of churchwardens, *beautified*, and each drawn by four noble-spirited, yet perfectly tractable horses, elegantly caparisoned, now made their appearance. The cavalcade moved slowly onward, the prancing steeds impatient of restraint, and conscious of superiority. On the box of each vehicle

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such is the apathy of the present age, that the accomplished swindler, of exterior allurement, intermixes, *sans* inquiry, with honourable rank; and even where inquiry is deemed necessary, all minor considerations vanish before the talismanic influence of WEALTH! "*Is he rich? Incalculably so! Then, let's have him, by all means.*" Thus the initiated of CHESTERFIELD obtain admission into polished society, although the *Principles of Politeness* inculcated by that nobleman, contain, as a celebrated lexicographer said of them, "the morals of a wh**e, and the manners of a dancing-master!"

was seated a portly good looking man, the knowing *Jehu* of the road, and behind was the guard, occasionally "winding his bugle-horn" with melodious and scientific ability. The reins and harness were new, so also were the royal liveries of the coachmen and guards. Mounted conductors led the van of the procession, while others accompanied it on either side; and the interest of the scene was considerably heightened by each coach being occupied inside by handsome well-dressed women and children. The rear of this imposing spectacle was brought up by a long train of the twopenny post-boys, all newly clothed in the royal uniform, and mounted on hardy ponies, chiefly of the Highland and Shetland breed. The cavalcade halted in front of the royal residence, and gave three cheers in honour of the day, which were heartily returned by the populace. The procession then resumed its progress by Charing-cross, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, round St. Paul's, and by Cheapside into Lombard-street.

Passing up the new street, the associates reached the mansion of DASHALL, who had previously engaged his friends to dinner.

An elegant repast was immediately served up, and highly enjoyed by the party, after such prolonged exercise and abstinence.

The conversation turning on the recent interesting exhibition; it was universally acknowledged, that the introduction of the mail coach into the establishment of the General Post-office, might be classed among the highest improvements of the age, as amazingly

accelerating the celerity of intercourse with all parts of the empire. Neither was the well-merited meed of encomium withheld from the Twopenny-post Institution, by which, so frequently in the course of the day, the facility of communication is kept up within the metropolis and suburbs, extending to all adjacencies, and bounded only by the limits of the bills of mortality. DASHALL, who seldom let slip an opportunity of appropriate remark, digressed from the procession to the important national utility of the Post-office, and thence, by easy transition, to the sublime powers of the human mind, as emphatically exemplified in the invention of writing and printing; while Sir Felix, who was well experienced in the British poets, favoured his aunt with a quotation from Pope's Epistle of Heloisa to Abelard, subject, however, to such whimsical interpolation as he deemed suitable to the occasion :—

> Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
> Some *antique, love-sick, North of Ireland* maid !
> They live, they speak, they breathe what *age* inspires,
> *Preposterous fondness and impure desires !*
> The *latent* wish without *a blush* impart,
> *Reveal the frailties of a morbid heart ;*
> Speed the *neglected sigh* from soul to soul,
> And waft a *groan* from Indus to the Pole !

The reading of Miss Macgilligan, like her ideas, was rather on a contracted scale. She suspected, however, that her nephew had aimed against her the shafts of ridicule, and was preparing her resentment accordingly ; when the Baronet deprecating her

wrath, assured her, that he had recited the lines exactly as originally written, and that in the present day they had no personal application, having been composed by a little cynical fellow many years before Miss Macgilligan came into existence.—The lady gave credence to the assertion, and the impending storm was happily averted.

The residence of royalty being within the precinct of St. James's, the bells of the neighbouring church sounded a merry peal in the ears of the party; and were responded to by those of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a parish of which it is remarkable that his Majesty George II. was once churchwarden, serving the office, of course, by deputy. The steeple of this church, as well as those of many others in the metropolis, displayed, throughout the day, the royal standard, a manifestation of loyalty which likewise extended itself to the liquid element of old father Thames, where many of the vessels commemorated the anniversary by frequent salutes of artillery, under the decorative and splendid canopy formed by the colours of all nations.

The carriages of the foreign ambassadors, and those of the friends of government, were again in requisition, and rattled along the streets towards the several mansions of the members of administration, who each, in conformity with ancient usage, gave a grand dinner on the birth-day, at least on that appointed for its celebration.

"At these dinners," said DASHALL, "politics and etiquette are both laid aside; conviviality is the order

of the day; the glass, the joke, the repartee and the 'retort courteous,' circulate freely, and all is harmony and good humour."

"With sometimes a sprinkling of alloy," said the Squire, "I have heard that during the administration of Mr. Pitt, he and the Lord Chancellor Thurlow were frequently at variance on subjects having no reference to politics, and even under the exhilirating influence of the grape."

The party were all attention, and the Squire proceeded—"At a cabinet dinner a discussion took place between the Premier and Lord Chancellor, as to the comparative merits of the Latin and English languages. Mr. Pitt gave the preference to the former, the Chancellor to the latter; and the arguments on both sides were carried on with equal pertinacity.—The Premier would not yield a jot in opinion. Becoming at last impatient of opposition, "Why," said he, "the English language is an ambiguity—two negatives make an affirmative; but in the Latin, *two negatives make a positive.*"—"Then," said the Chancellor, "your father and mother must have been *two negatives*, to make such a *positive* fellow as you are!"*

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* Lord Chancellor Thurlow, although a very eccentric character, was yet a man of uncommon benevolence. A vacancy having occurred in a valuable living of which he had the presentation, numerous were the candidates for the benefice; and amongst others, one, recommended by several of the nobility, friends of the ministry, who made himself sure of the appointment, although, directly or indirectly, the Chancellor had not

Sir Felix laughed heartily at this anecdote, and inquired of his aunt whether she knew any of the *Positive* family in the North of Ireland.

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given any promise. In the meanwhile, it was one morning announced to his Lordship, that a gentleman, apparently a clergyman, waited the honour of an interview. The servant was ordered to shew the stranger into the library, whither the Chancellor shortly repaired, and inquired the object of the visit. "My Lord," said the other, "I served the office of Curate under the deceased Rector, and understanding that the presentation is in your Lordship's gift"—"*You want the living*," exclaimed the Chancellor, gruffly. "No, my Lord; my humble pretensions soar not so high; but I presume, most respectfully, to entreat your Lordship's influence with the new Incumbent, that I may be continued in the Curacy." Surprised and pleased by the singular modesty of the applicant, who had served the same parish as Curate above twenty years, and now produced the most ample testimonials of character, his Lordship entered into conversation with him, and found him of extensive erudition, and orthodox principles. He ascertained, besides, that this poor Curate had a wife with six children entirely dependent on his exertions for support; and that the remuneration allowed for the faithful discharge of arduous duties, had been only thirty pounds per annum. The Chancellor now promised his influence in behalf of the Curate, with the person who *probably* might succeed to the living. "I shall see him," added his Lordship, "this very day; attend me to-morrow, and you shall know the result." The Curate took his leave, and in the course of the morning the *would-be* Rector made his appearance. "O!" exclaimed his Lordship, entering directly into the business, "I have had a humble suitor with me to-day,—the Curate of the late Incumbent whom you are desirous of succeeding; he wishes to continue in the Curacy; the poor man is burthened with a large family, and hitherto has been very inadequately rewarded for his labour in the productive

"Perfectly well," retorted the lady, "they are allied to the *Wrongheads* of the province of Munster!"

This reproof, which was hailed with applause by Tom and Bob, dumb-foundered the Baronet, who

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vineyard of which you *anticipate* the possession and emolument. Suppose that you constitute the happiness of this worthy man, by giving him a salary of one hundred pounds per annum; he will have all the duties to perform, and you will pocket a surplus, even then, of seven hundred a year, for in fact doing nothing!" This *would-be* was astonished; he had never before heard of a Curate in the receipt of one hundred pounds per annum; besides, he had already engaged a person to do the duty for twenty-five pounds. Fired with indignation at the inhumanity and arrogant presumption of this callous-hearted Clergyman,—"What!" exclaimed his Lordship, "and so you would turn the poor Curate out of doors, and abridge the miserable pittance of his successor, and all this before you've got the living! John, shew this *fellow* down stairs!" Gladly would this Incumbent, by anticipation, have conceded every point required; but it was too late; the die was cast, and he found himself in the street, unknowing how he got there, whether on his hands or his heels! Next day the Curate was announced. "I have not been able to succeed," said his Lordship,—"the new Incumbent has engaged a person who will do the duty for twenty-five pounds per annum." His Lordship paused, and the unfortunate Curate looked the personification of Despondency. "Cheer up, man!" exclaimed his Lordship, "If I have not influence sufficient to continue you in possession of the Curacy, I can, at least, give you the Living!" putting into the hands, at the same time, of the amazed Curate, the presentation to a Rectory worth eight hundred pounds per annum!! Here we must draw the Grecian painter's veil,—the gratification on either side may be conceived, but cannot be expressed.

became suddenly taciturn; but his habitual good humour predominated, and conscious that he had brought on himself the inflicted castigation, he resolved on a cessation of hostilities for the remainder of the evening.

The invitation by DASHALL having been without formal ceremony, and unhesitatingly accepted by Miss Macgilligan and her nephew, they now, in turn, claimed the like privilege of freedom, by soliciting the company of the two Cousins to supper; a request which TOM and BOB cheerfully acquiesced in; and the party immediately set out for the Baronet's lodgings, preferring to walk the short distance, that they might view, more leisurely, the accustomed illuminations on the anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day.

The variegated lamps were tastefully arranged; but this effusion of loyalty was rather of an interested than interesting description, being confined wholly to the public-offices, the theatres, and the different houses of his Majesty's tradesmen; no other habitation in this immense metropolis bearing any external indication of attachment, on the part of its occupant, to the Sovereign of the British Empire!

"Here comes a set of jolly fellows," exclaimed the Baronet, as the party of friends turned into Bow-street from Covent-Garden, "who are at least determined to honour the anniversary of St. George and their Sovereign," the clang of marrow bones and cleavers resounding with harsh and stunning dissonance.

"Rather," said DASHALL, "fellows determined

to levy contributions on the public, caring as little for the actual George the King, as they do for the fabulous George the Champion."

> Now loud and yet louder the grating din grew,
> And near and more near still the butcher-gang drew ;
> Rapacious, obstrep'rous, a turbulent set,
> And bent on annoyance of all whom they met.

It was in vain that our party attempted to avoid them by crossing the street. The intention was quickly thwarted by these self-licensed prowlers, who intercepting our associates in the carriage-way, encircled them in such a manner, as to preclude the possibility of extrication ; and raised, at the same time, a discord of sounds, compared with which the vocal minstrelsy of the long-eared braying fraternity would have been the music of the spheres !

Sir Felix, in chastisement of their arrogance, would singly have encountered the whole group, had he not been restrained by Tom and Bob, who rather than engage in a street brawl with a host of pertinacious adversaries, chose to yield to circumstances, and purchase freedom at the expense of a trifling pecuniary consideration, with which the collectors departed well satisfied.

Our observers having thus obtained their liberty, renewed their walk, and reached the lodgings of the Baronet without farther interruption.

During their perambulation, the following article was put into the hands of the Squire, with which we shall conclude our *Chapter of Incidents* :—

THE KING AND THE LAUREAT.

A LOYAL BIRTH-DAY EFFUSION.

Hail! mighty Monarch of a mighty People!—
While tuneful peals resound from tower and steeple,
And thundering cannons gratulations roar,
Fright'ning old Father *Thames* from shore to shore;—
For King or etiquette while nobles caring,
To *Buckingham-house* by hundreds are repairing,
With gorgeous Dames, to whom this day a Lion is;
Accompanied by smiling lovely misses
Of eager appetite, who long to gorge
And batten on the favours of King GEORGE;
While London's Mayor and Aldermen set out
In Civic state, to grace the royal rout;
While strut the Guards in black straps and white gaiters
In honour of their Patron and *Creators*;*—
While General *Birnie* musters all his forces
Of foot Police, and spavin'd Police horses,
To guard St. James's Park from innovation,
And cheque the daringness of depredation;—
While for those partizans who mind their manners
The cabinet ministers prepare grand dinners,
And I, and others of my kindred trumpery,
Dine with the vision'ry 'yclept *Duke Humphrey*:†
I whom the Muses sometimes deign to greet
Though perch'd in "garret vile" in *White-cross* street,

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* *In honour of their Patron and Creators.*—The poet, we presume, means to draw a line of distinction between the *Military* and *Civic* community; the one being the work of God, the other the creation of man.

† *Duke Humphrey.*—An ideal personage, with whom the unfortunate wight is said to dine who has not got a dinner to eat.

Sans viands, drink, or necessary clothing,
Reckless of fate, and even existence loathing;
Great King! amidst each various passing matter
On this auspicious day, I *will not* flatter;
Not that I *cannot*; aye, as well as any
Of heretofore or present laureat *Zany!*—
But lack of payment, Sir, and lack of zeal;
Could I your gracious bounty hope to feel,
Invention then, on eagles wings should rise,
And laud your nameless virtues to the skies!—

But as it is,—all hail the King!—
With shouts let now the welkin ring,
And hence all doubts and fears;
May ages yet to come obey
The *Fourth* King GEORGE's lenient sway,
Even for a *thousand years!* *

Methinks his portly form I see,
Encircled at this grand Levee
By courtly lords and ladies;
Returning every bow with smiles,
Where selfish adulation's wiles
A profitable trade is.

But where, amid this grand display,
Is *Southey*, on each natal day
Who charm'd with Ode delicious?
Why absent now the tuneful lore,
Why sing not, as in days of yore,—
Has Roy'lty grown capricious?

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* When the combined fleets of England and Spain blockaded ıe port of Toulon, the Spanish Admiral terminated a dispatch Lord Hood with the following notable wish,—*May your rcellency live a* THOUSAND YEARS!

Or barren is the courtly verse
Of *genuine* subject, to rehearse
The mighty monarch's fame;
His public virtues, private worth,
To chant in grateful measure forth,
And o'er the world proclaim?

Tush, man! a driveller then, thou art,
Unequal to the merry part
Thou undertook'st to play;—
The Birth-day comes but once a year,
Then tune thy dulcet notes and clear,
Again in annual lay.

Thou, who wilt still persist to write
In public apathy's despite,
Can claim no just pretension
On which to found a vague excuse;—
Then trust, in dearth of truth, the Muse
Prolific in invention.

Hast thou no conscience left? alack!
Hast thou forgot thy *Pipe* of *Sack!*
And annual pounds TWO HUNDRED?*
That *Hume* hath not attack'd thy post,
And caused it to give up the ghost,
Is greatly to be wonder'd!

But if the place must still be kept,
Though long the princely themes have slept
That erst the Muses lauded;—
Give it to *me*, ye gods! and *then*
Shall Kings, above all other men,
Be rapturously applauded!

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* Formerly the allowance was a pipe of sack and one hundred pounds; but his present Majesty, taking into his gracious consideration the *very difficult task* which the Laureat had to perform, increased his salary to 200*l.* per annum!!

Content with *half* that *Southey* shares,
I then would drown all worldly cares,
Yet *Sack* I'd not require ;—
Give me, in place of *Falstaff's* wine,
A butt,—to wake the song divine,
Of HANBURY'S *Entire !*

Now GOD preserve the comely face
Of GEORGE THE FOURTH, and grant him grace
For *kindred souls* to brag on !—
May future times his deeds proclaim,
And may he even eclipse the fame
Of—*Saint George and the Dragon !*

CHAPTER XXI.

" Of *ups* and *downs* we daily see
Examples most surprising,
The high and low of each degree,
Now falling are, now rising.

Some *up*, some *down*, some *in*, some *out*,
Some neither one nor t'other;
Knaves—fools—Jews—Gentiles—join the rout,
And jostle one another.

By *ups* and *downs* some folks they say
Among grandees have got, Sir,
Who were themselves but yesterday
The Lord knows who, or what, Sir.

Sans sense or pence, in merits chair,
They dose and dream supine O;
But how the devil they came there,
That neither you nor I know."

The departure of Merrywell left our three friends at perfect liberty, and they were determined to enjoy it as much as possible during Sparkle's visit. The remainder of the evening was therefore devoted to the retracing of past events, in which they had formerly been engaged together, in drinking success to Merrywell's journey, and in laying down some plans for the proceedings of the next day. On the latter sub-

ject, however, there were as many opinions as there were persons. The Hon. TOM DASHALL proposed going to the Review—Sparkle was for a journey to Gravesend in the steam-boat, with the religious friends who were to accompany Lord Gambier—and TALLYHO proposed a visit to the Tower of London, in order to inspect its interior. It was therefore left undecided till the morning, which proving extremely inviting, they determined to sally forth, and leave the direction of their course wholly to chance, as they had many times done before.

Sparkle's relish for the sprees and sports of a London life, was evidently injured by his residence in the country; though at the same time former scenes and former circumstances rushing occasionally upon his sight and his recollection, appeared to afford him gratification and delight.

"And how," said Sparkle, addressing himself to TALLYHO, "do you like the scene of ever varying novelty—has it lost any of its charms since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied TALLYHO; "for although many of them are grown familiar to me, and many are also calculated to excite painful feelings, I am not yet tired of the inquiry. I sat out with the intention to contemplate men and manners as they actually are, and I conceive a useful lesson for instruction and improvement may be afforded by it."

"Right," continued Sparkle, "real life is a most excellent school; and if in imbibing the instruction with which it is fraught, the judgment is not misled,

or the mind vitiated, none can be more important to mankind."

"Come," said TOM, "I see you are getting into one of your moralizing strains, such as you left us with. Now I am well aware that you have an excellent acquaintance with the pursuits you are speaking of, and have enjoyed them as much as myself; nor can I conceive that your temporary absence has wrought such a change in your opinion, as to make you wholly disregard the amusements they afford. So come along, no more preaching;" and thus saying, he seized him by one arm, while TALLYHO closed upon the other; and they proceeded on their way along Piccadilly towards the Haymarket.

"Besides," continued DASHALL, "every day makes a difference in this metropolis; so that even you who have proved yourself so able a delineator of men and things as they *were*, may still find many things deserving of your observation as they *are*."

"I do not doubt it," was the reply; "and consequently expect, that having just arrived from rural felicity, you will direct my footsteps to the most novel scene of metropolitan splendour or extraordinary character."

"Character is an abundant and everlasting supply of humour and eccentricity for an observant *quiz* like yourself, and being *fly* to most occurrences either in town or country, I shall rather confine myself to the most remarkable circumstances that happen to strike my recollection as we proceed. The first that occurs at this moment, is the opening of a

new establishment in Regent-street, under the title of the *Cafe Royale*, to which, as we have not yet paid a visit, I propose now to direct your steps."

"*Cafe Royale*," repeated Sparkle, "there is something Frenchified in the sound. I suppose it is quite in the *tip top* stile of elegance."

"So says report."

"Then *allons*,—but as we proceed, I beg to ask one question. If it be considered important in a national point of view, that the superior elegancies of our Parisian neighbours should be engrafted on our own habits, and that an establishment of this nature should be formed, with a view of its becoming the resort of rank and fashion, whether any good reason can be given why such an establishment, in an English city for Englishmen, should not have an English title?"

"A most extraordinary question for a fashionable man."

"It may be so," continued Sparkle; "but you must attribute it to my country habits of thinking: however, as I like argument better than assertion, I see no reason to abandon my question. The adoption of any thing foreign, is only rational in proportion as it is useful or agreeable; for foreign wines, foreign fruits, foreign made coffee, &c. no one can be a greater advocate than myself; but I apprehend that these good things may taste as well, whether the room in which they are taken be called by a French or an English name."

"That is a truth so self evident as to require no

reply; and really I can give no sort of reason for the adoption of a French title, unless it be with a view to give it that air of novelty which invariably proves attractive to Johnny Bull; and I think I need not attempt to explain to you the importance of a title."

"However," said Sparkle, "I cannot help thinking, that if the place alluded to is to become a permanent establishment, it would become an Englishman to have an English name for it. We need not be ashamed of our language, although some folks disdain to use it, if they can find any substitute, however inapt. Why should it not be called the Royal Coffee-house, the King's Coffee-house, the Patrician, the Universal, or in fact any thing, so that it be English."

"Because," said TALLYHO, "those titles are already engrossed by newspaper editors, coffee-shops of a lower order, magazines, &c.: for instance, we have the Royal Magazine, the Universal Magazine; and consequently these are all grown common, and any thing common is extremely vulgar."

"Besides," continued DASHALL, "*Cafe Royale* is a mouthful, without attacking its contents; and the very sound of it seems to impart a taste, before you approach it, of what may be obtained in the interior. Zounds! this country life of your's seems to have altered your opinions, and almost obliterated your former education. I never had any relish for it."

"In town let me live, and in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I:
If one must have a villa in summer to dwell,
Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

By this time they had reached the *Café Royale*, and upon entrance were ushered by a man in blue livery, with gold laced trimmings, into an apartment far exceeding in splendour any thing that their previous conversation had led them to expect. The walls, formed of looking glass and rich tapestry, and ornamented in a fanciful manner, reflected their persons as they passed along at every point; while the choicest flowers and shrubs, with which they were surrounded, sent forth a delightful fragrance, and gave some distant idea of Eastern luxuries.

"Here," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "is elegance at least; and if the accommodations are found to be equally good, it can be of little consequence to us whether the place itself have an English or a foreign name."

"I confess," replied Sparkle, "that I still conceive, that as a place of resort appropriated to the upper ranks of natives and foreigners, magnificent in its decorations, superior in its accommodations, and conducted with skill and liberality, to become truly national and deserving of support, it should be honoured with an English title."

"And that it certainly is," continued Dashall, "not only one but many, for nobility is frequently to be found within its walls; nay, a proof of it appears at this moment, for there is Lord P—— and Lord C—— now entering; but come, let us try the coffee, catch a view of the papers, and proceed."

They had now seated themselves near an elderly gentleman, who seemed to be in deep contemplation,

occasionally rubbing his hands with apparent gratification, and shaking his head with importance, while he glanced over a newspaper which lay before him.

"I should judge," said TALLYHO, "he is a member of parliament, probably conning over the report of his last night's speech in the House."

"Or probably," said DASHALL, "an author in search of ideas for his next publication, wherein he intends to cut up the ministers and their measures."

"Yes," continued Sparkle, "or a quack doctor, examining if the editor has given insertion to his new flaming advertisement, wherein he promises to perform what is utterly impossible to be accomplished."

"I wonder if he can speak," said TOM, laying down the paper; "I'll try him.—A fine morning, Sir."

As this was directed immediately to meet the old gentleman's ear, he looked up for the first time since they had entered.

"Beautiful, Sir," was the reply—and here the conversation ceased again.

"Excellent coffee," said Sparkle,—"is there any news to-day, Sir," endeavouring to rouse him again.

"There is always news, Sir," was the reply, taking a plentiful supply of snuff.

"Of one sort or other," continued BOB.

"Why yes, have we not every day a quantity of newspapers that make their appearance with the sun?"

"Truly," replied Sparkle; "but you could hardly misunderstand me—I alluded to something

out of the common run of events; such, for instance, as relates to the interests of the nation, the agricultural distress, the distress of the Irish, the state of the American independents, the proceedings of the Spanish cortes, and the French chamber; the movements of the Greeks, the operations of Turkey and Russia, or the—or—"

"Why, Sir, your inquiries are very rational; and as I perceive you have a desire for intelligence, and I have at all times a desire to impart such as I am in possession of for the benefit of others, the newspapers have abundance of information; but I must say the editors, though men of education and intelligence, are not always well informed: besides, Sir, there is no reliance on their assertions; many valuable and important secrets are in the hands of individuals, which never find their way into the public journals."

Having proceeded thus far, our three friends were all anxiety to continue what now assumed the appearance of an interesting conversation.

"The nation is gull'd by misrepresentation, from the high to the low one system is acted upon; but I have a document in my pocket which came into my possession in rather an extraordinary manner, and is as extraordinary in its contents; it was thrust into my hand on my way here by a stranger, who instantly disappeared."

"A curious salute," observed Tom; "probably some state paper, some information on foreign affairs, or a petition to be presented to the House."

"The fact is, Sir, as I had no conversation with the stranger, I was ignorant of the importance of the document; but upon opening it, judge of my astonishment, when I found it concerned a *Prince* well known to the British nation, whose interests depend on its support."

"O ho," said Sparkle, "then perhaps it is of a delicate nature, and more attaching to private circumstances than public affairs."

"You shall here, Sir.—It was an appeal to myself, amongst others, in which *Russia* was stated to be in such connection with *Greece*, that the *heads* of this kingdom could not but be conscious of the important results; results, Sir, that were enough to make one's *hair* stand on end: indeed, I have never been able to dismiss the subject from my mind since I first cast my eye over the information."

"Zounds, then," cried DASHALL, "there is much to be apprehended."

"It is impossible for me," continued the old gentleman, "to say how far the distinguished person to whom I have alluded has already, or may hereafter succeed in the objects he has in view; but this I think certain, that if he can but interest the *Poles* on his side, his affairs must thrive."

The Hon. TOM DASHALL by this time was puzzled with the lengthened introduction this gentleman was giving: he sipped his coffee—looked grave—smiled, took up the paper—pretended to read—then laid it down again.

Sparkle looked wise, and betrayed his anxiety by

moving closer to the communicant. TALLYHO fixed his eyes on the old gentleman, with an apparent desire to count the words he uttered.

" In the meantime," continued the interesting stranger, " he is so indefatigable in diffusing through all ranks of society, by means of the press and private agents, a knowledge of the power he has of smoothing the way to success, that the *crown* ought to receive his proffered aid for its own benefit."

" Then" said Sparkle, " it really is a document of public importance : if not too great a favour, might we be allowed a sight of the ——"

" The document,—Oh certainly, Sir," said he, hastily rising and drawing a printed paper from his pocket ; " I will leave it with you : " then throwing it on the table, he made a precipitate retreat.

The little care which the old gentleman seemed to take of this scrap of importance, struck them all with wonder.

" A rum old codger," said TOM ; " and I recommend his observations, as well as the produce of his pocket, to the serious consideration of our friend Sparkle, who will perhaps read this paper for the benefit of us all."

Sparkle, who by this time had unfolded this mysterious paper, burst into a hearty laugh ; and as soon as he could command his risibility, he read as follows :—

" PRINCE'S RUSSIA OIL,

For promoting the growth of Hair."

"And Sparkle introduced to Greece," said Tom.—"Well, the old buck has paid you off for your interruption: however, he has certainly proved his own assertion, that there is no reliance on any body."

"A mountain in labour," continued Tom,—"I think he had you in a line, however."

"I cannot help thinking," replied Sparkle, "that there is a great similarity between him and some of our most popular parliamentary orators, for he has said a great deal to little purpose; but come, let us move on, and lose no more time in the *French coffee* house, discussing the merits or virtues of *Russia oil*."

This proposition being acceded to, our friends now took their way along Pall Mall, where the improvements recently made struck Sparkle with pleasure and delight; the appearance of new and elegant houses occupying the situation of buildings of a shabby and mean exterior, and the introduction of new streets were subjects of considerable admiration.

"The rapidity of alterations in London," said Sparkle, "are almost inconceivable."

"That remark," replied Tom, "only arises from your late absence from the scene of action; for to us who frequently see their progress, there is but little to excite wonder. Now for my part I am more astonished in present times, when so many complaints are made of distress, that occupiers can be found for them, and also seeing the increase of buildings at every part of the environs of London, where tenants can be found to occupy them."

"I confess," said TALLYHO, "that is a subject which I have often thought upon without being able to come to any reasonable conclusion; it appears to me to prove a great increase of population, for although I am aware of the continued influx of new comers from the country, the towns and villages appear as full as ever."

"I am not able to solve the mystery to my own satisfaction," replied Sparkle, "in either case, though I cannot help acknowledging the facts alluded to. It however seems in this place to prove the correctness of the Poet's lines, who says,

> "Wherever round this restless world we range,
> Nothing seems constant saving constant change.
> Like some magician waving mystic wand,
> Improvement metamorphoses the land,
> Grubs up, pulls down, then plants and builds anew,
> Till scenes once loved are banished from our view.
> The draughtsman with officious eye surveys
> What *capabilities* a site displays:
> How things may be made *better* for the *worse*,
> And much improve—at least the schemer's purse."

Continuing their course along Parliament-street, they soon arrived at Westminster-bridge, when the day proving extremely fine, it was proposed to embrace the opportunity of making an excursion by water. The tide served for London Bridge, and without further ceremony, TOM, BOB, and Sparkle jumped into a wherry, and were quickly gliding along upon the bosom of Old Father Thames. The smiling appearance of the day, and the smooth unruffled

surface of the water, excited the most cheerful and enlivening feelings of the mind.

"Nice weather for the rowing match," said a bluff looking sturdy built waterman, who had *doffed* his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, in order to facilitate him in performing his duty.

"Rowing match," inquired TOM. "when does it take place?"

"Why this afternoon at four o'clock, your Honour. Vauxhall will be very full to-night,—Them *ere* people what's got it now are a getting plenty of company, and they will have a bumper to-night, for the gentlemen what belongs to the *funny club* gives a funny to be rowed for."

"That's funny enough," exclaimed Sparkle.

"And convenient too," said TOM; "for as we have no engagement for the evening, we can mingle with the lads on their water frolic."

"With all my heart," said BOB; "and as I am given to understand Vauxhall is greatly improved, it will make an admirable wind up of the day."

Approaching Waterloo Bridge—"What have we here," inquired TALLYHO.

"That," said TOM, "is a floating fire engine, for the protection of shipping, and sometimes very useful in cases of fire on the banks of the river."

"An excellent idea," continued BOB, "because they can never be in want of water."

"Will you sit a little more this way, Sir, if you please? we shall trim better."

BOB rose hastily upon this intimation; and had

not his Cousin caught him by the coat, would have trimmed himself into the watery element.

"Zounds, man, you had nearly upset us all. You must trim the boat, and sit steady, or we shall all go to *Davey's locker*. You must not attempt to dance in such a vehicle as this."

Bob's confusion at this circumstance created laughter to his two friends, which however he could not exactly enjoy with the same relish; nor did he perfectly recover himself till they were safely landed at Tower Stairs.

"Now," said Tom, "I propose a peep at the interior of this place, a row down to Greenwich to dinner, and then a touch at the rowing match; what say you—agreed on all hands."

"Then," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "wait for us here old boy, and you shall be our conveyancer."

"I don't know nothing of you, gentlemen; and you understand me, I'm not a going to be done—I'm too old a hand to be catch'd in that there fashion; but if so be you engages me for the day, you can take the number of my boat—but then you must *tip*."

"Right," said Sparkle, "who knows whether we shall escape the Lions, and then how is old rough and tough to get paid."

"You'll excuse me, gentlemen, I don't mean no affront upon my soul; but I have stood the *nonsense* before now, and been *flung*—but I von't be *sarved out* in that there way any more. I am *up* to the

gossip, and expects you'll come *down* with the *rag*."

"Certainly," said Tom Dashall with a smile; "I am aware of the hint, which by the way is pretty broadly conveyed, therefore be satisfied;" and giving him a sovereign, they proceeded into the Tower.

The entrance to the Tower from the wharf is by a draw-bridge, near to which is a cut connecting the river with the ditch, having a water gate, called Traitor's Gate; state prisoners having been formerly conveyed by this passage from the Tower to Westminster for trial; and over this gate is the water-works which supply the fortress.

Having passed the drawbridge, Bob looked around him, almost conceiving himself in a new world; he saw houses and streets, of which he had formed no conception.

"Zounds," said he, "this Tower seems almost to contain a City."

"Yes," replied Dashall, "it occupies some ground. Its extent within the walls is twelve acres and five roods. The exterior circuit of the ditch, which entirely surrounds it, is 3156 feet. The principal buildings are the Church, the White Tower, the Ordnance Office, the Record Office, the Jewel Office, the Horse Armory, the Grand Store House, the Small Armoury, the houses belonging to the Officers, barracks for the Garrison, and two Suttling Houses for the accommodation of the military and the inhabitants."

The White Tower, as it is called, is a large square

building in the centre of the fortress; on the top of which are four watch towers, one being at present used as an observatory. Neither the sides of this building, nor the small towers, are uniform. The walls are whitewashed: near to it is the grand storehouse, a plain building of brick and stone, 345 feet long, and 60 feet broad.

Being conducted to the Spanish* armory, TALLYHO was much gratified with a view of its contents —trophies of the famous victory of Queen Elizabeth over the Spanish armada, among which the most remarkable were the *thumb screws*, intended to be used in order to extort confession from the English, where their money was hidden. The axe with which the unfortunate Anne Bullen was beheaded by order of Henry VIII.; a representation of Queen Elizabeth in armour, standing by a cream-coloured horse, attended by a page, also attracted his attention; her majesty being dressed in the armour she wore at the time she addressed her brave army at Tilbury, in 1588, with a white silk petticoat, richly ornamented with pearls and spangles. In the Small Armory, which is one of the finest rooms in Europe, containing complete stands of arms for 100,000 men, they could not but admire the beautiful and elegant manner in which the arms were disposed, forming tasteful

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* The Spanish Armory, Small Armory, Train of Artillery, and Horse Armory, may be seen at the price of 2*s*. each person, with a compliment per company to the Warder.

devices in a variety of figures : a piece of ordnance from Egypt, and the Highland broadsword, also claimed particular notice.

The Volunteer Armory, containing arms piled in beautiful order for 30,000 men, with pikes, swords, &c. in immense numbers, presented to them a fine figure of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in bright armour, bearing the very lance he actually used in his lifetime, which is no less than 18 feet long. The Sea Armory, containing arms for nearly 50,000 seamen and marines, and the Royal Artillery, which is partly kept on the ground floor under the Small Armory, next underwent inspection. Here they could not help admiring the room, which is 380 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 24 feet high, and the many peculiarly fine pieces of cannon which it contained. The artillery is ranged on each side, leaving a passage in the centre of ten feet in breadth. Twenty pillars in this room support the Small Armory above, which are hung round with implements of war, and trophies taken from the enemy, producing altogether a grand and imposing effect.

The Horse Armory—a noble room, crowded with curiosities—proved a source of high gratification. Here they found themselves in company with all the kings of England, from William the Conqueror to George III. ; the whole on horseback, and in armour. The armour of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, seven feet high, and the sword and lance of proportionable size, were viewed as objects of wonder.

In the Jewel Office,* containing the regalia of state, was the next object to which they directed their attention. Here they were shewn the Imperial Crown, with which the Kings of England are crowned: it is made of gold, enriched with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls. The cap is of purple velvet, lined with white taffety, and turned up with three rows of ermine. This crown is never used but at coronations; the golden globe, which is placed in the King's right hand before he is crowned; the golden sceptre and its cross, upon a large amethyst, decorated with table diamonds; the sceptre, which is considered to be far the most ancient in the collection, and probably a part of the original regalia, is covered with jewels and gothic enamel work, surmounted with an onyx dove, was found by the present keeper in the year 1814, and is estimated at a very high value. St. Edward's staff, made of beaten gold, and which is borne before the King in the coronation procession, is 4 feet 7 inches and a half in length, and 3 inches and 3 quarters round. The golden saltseller, the sword of mercy without a point, the grand silver font, used for christenings of the royal family, and the crown of state worn by the King at his meeting of the Parliament, and other state occasions, were viewed in succession with admiration and delight. The latter is of great splendour and value; it is

* The Jewel Office is shewn for 1*s.* each person in company; a single person pays 1*s.* 6*d.*: it may be seen separately, but not without a Warder.

covered with precious stones of a large size, and on the top of its cross is a pearl, which Charles I. pledged for eighteen thousand pounds to the Dutch Republic: under the cross is an emerald diamond, of a palish green colour, valued at one hundred thousand pounds, being seven inches and a half in circumference; in the front is a rock ruby in its purely natural state, unpolished, three inches in length, the value of which cannot be estimated. Several other curiosities of state regalia—such as the golden eagle, the golden spur, the crown of Queen Mary, the cross of King William, and the diadem worn by the Queens Anne and Mary, were numbered among the valuable jewels contained in this office, together with abundance of curious old plate, the value of which, independent of several of the jewels, which are inestimable, is not less than two millions sterling.

"Now," said DASHALL, "as they left the Jewel Office, we have taken a view of the inanimates, we must not leave the spot without a peep at the lions;* for though I believe there is nothing very extraordinary in the collection, more than may be seen at the menagerie at Exeter Change, it would be an unpardonable omission not to see the lions in the Tower."

For this purpose they proceeded to the western entrance, where they were quickly introduced by the keeper to the various animals under his care, and who, in going round with them, explained, as usual, their several histories.

* The wild beasts, &c. are shewn at 1*s.* each.

In examining these various curiosities, time had imperceptibly stolen a march upon them, and their original plan of proceeding to Greenwich was found to be impracticable; besides which, upon reaching the stairs where they had landed, the bluff old waterman was not to be found.

"Zounds," said DASHALL, "this looks like a *do*. I wonder what's become of the *old blade*."

Sparkle began to laugh, and BOB bit his lip. TOM made inquiry of a boy at the stairs, who informed him that Barney was gone to the suttling house to smoak a pipe.

"All right," said TOM, "then we will soon rouse him, and start."

Upon this they moved back again into the Tower, and according to the directions they had received, they found Barney in the tap-room, puffing away care, and singing with Stentorian voice to the surrounding company—

"From Irongate to Limehouse Hole,
You will not meet a kinder soul,
While the Thames is flowing,
Pull away ho—Pull away ho."

In search of real life and character, and at all times rather inclined to promote mirth than spoil sport, our friends immediately entered unperceived by Barney, and taking an opposite corner of the room, were quickly attended by the landlord, who received orders, and produced them supplies.

The song being over, and Barney rewarded for his

exertions by the most enthusiastic applause of the room, he renewed his pipe, at the same time declaring to a soldier who sat near him, he thought "he had miss'd fire, for he was d——d if he didn't think he'd lost his company, or his company had lost him—but that he had taken care to *nibble the blunt*, and upon that there score all was right—so landlord *tip* us another quart, and if they don't make their appearance by the time I've got through that, I'll *tip them the toddle*, shove off my boat, and disappear.—That's the time of day, an't it, boy."

"Why aye, to be sure," replied the soldier, "you watermen leads a happy life; you are your own masters, you does just as you pleases, while a soldier dare as well be d——d as desert his post. But I say, Barney, mind what you says,—*nose—nose*;" accompanying the last two words with a significant action of placing his finger on his nose, and winking his eye.

Upon this intimation, which appeared to be well understood by Barney, he puffed off an immoderate cloud of smoke, and looking round the room, perceived his customers in the corner.

"Be quiet," said he, "that's my fare—so it's all right again.—Do you want me, gentlemen; I am always ready, so that whenever you says the word, Barney's your boy."

"Presently," said DASHALL, "for it would be hard to make you start upon a full jorum."

"Why I must say," continued Barney, "I never likes to leave a foaming quart behind me;" and

catching hold of the pot of *heavy wet*, he roared out,—

"What a hearty blade am I,
Care can never touch my heart;
Every trouble I defy,
While I view the foaming quart."

and taking a hearty drink, he handed it to his companion, filled his pipe afresh, lighted, and informed the gentlemen he was at their service; when in a few minutes all being ready, they were quickly on board.

"I don't like the looks of the weather, my masters, why we shall have a shower presently, where will you go to?"

"To Vauxhall," was the reply.

"Very well, your Honour, then here goes; but if you don't get a sousing, my name an't Barney."

This prognostication proved true, for before they reached Blackfriars Bridge, a smart shower came on, which nearly wetted them through before they could reach land. When this was accomplished, they proceeded to the Horn Tavern, Doctors Commons, where they partook of an excellent repast, and the weather clearing up, they again joined Barney.

By this time the promising fineness of the evening had induced many to venture forth to the rowing match, and the river was all gaiety and delight. Boats of every description were seen filled with well dressed persons, both male and female: the smiling countenances of the lads and lasses were in unison with the laughing sun, that darted his brilliant beams upon the dimpled wave, which seemed to leap in return with grateful animation. The shores were

lined with spectators, anxiously waiting the moment for the commencement of this trial of skill. Our friends were highly delighted with the prospect before them, and at the appointed time, having rested on their oars near the place of starting, they saw with pleasure the active preparations on the part of the competitors, and upon the signal being given for the start, the river appeared to consist of nothing but moving conveyances of happy faces, all guided in one direction. The shouts of the various friends of the occasionally successful candidates for the honour of victory, and the skill and dexterity with which they manœuvred against each other, were subjects of continued admiration ; while bands of music were heard from boats that intermingled with the throng. The lads of the Funny Club were in high glee—numerous cutters and sailing boats, with their owners and visiting friends, were also in the throng. Barney pulled away like a good one, and for a considerable distance kept nearly up with the principal actors in this gay and animated scene of aquatic diversion, and arrived off Cumberland gardens just in time to have an excellent view of the winner coming in at the appointed spot, in prime style, amidst the loud and reiterated plaudits of his friends.

The intention of visiting Vauxhall Gardens was, however, for the present evening relinquished ; and our party, feeling fatigued by their excursion, repaired homeward, where for the present we shall leave them to their quiet and repose.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Still rolling round and round and round,"

Exclaimed Dashall, as he advanced from the breakfast table towards the window, when a pleasing and singular street-exhibition presented itself, which had attracted around a numerous audience, of all ages and conditions.

An itinerant purveyor of novelties was in the act of showing forth to an admiring crowd, the docility of a TAME HARE. On a table in the street, on which was placed a drum, the little animal stood, in an erect posture, and with surprising tractableness obeyed the commands of its exhibiter, delivered in very broken English, with which, nevertheless, it seemed perfectly conversant.

"Vat mattiere now, dat you be so solky, and no take notice of your goot friends?—Come, Sare, shew your politesse, and salute de genteelmens at de window, who so kind as come to look at you.—Make way dere, goot peoples and leetel childer, dat de genteelmens sall see,—dat vill do. Now, sare, begin; —do your beisance all round."

The animal, without any apparent instruction to whom to give the precedency of obeisance, immediately faced "de genteelmens at de window," and saluted them with a conge of particular respect; which being acknowledged with a motion of the hand by DASHALL, the intelligent animal expressed its sense of his complacency, by a second obeisance, more profound than the first.

The spectators applauded, and the performer testified its gratitude by a bow, all round.

"Dat all goot. Now, sare, tree role on de drom for *le Roi d'Angletterre :—Vive le Roi d'Anglettere!*"

This command the animal very promptly obeyed, by substituting its fore feet for sticks, and giving three prolonged rolls of the drum, each in distinct succession.

"Now den for Messieurs."

With equal alacrity this hint was attended to, and as *le Roi d'Angletterre* had *three*, so de genteelmens at de window were honoured with *two* rolls of the drum.

The like compliment was paid to *all de Englise peoples;* and the minor salute of one roll was given to the surrounding spectators.

The indefatigable drummer was next required to give a token of regard for the *Cook;* but this he declined to do, and the order, though frequently given, was as frequently uncomplied with.

"Vill you take notice of me, den?"

This question was instantly answered by the accustomed mark of respect.

" Genteelmans at de window, and peoples on de street, my leetel drommer no love de cook,—no show her de respect dat he show you—he know dat de cook be no friend of de *pauvre* hare ;"—then turning towards the animal,—" Vat," said he, " must I speak all de tanks mineself ?"

In deficiency of speech, the animal reiterated its obeisances—" Diable !" exclaimed the exhibiter—" here comes de cook, to kill and spit you !"

The hare instantly hastened to its hiding place, and thus terminated the exhibition.

" This epitome of the world," observed TALLYHO, " lacks nothing to gratify every sense of man ! Here industry is on the alert to accumulate wealth, and dissipation in haste to spend it. Here riot and licentiousness roll triumphantly in gilded state, while merit pines in penury and obscurity ;—and here ingenuity roams the streets for a scanty and precarious subsistence, exhibiting learned pigs, dogs, and so forth, that will cast accounts with the precision of an experienced arithmetician ; and a tame hare that will beat a drum, and make a bow more gracefully than a dancing-master. This last instance of human ingeniousness, by which the poor Frenchman picks up a living, would almost induce a belief that the power of art is unlimitable, and that apparently insurmountable difficulties may be overcome by diligent perseverance !—Who, besides this foreigner, would have thought of divesting a hare of its natural timidity, and rendering it subservient, by a display of intelligence, to the acquirement of his subsistence ?"

"And who," said DASHALL, "would have thought, but a German, of training canary-birds to imitate military evolution,—make a prisoner of one of their fellows as a deserter,—try and condemn him to death,—apparently execute the sentence, by shooting him with a small gun,—and finally, bear away the motionless and seemingly lifeless body on a wheel-barrow, for interment!—Nay, who would think of inverting the order of nature, by creating and cementing a union of friendship between cats and birds and mice, associating them together, within the confines of a cage, in the utmost harmony of social intercourse?—And who shall presume to set bounds to the human art, that from a deal board has constructed the figure of a man that will beat at the difficult game of chess, the first players in Europe;* and created a wooden musician, that in a solo from the trumpet,

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* It appears by the following letter from Presburg, in Hungary, that this wonderful automaton was originally invented and exhibited there:—

"During my stay in this city, I have been so happy as to form an acquaintance with M. de Kempett, an Aulic Counsellor and Director General of the salt mines in Hungary. It seems impossible to attain to a more perfect knowledge of Mechanics, than this gentleman hath done. At least no artist has yet been able to produce a machine, so wonderful in its kind, as what he constructed about a year ago. M. de Kempett, excited by the accounts he received of the extraordinary performances of the celebrated M. de Vaucanson, and of some other men of genius in France and England, at first aimed at nothing more, than to imitate those artists. But he has done more, he has excelled them. He has con-

will excel the best living performers on that instrument!"

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structed an Automaton, which can play at chess with the most skilful players. This machine represents a man of the natural size, dressed like a Turk, sitting before the table which holds the chess-board. This table (which is about three feet and a half long, and about two feet and a half broad) is supported by four feet that roll on castors, in order the more easily to change its situation; which the inventor fails not to do from time to time, in order to take away all suspicion of any communication. Both the table and the figure are full of wheels, springs, and levers. M. de Kempett makes no difficulty of shewing the inside of the machine, especially when he finds any one suspects a boy to be in it. I have examined with attention all the parts both of the table and figure, and I am well assured there is not the least ground for such an imputation. I have played a game at chess with the Automaton myself. I have particularly remarked, with great astonishment, the precision with which it made the various and complicated movements of the arm, with which it plays. It raises the arm, it advances it towards that part of the chess-board, on which the piece stands, which ought to be moved; and then by a movement of the wrist, it brings the hand down upon the piece, opens the hand, closes it upon the piece in order to grasp it, lifts it up, and places it upon the square it is to be removed to; this done, it lays its arm down upon a cushion which is placed on the chess-board. If it ought to take one of its adversary's pieces, then by one entire movement, it removes that piece quite off the chess-board, and by a series of such movements as I have been describing, it returns to take up its own piece, and place it in the square, which the other had left vacant. I attempted to practise a small deception, by giving the Queen the move of a Knight; but my mechanic opponent was not to be so imposed on; he took up my

" LONDON is a rare place for sights,—always something new ;—where the spirits need never flag through

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Queen and replaced her in the square she had been removed from. All this is done with the same readiness that a common player shews at this game, and I have often engaged with persons, who played neither so expeditiously, nor so skilfully as this Automaton, who yet would have been extremely affronted, if one had compared them to him. You will perhaps expect me to propose some conjectures, as to the means employed to direct this machine in its movements. I wish I could form any that were reasonable and well-founded ; but notwithstanding the minute attention with which I have repeatedly observed it, I have not been able in the least degree to form any hypothesis which could satisfy myself. The English ambassador, Prince Guistiniani, and several English Lords, for whom the inventor had the complaisance to make the figure play, stood round the table while I played the game. They all had their eyes on M. de Kempett, who stood by the table, or sometimes removed five or six feet from it, yet not one of them could discover the least motion in him, that could influence the Automaton. They who had seen the effects produced by the loadstone in the curious exhibitions on the Boulevards at Paris, cried out, that the loadstone must have been the means here employed to direct the arm. But, besides that there are many objections to this supposition, M. de Kempett, with whom I have had long conversations since on this subject, offers to let any one bring as close as he pleases to the table the strongest and best-armed magnet that can be found, or any weight of iron whatever, without the least fear that the movements of his machine will be affected or disturbed by it. He also withdraws to any distance you please, and lets the figure play four or five moves successively without approaching it. It is unnecessary to remark, that the marvellous in this Automaton consists chiefly in this, that it has

want of amusement. Let me recapitulate,—there is the automaton chess-player and the automaton trumpeter,—the family compact, *alias* amicable society of cat, birds, and mice,—the military canaries, and an hundred phenomena besides, of which we shall make the round in due time. In the meanwhile, let us set out, like the knight of La Mancha, in search of adventures, without running the risk of mistaking windmills for giants: one of the former would, indeed, be a high treat to the insatiable curiosity of the inhabitants of this metropolis; and as to giants, there

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not (as in others, the most celebrated machines of this sort) one determined series of movements, but that it always moves in consequence of the manner in which its opponent moves; which produces an amazing multitude of different combinations in its movements. M. de Kempett winds up from time to time the springs of the arm of this Automaton, in order to renew its MOVING FORCE, but this, you will observe, has no relation to its GUIDING FORCE or power of direction, which makes the great merit of this machine. In general I am of opinion, that the contriver influences the direction of almost every stroke played by the Automaton, although as I have said, I have sometimes seen him leave it to itself for many moves together; which, in my opinion, is the most difficult circumstance of all to comprehend in what regards this machine. M. de Kempett has the more merit in this invention, as he complains that his designs have not always been seconded by workmen so skilful as was requisite to the exact precision of a work of this nature; and he hopes he shall, ere long, produce to the world performances still more surprising than this. Indeed one may expect every thing from his knowledge and skill, which are exceedingly enhanced by his uncommon modesty. Never did genius triumph with less ostentation."

are none on shew since Bartholomew-fair, excepting those stationary gentlemen, the twin-brothers, GOG and MAGOG, in Guildhall."

Passing through the town without meeting with any new object worthy of particular notice, they found themselves at the extremity of Threadneedle-street, when DASHALL, pointing to a neat plain building, " this," said he, " is the South Sea House. The South Sea Company was established for the purpose of an exclusive trade to the South Seas, and many thousands were ruined by the speculation : the iniquity and deception were at last discovered, and those who were at the head were punished. The eager hope of wealth frequently engenders disappointment,—but here credulity attained her zenith ;—amongst other schemes, equally practicable, the projectors of this notorious bubble set up a method of making butter from beech-trees ; a plan to learn people to cast their nativity ; an insurance against divorces ; and a way of making deal boards out of saw-dust ! "

" And is it possible," inquired TALLYHO, " that such most preposterous theories obtained belief ? "

" Even so," answered DASHALL,—" What is there in which human folly will not believe ?—We have all read of the bottle-conjurer.* —The prevalence of

* This speculator by *wholesale* in *English credulity*, advertised, " that he would, in the Haymarket theatre, literally and *bona fide* creep into a quart bottle ; and further, would, when inside such quart bottle, entertain the audience with a *solo* on the violin ! "

curiosity is universal. I could safely stake any money, that if public notice was given of a person who would LEAP DOWN HIS OWN THROAT, he would gain belief, and a full audience would favour him with their company to witness his marvellous performance."

Proceeding into Bishopsgate-street, the new City of London Tavern caught the attention of TALLYHO.

"This," observed his friend, "is probably the first tavern in London, with reference to superior accommodation. Here congregate the most eminent corporate bodies, directors of public institutions and others, on occasions of business or enjoyment; here the admirable arrangement of every thing conducive to comfort is minutely attended to; here the plenitude of abundance, and the delicacies of luxury, distinguish the festive board, and the culinary art is

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Long before the appointed hour of performance, the house was crammed at all points, and thousands were sent from the doors for want of room. The most eager curiosity prevailed as the time drew near for the commencement of these extraordinary feats, and the clamour for the appearance of the performer was incessant and vociferous. At last he came forward upon the stage, and all was breathless attention. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to say that I cannot, to-night, find a bottle large enough for the purpose intended; but to-morrow I faithfully engage to go into a pint-bottle, in atonement of the present disappointment!" He then retired. The shock was electrical,—a dead silence prevailed for a moment;—the delusion vanished, and "confusion worse confounded" ensued; the interior of the house was nearly demolished. His R. H. the D. of C. was present, and lost a gold-hilted sword. During "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," the speculator made off with his booty.

shown forth to the very *acme* of perfection; which, together with the varied, unsophisticated excellence of the richest wines, secure to this celebrated tavern the continuance of a well-merited public approbation. But one of these days we shall avail ourselves of practical experience, by forming part of the company at dinner.

Proposing in their way home to take the skirts of the metropolis, they directed their course through Moorfields, where TALLYHO remarked on the unseemly desolate waste there presenting itself, and expressed surprise that it was not appropriated to some purposes of utility or ornament.

"It appears," answered DASHALL, "as if some such improvement was in projection; probably a new square, if we may so *opine* from present indications; however, be the intention what it may, the execution is uncommonly tardy; with the exception of the central iron-railing, the handsome structure on the opposite side, the solitary building on the right, and range of new houses on the left, the *tout ensemble* was the same twenty years ago. It is a scene of dilapidation which might perhaps have been

"More honoured in the breach than in th' observance."

I recollect, that when a boy, I frequently extended my rambles into the quarters of Moorfields, for so was this place then named, from its compartments, exhibiting rural appearance even in the centre of London. Here were four enclosed fields, displaying in the season the beautiful verdure of nature; and numerous trees branching, in ample shade, over two

great walks, that intersected each other at right angles, and formed the afternoon promenade of the citizens' wives and daughters. In former times, the quarters of Moorfields were resorted to by holiday visitants, as the favourite place of rendezvous, where predominated the recreation of manly exercises, and shows, gambols, and merriment were the orders of the day. The present is an age of improvement,—and yet I cannot think, in an already monstrously overgrown metropolis, the substitution of bricks and mortar an equivalent for green fields and rural simplicity."

Leaving Moorfields, they passed, in a few minutes, into Finsbury-square.

TALLYHO appeared surprised by its uniformly handsome edifices, its spacious extent, and beautiful circular area, in which the ground is laid out and the shrubberies disposed to the very best advantage. "Here, at least," he observed, "is a proof that TASTE and ELEGANCE are not altogether excluded a civic residence."

"In this square, taking its name from the division of Finsbury," said DASHALL, "reside many of the merchants and other eminent citizens of London; and here, in the decorations, internally, of their respective mansions, they vie with the more courtly residents westward, and exceed them generally in the quietude of domestic enjoyment."

Renewing their walk along the City Road, the gate of Bunhill Fields burying-ground standing conveniently open, "Let us step in," said DASHALL,—

" this is the most extensive depository of the dead in London, and as every grave almost is surmounted by a tombstone, we cannot fail in acquiring an impressive *memento mori.*"

While examining a monumental record, of which there appeared a countless number, their attention was withdrawn from the *dead,* and attracted by the *living.* An elderly personage, arrayed in a rusty suit of sables, with an ink bottle dangling from one of the buttons of his coat, was intently employed in copying a long, yet well written inscription, to the memory of PATRICK COLQUHON, L.L.D., author of a Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, and several other works of great public utility. Having accomplished his object, the stranger saluted DASHALL and TALLYHO in a manner so courteous as seemingly to invite conversation.

" You have chosen, Sir," observed Mr. DASHALL, " rather a *sombre* cast of amusement."

" Otherwise *occupation,*" said the stranger, " from which I derive subsistence. Amidst the endless varieties of REAL LIFE IN LONDON, I am an *Epitaph-Collector,* favoured by my friends with the appellation of *Old Mortality,* furnished them by the voluminous writer and meteor of the north, Sir Walter Scott."

" Do you collect," asked TALLYHO, " with the view of publishing on your own account?"

" No, Sir,—I really am not in possession of the means wherewith to embark on so hazardous a speculation. I am thus employed by an eccentric, yet

very worthy gentleman, of large property, who ambitious of transmitting his name to posterity, means to favour the world with a more multitudinous collection of epitaphs than has hitherto appeared in any age or nation;— his prospectus states "MONUMENTAL GLEANINGS, in TWENTY-FIVE *quarto volumes!*"

"Astonishing!" exclaimed DASHALL,—"Can it be possible that he ever will be able to accomplish so vast an undertaking?"

"And if he does," said TALLYHO, "can it be possible that any person will be found to read a production of such magnitude, and on such a subject?"

"That to him is a matter of indifference," said *Old Mortality*,—"he means to defray the entire charges, and the object of publication effected, will rest satisfied with the approbation of the *discerning few*, leaving encomium from the multitude to authors or compilers more susceptible of flattery,—

"Born with a stomach to digest a ton!"

As to the quantum of *materiel*, he is indefatigable in personal research, employing besides numerous collectors even in the sister island, and in *this*, from the *Land's-end* to *Johnny Grot's* house."

"And *when*," asked DASHALL, "is it probable that this gigantic work may be completed?"

"Can't say," answered *Old Mortality*,—"I should think at no very remote period: the collection is in daily accumulation, and we are already in possession of above ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND."

"Prodigious!" exclaimed DASHALL, "as *Dominie*

Sampson says. And pray, Sir, what number may your assiduities have contributed towards the aggregate?"

"That," answered *Old Mortality*, "I cannot exactly ascertain; to those, however, already supplied, this ground will yield a considerable increase."

"May we solicit," said TALLYHO, "without the imputation of intrusion, the favour of your reading to us from your table-book, a few of the most remarkable epitaphs?"

Old Mortality readily promised gratification as far as possible, but he had not his table-book with him; "I have been employed to day," said he, "in making extracts from one of our manuscript folio volumes, for the purpose of insertion in the different metropolitan daily papers;—here they are"—taking a small bundle from his pocket, tied round with red tape,—"one for each paper: permit me, gentlemen, for a moment just to look over the endorsations."

The triumvirate now seated themselves on a tombstone, and *Old Mortality* untying the bundle of extracts, laid them down in loose compact; then taking up the first, and reading the superscription, shewing for what newspaper it was intended, he reversed it on the tombstone.—"This," said he, "is for *The Times, British Press, Morning Post, Morning Chronicle, Morning Advertiser, Morning Herald, Public Ledger*,—all right,—and sorted, as the postman sorts his letters: I shall take, first of all, Printing-house Square, the others are in a direct line of delivery. This important arrangement made, he

took up one paper from the bundle, and read the contents with an audible voice :—

SPECIMEN OF MONUMENTAL GLEANINGS,

Extracted from the manuscript folio of a new compilation of Epitaphs, serious and eccentric, now in collection, from numerous Dormitories in Great Britain and Ireland ;

To be completed with all possible expedition,

And will be ushered to the patronage of a discerning Public, in Twenty-five *quarto volumes.*

In the Church-yard of Winchester, Hants.

Here lies interred a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who got his death by drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, take heed from his untimely fall,
And if you drink, drink strong, or none at all.

In Stepney Church-yard.

Here lies the body of *Daniel Saul,*
Spitalfields weaver,—and that's all.

In Chigwell Church-yard.

This disease you ne'er heard tell on,
I died of eating too much melon ;
Be careful then all you that feed—I
Suffer'd, because I was too greedy.

In St. John's, Leeds.

Hic jacet, sure the fattest man
That Yorkshire stingo made;
He was a lover,—of his can,
A clothier by his trade.
His waist did measure three yards round,
He weighed almost three hundred pound;
His flesh did weigh full twenty stone,—
His flesh, I say—he had no bone,—
At least 'tis said that he had none.

Eltham.

My wife lies here beneath,
Alas from me she's flown!
She was so good, that *Death*
Would have her for his own.

At Maidstone.

My life was short, as you may see,
I died at only twenty-three.
Now free from pain and grief I rest;—
I had a cancer in my breast;
The Doctors all their physic tried,
And *thus* by slow degrees I died!

Northampton.

Here lies the corpse of Susan Lee,
Who died of heartfelt pain,
Because she lov'd a faithless *he*,
Who lov'd not her again!

Pray for me, old THOMAS DUNN,—
But if you don't,—*'tis all one!*

In ABERDEEN, Scotland.

Here lies auld WILLIAM ALDERBROAD.
Have mercy on his soul, Lord God,
As he would have were he Lord God,
And thou auld William Alderbroad!

Sir WILLIAM WALWORTH, Lord Mayor of London,

St. Michael's, Crooked Lane.

Hereunder lyth a man of fame,
WILLIAM WALWORTH callyd by name;
Fishmonger he was in life time here,
And twice *Lord Maior* as in bookes appere.
Who with courage stout and manly might
Slew WAT TYLER, in *King* RICHARD'S sight.
For which act done and trew intent,
The King made him a Knight incontinent,
And gave him armes, as heere you see,
To declare his fait and chivalrie.
He left this life the yere of our God,
Thirteene hundryd fourscore and three, odd.

WILLIAM WRAY.

In the same Church-yard.

Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray;—
I have no more to say.

Interchanging civilities, the party now separated, the collector to resume his occupation, and the two friends their walk.

"Twenty-five quarto volumes," exclaimed the Squire, "and exclusively filled with epitaphs; this fellow has set himself a task with a vengeance!"

"And which," answered his friend, "he will never be able to accomplish; however, the ambition of renown as a voluminous collector is the less censurable, as being unattended by any of its too frequently pernicious concomitants, and giving to others an acceptable and not irrational employment; he is only blameable in the projected *extent*, not the *nature* of his pursuit; and happy would it be for mankind did the love of fame engender no greater evil than that, if any, which may accrue from the Herculean labours of this epitaph collector."

"Yet to us, the uninitiated of the country, it would never occur that there existed even in London a man who disseminated his fortune, and applied his mental and corporeal energies in gleaning epitaphs."

"Neither perhaps would it occur that there existed even in London a virtuoso who discovered that *fleas* were a species of lobster, and who proceeded to proof by the ordeal of boiling water, on the supposition that the process would change their hue from black to red, and thus satisfactorily establish the correctness of his judgment; unfortunately, however, the boiled fleas still retained their original colour, and

the ingenious hypothesis was reluctantly relinquished.*

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* It is told of another virtuoso, that he was waited upon one morning by a stranger, who announced that he had the opportunity of procuring an inestimable curiosity—a horned cock; but that its owner, an avaricious old woman, had her domicile in the highlands of Scotland, to which remote region it would be necessary to travel, amply provided with the pecuniary means of securing this wonderful bird; and that it would be expedient to set out immediately, lest the matchless phenomenon should become the prize of a more fortunate competitor.

"A horned cock! the very acme of frolicsome nature,—a desideratum in the class of *lusus naturæ*, which I would rather possess than the mines of Peru!—Away, my dear fellow; speed like lightning to the north,—purchase this precious bird at any price; and should the old woman hesitate at separation from her cornuted companion, why then purchase *both*, and bring them to town with all possible celerity!"

In the interval between this important mission and the achievement of its object, the anxiety of the virtuoso was inexpressible;—a horned cock! it was the incessant subject of his cogitations by day, and of his dreams by night. At last the auspicious moment arrived; in the still noontide of night the preconcerted rap at the street door announced the happy result of the momentous expedition. The virtuoso sprang from his couch with extasy to admit the illustrious prodigy of nature. His astonishment, delight, and triumph were unspeakable:—two horns of the most beautiful curvature adorned the crested head of this noble northern. Anticipation thus blessed by the fulness of fruition, the bringer was superabundantly rewarded. Next morning the virtuoso sent a message to each of his most highly favoured friends, desiring attendance at his house instantaneously, on an occasion of vast importance. "Gentlemen," said he to his assembled visitants, "I may now boast pos-

Pursuing their course along the City Road, the two friends were attracted by the appearance of a caravan, stationary on the road side, whereon was inscribed, in large characters, THE FEMALE SALAMANDER.

"Here is another instance," observed DASHALL, "of the varieties of Real Life in London."

"Walk in, gentlemen," exclaimed the proprietor, "and see the surprising young woman over whom the element of fire has no control!"

TOM and BOB accepted the invitation. Entering the caravan, they were received by an interesting young female, apparently not more than eighteen years of age, with a courteousness of manner far beyond what could have been expected from an itinerant exhibitor.

So soon as a sufficient number of spectators had congregated within the vehicle, the female Salamander commenced her exhibition.

Taking a red-hot poker from the fire, she grasped it firmly, and drew it from head to point through her hand, without sustaining the smallest injury!

"Will you permit me to look at your hand?" asked DASHALL.

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session of that which will astonish the universe—a horned cock! behold the *rara avis*, and envy my felicity!" So saying, he uncovered a wicker basket, when lo! the bird, shorn of its honours! indignant at confinement, and struggling for freedom, had dropped its *waxen* antlers! The unfortunate virtuoso stood aghast and speechless, and only at last found utterance to curse his own credulity!

The girl extended her hand,—the palm was moist, and seemed to have been previously fortified against danger by some secret liquid or other application, now reeking from its recent contact with the flaming weapon.

An uncivilized bumpkin accused her of deception, asserting that the poker was not heated to the extent represented.

"Touch and try," answered the girl. He did so, and the cauterizing instrument gave a feeling (although not very satisfactory) negative to his assertion.

"The mystery," continued DASHALL, "of resisting the impression of fire, certainly originates in the liquid by which your hand has been protected."

"I shall answer your observation," said the Salamander, "by another performance."

She then dipped her fingers into a pot of molten lead, and let fall upon her tongue several drops of the metallic fluid, to the no small amazement and terror of the company; and as if to remove the idea of precautionary application, she after a lapse of five minutes, repeated the same extraordinary exhibition, and finally immerged her naked feet in the boiling material.

The inscrutable means by which the Salamander executed these feats with the most complete success and safety, were not to be divulged; and as neither of our respectable friends felt desirous of emulating the fair exhibitant, they declined the importunity of further inquiry.

"This is, indeed," said DASHALL, as they resumed their walk, "the age of wonders:—here is a girl who can bear to gargle her mouth with melted lead, put her delicate feet into the same scalding material, and pass through her hands a flaming red hot poker! I am inclined to believe, that were the present an age of superstition, she might be burnt for a witch, were she not happily incombustible. For my own part, I sincerely hope that this pyrophorous prodigy will never think of quitting her own country; and as I am a bachelor, I verily believe I should be tempted to make her an offer of my hand, could I flatter myself with any chance of raising a *flame*, or making a *match* with such uninflammable commodity. Only conceive the luxury, when a man comes home fatigued, and in a hurry for his tea, of having a wife who can instantly take out the heater for the urn with her fingers,—stir the fire with ditto—snuff candles with ditto—make a spit of her arm, or a toasting fork of her thumb! What a saving, too, at the washing season, since she need only hold her hand between the bars till it is red hot, thrust it into a box iron, and iron you off a dozen childrens' frocks, while an ordinary laundress would be coddling the irons over the fire, spitting upon them, and holding them to her cheek to ascertain the heat before she began to work."

"And," observed the Squire, taking up his friend's vein of humour, "if the young lady be as insensible to the flames of Cupid as she is to those of Vulcan,

she might still be highly useful in a national point of view, and well worthy the attention of the various fire-offices."

"Exactly so," replied his Cousin, — "how desirable for instance would it have been at the late alarming fire in Gracechurch-street, to have had a trustworthy person like her, who could very coolly perambulate the blazing warehouses, to rescue from the flames the most valuable commodities, or lolling astraddle upon a burning beam, hold the red-hot engine pipe in her hand, and calmly direct the hissing water to those points where it may be most effectually applied. In our various manufactories, what essential services she might perform. In glass-houses, for instance, it is notorious that great mischief sometimes arises from inability to ascertain when the sand and flint have arrived at the proper degree of fusion. How completely might this be remedied, by merely shutting up the female Salamander in the furnace; and I can really imagine nothing more interesting, than to contemplate her in that situation, dressed in an asbestos pelisse, watching the reproduction of a phœnix hung up in an iron cage by her side, fondling a spritely little Salamander, and bathing her naked feet in the vitreous lava, to report upon the intensity of heat. Much more might be urged to draw the attention of government to the propriety of retaining this anti-ignitible young lady, not only for the benefits she may confer upon the public, but for the example she may afford to others of her own sex; that by a proper exertion of courage, the most ardent

sparks may be sometimes encountered without the smallest inconvenience or injury."

Indulging in this playful vein of raillery, they now reached that part of the City Road intersected by the Regent's Canal, where its spacious basin, circumjacent wharfs and warehouses, and winding line of water, with barges gliding majestically on its placid wave, where lately appeared open fields arrayed in the verdure of nature, afforded full scope for remark by Mr. DASHALL, on the gigantic design and rapid accomplishment, by commercial enterprize, of the most stupendous undertakings.

"This work of incalculable public utility," said Mr. DASHALL, "sprang into being with the alacrity of enchantment;—the same remark may apply to every other improvement of this vast metropolis, so rapid in execution, that one thinks of the wonderful lamp, and the magnificent palace of Aladdin, erected in one night by the attendant genii."

Onwards towards "merry Islington;*"—"here," said DASHALL, "is the New River: this fine artificial stream is brought from two springs at Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, for the supply of London with water. It was finished in 1613, by Sir Hugh Middleton, a citizen of London, who expended his whole fortune in this public undertaking. The river, with all its windings, is nearly 39 miles in length; it has 43 sluices, and 215 bridges; over and under it

* Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play.
JOHN GILPIN.

a great number of brooks and water-courses have their passage. In some places this canal is carried through vales, and in others through subterraneous passages. It terminates in a basin called the New River Head, close by. From the reservoir at Islington the water is conveyed by 58 main pipes under ground along the middle of the principal streets; and thence by leaden pipes to the different houses. Thus, by means of the New River, and of the London Bridge water-works, every house in the metropolis is abundantly supplied with water, at the expense each of a few shillings only per annum.

This village of Islington is a large and populous place, superior both in size and appearance to many considerable towns in the country. Observe the Angel Inn, celebrated for its ordinary, where you may enjoy, after a country ramble, an excellent dinner on very moderate terms.—*Apropos*, of the Angel Inn ordinary: some years ago it was regularly every Sunday attended by a thin meagre gaunt and bony figure, of cadaverous aspect, who excited amongst the other guests no small degree of dismay, and not without cause. Cognominated the Wolf, he justified his pretensions to the appellation, by his almost incredible powers of gormandizing; for a *quantum* of viands sufficient for six men of moderate appetite, would vanish on the magic contact of his knife and fork, in the twinkling of an eye; in fact, his voracity was considered of boundless extent, for he invariably and without cessation consumed by wholesale, so long as eatables remained on the table. One day, after

having essentially contributed to the demolition of a baron of beef, and devoured an entire shoulder of lamb, with a commensurate proportion of bread, roots, vegetables, &c., he pounced, with the celerity of a hawk, on a fine roast goose, which unfortunately happened to have been just then placed within the reach of his annihilating fangs, and in a very short space of time it was reduced to a skeleton; having occasion for a few minutes to leave the room, the company in the meanwhile secreted the bones of the goose. The waiter now entered for the purpose of removing the cloth: casting his eyes round the room, he seemed absorbed in perplexity—"What is the matter?" asked one of the company; "do you miss any thing?"—"Yes, Sir, the bones of a goose!"—"Why then you may save yourself the trouble of further search; the gentleman just gone out, of modest manners and puny appetite, has devoured the goose, bones and all!"—The waiter lost no time in reporting the appalling fact to his master, who now more than ever was desirous of getting rid of the glutton—but how? it was impossible to exclude him the ordinary, or set bounds to his appetite; the only resource left was that of buying him off, which was done at the rate of one shilling per diem, and the wolf took his hebdomadary repast at a different ordinary: from this also his absence was purchased at the same rate as by the first. Speculating on his gluttony, he levied similar contributions on the proprietors of the principal ordinaries in the metropolis and environs; and if the fellow is still living, I have

no doubt of his continuing to derive his subsistence from the sources already described !—Now what think you of Real Life in London ?" *

The Squire knew not what to think—the circumstance was so extraordinary, that the story would have been rejected by him as unworthy of notice, had it been told by any other person ; and coming even from his respectable friend, he remained, until reassured of the fact, rather incredulous of belief.

Descending the declivity leading from Pentonville to Battle Bridge, DASHALL, pointing to an extensive pile of buildings at some little distance on the left,—" That," said he, " is Cold Bath Fields Penitentiary House, constructed on the plan of the late Mr. Howard, and may be considered in all respects as an experiment of his principles. It cost the county of Middlesex between 70 and £80,000, and its yearly expenditure is about £7,000. It was opened in 1794, and was originally designed only as a kind of Bridewell ; but having suitable accommodations

* The wolf, so cognominated, was less censurable for his gluttony than the infamous purpose to which he applied it—otherwise he had a parallel in a man of sublime genius. Handel one day entered a tavern in the city and ordered six mackarel, a fowl, and a veal cutlet, to be ready at a certain hour. True to his appointment, he re-appeared at the time stipulated, and was shown into an apartment where covers were laid for four. Handel desired to have another room, and ordered his repast to be served up immediately.—" Then you don't wait for the rest of the company, sir ?" said the waiter. —" Companee ! vat you tell me of companee ?" exclaimed Handel. " I vant no companee. I order dem two tree ting

for several descriptions of prisoners, it was applied to their different circumstances. The prison you may observe is surrounded by a wall of moderate height. Here are workshops for the prisoners; an office in which the business of the prison is transacted; a committee-room, and the best chapel of any prison in London. The cells are 218 in number, about eight feet long each. In these penitentiary prisoners are confined till they have completed their tasks, when they are let into the courts at the back. Owing to the exertions of Sir Francis Burdett, and his partizans, this house, about the year 1799 and 1800, attracted much popular odium. Many abuses, now rectified, were then found to exist in the management, though not to the full extent described."

A new scene now rose on the view of our two pedestrians. A little further on, in a field by the road-side, a motley assemblage of auditors environed an

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for my lonch!" The repast was served up, and honoured by Handel to the bones. He then drank a bottle of wine, and afterwards went home to dinner!

During one of the campaigns of Frederick of Prussia, a boor was brought before him of an appetite so incredibly ravenous, that he offered to devour a hog barbacued. A general officer present observed, that the fellow ought to be burnt as a wizard.—"May it please your Majesty," said the gormand, "to order that old gentleman to take off his spurs, and I will eat him before I begin the hog!" Panic struck, although a brave soldier, at the idea of being devoured alive, the general shut himself up in his tent until the man-eater departed the encampment.

orator mounted on a chair, who with frequent contortion of feature, and appropriate accompaniment of gesticulation, was holding forth in the spirit, as DASHALL surmised either of *radicalism* or fanaticism. This elevated personage, on closer approximation, proved to be a field-preacher, and judging from exterior appearance, no stranger to the good things of this life, although his present admonitory harangue strongly reprobated indulgence in the vanities of this wicked world ;—he was well clad, and in portly condition, and certainly his rubicundity of visage by no means indicated on his part the union of practice with precept.

Nothing of further interest occurred, and they reached home, pleased with their day's ramble, that had been productive of so much amusement ;—" thus verifying," said DASHALL to the Squire, " the observation which you lately made—that every hour brings to a metropolitan perambulator a fresh accession of incident."

CHAPTER XXII.

OBSERVE that lean wretch, how dejected he looks,
The while these fat Justices pore o'er their books.—
" Hem, hem,—*this here* fellow our fortunes would tell,—
He thence at the TREADING-MILL must have a spell :
He lives by credulity !"—Most people do,—
Even you on the bench there,—ay, you Sir, and you !
Release then the *Conj'rer* at Equity's call,
Or otherwise build TREADING-MILLS for us all !

ADVERTING to the trick recently and successfully practised on Sir Felix O'Grady, by a juvenile adept in fraud, obtaining from the Baronet a new suit of clothes; his servant, indignant at his master having been thus plundered with impunity, had, for several days, been meditating in what manner most effectually to manœuvre, so as to recover the lost property, and *retrieve the honor of Munster*, which he considered tarnished by his master having been duped by a stripling; when one morning a hand-bill was found in the area, intimating the residence in Town, *pro bono publico*, of a celebrated professor of the Occult Sciences; to whom was given the sublime art of divination, and who, by astrological and intuitive knowledge, would discover lost or stolen property, with infallible precision. Thady, whose credulity

was of no inferior order, elate with the idea of consummating his wishes, communicated to his master the happy opportunity, and was permitted to seek the counsel of the celestial augurer. Not that the Baronet entertained any belief of its proving available of discovery, but rather with the view of introducing to his friends, DASHALL and TALLYHO, a fresh source of amusement, as connected with their diurnal investigation of REAL LIFE IN LONDON.

Thither then, Thady repaired, and consulting the Seer, was astonished by responses which implied the most profound knowledge of times *past*, *present*, and *to come!* The simplicity of Thady had not escaped the Astrologer's notice, who, by dint of manœuvre having contrived to draw from the Munster man, unwittingly, the requisite intelligence, merely echoed back the information thus received, to the utter amazement of Thady, who concluded that the Doctor must have intercourse with the Devil, and thence that he *merited* implicit veneration and belief. The sage predictor having received the customary douceur, now dismissed his credulous visitant, saying that the planets must be propitiated, and desiring him to come again at the expiration of twenty-four hours, when he would receive further intelligence.

TOM and his Cousin having called at the lodging of Sir Felix during the time that Thady was out on his expedition of discovery, the Baronet apprized his friends of the amusement in reserve ; and they agreed to visit this expounder of destinies on the servant's return.

Thady at last arrived, and having reiterated his belief that this marvellous conjurer was the *devil's own relative*, the party set out to ascertain by what means they could prove the truth of the affinity between his infernal majesty and the sage descendant of the *Magi*.

Gaining the sublunary domicile of this mystical unraveller, which for the greater facility of communication with the stars he had fixed in the loftiest apartment of the house, our trio knocked at the door, which, after some hesitation, was opened by an ancient Sybil, who was presently joined by her counterpart, both "so withered and so wild in their attire," that "they looked not like inhabitants o' th' earth, and yet were on it." On the party requiring to see the *Doctor*, the two hags explained in a breath that the Doctor received only one visitor at a time; and while one gentleman went up stairs, the other two must remain below; and this arrangement being acquiesced in, Tom and Bob were shewn into a mean looking room on the ground floor, and Sir Felix followed the ascent of his conductor to the attic.

Entering the presence chamber, — "Welcome, *sphinx*," exclaimed the Doctor.

"By the powers," said the Baronet, "but you are right to a letter; the Sphinx is a monster-man, and I, sure enough, am a M*u*nster-man."

"I know it.— What would'st thou, Sir Felix O'Grady?"

The Baronet felt surprised by this familiar recognition of his person, and replied by observing, that

as the inquirer so well knew his name, he might also be acquainted with the nature of his business.

"I partly guess it," rejoined the Seer, and although I cannot absolutely predict restitution of thy lost property, yet I foresee that accident will throw the depredator in thy way, when the suit may perhaps find its way back to thy wardrobe. Now, hence to thy business, and I to mine."

The Baronet having nothing further to ask, withdrew accordingly; and our Squire of Belville-hall was next ushered into the *sanctum sanctorum*.

Bob was at a loss what to say, not having prepared himself with any reasonable pretext of inquiry. A silence of a few moments was the consequence, and the Squire having first reconnoitred the person of the conjurer, who was arrayed in the appropriate *costume* of his profession, scrutinized the apartment, when the attention of the visitor and visited being again drawn to each other, the Soothsayer addressed himself to Tallyho in the following words:

The shadows of joy shall the mind appal,
And the death-light dimly flit round the hall
Of him, by base lucre who led astray,
Shall age into fruitless union betray!

The death-light shall glimmer in Belville-hall,
And childless the lord of the mansion fall;
A wife when he weds, vain, ugly, and old,
Though charms she brings *forty thousand* in gold!

The Squire was not prone to anger; but that this fellow should interfere with his private concerns, and impute to him the intention of forming a most pre-

posterous connexion, under the influence of avarice, roused him into a whirlwind of passion.—" Rascal!" he exclaimed, " who take upon you to predict the fate of others, are you aware of your own! Vagabond! imposter! here I grasp you, nor will I quit my hold until I surrender you into the hands of justice!" And " suiting the action to the word," he seized and shook the unfortunate Seer, to the manifest discomposure of his bones, who loudly and lamentably cried out for assistance. Alarmed by the clamour, DASHALL and the Baronet rushed up stairs, to whom the Squire stated the aggravation received, and at the same time his determination to bring the cheat to punishment. The trembling culprit sued for mercy, conscious that he was amenable to correction as a rogue and vagabond, and if convicted as such, would probably be sent to expiate his offence in the *Treading-Mill* at Brixton, a place of atonement for transgression, which of all others he dreaded the most.*

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* Union-Hall.—Hannah Tomkins, a miserable woman of the town, was brought before R. G. Chambers, Esq. charged with having robbed another of the unfortunate class of her clothes. It appeared, that the prisoner had been liberated from Brixton prison on Friday-last, after a confinement of three weeks; and that on coming out she was met by the complainant, Catherine Flynn, by whom she was taken to a comfortable lodging, supplied with necessaries, and treated with great kindness. The prisoner acted with propriety until Monday night, during which she remained out in the streets. On Tuesday morning, at four o'clock, she came home drenched with rain. The complainant desired her either to go to bed, or to light a fire and dry her clothes. The prisoner did neither,

The two ancient Sybils from the lower regions having now ascended the scene of confusion, united their voices with that of the astrologer, and DASHALL and Sir Felix also interceding in his behalf, the Squire yielded to the general entreaty, and promised the soothsayer forgiveness, on condition that he disclosed the source whence he derived information as to the Baronet's family concerns. The soothsayer con-

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and the complainant went to sleep. At about seven the latter awoke, and missed her gown, petticoat, and bonnet. The prisoner was also missing. The complainant learned that her clothes were at a pawnbroker's shop, where they had been left a short time before by the prisoner. Hall, the officer, having heard of the robbery, went in quest of the prisoner, and found her in a gin-shop in Blackman-street, in a state of intoxication. He brought her before the magistrates in this condition. Her hair was hanging about her face, which was swelled and discoloured by the hardship of the preceding night. She did not deny that she had stolen the clothes of her poor benefactress, but she pleaded in her excuse, that the condition of her body, from the rain of Monday night, was such, that *nothing but gin could have saved her life*, and the only way she had of getting that *medicine*, was by pledging Katty Flynn's clothes. The magistrates asked the prisoner whether she had not got enough of the TREADING-MILL at Brixton. The prisoner begged for mercy's sake not to be sent to the TREADING-MILL. She would prefer transportation; for it was much more honourable to go over the water, than to be sent as a rogue and vagabond to Brixton. She was sent back to prison. It is a remarkable fact, that since the famous TREADING-MILL has been erected at Brixton, the business of this office has greatly declined. The mill is so constructed, *that when a man ventures to be idle in it, he receives* A KNOCK ON THE HEAD FROM A PIECE OF WOOD, *which is put there to give them notice of what they are to do ! ! !*

fessed, that he had elicited intelligence from the servant, who in his simplicity had revealed so much of his master's affairs, as to enable him (the conjurer) to sustain his reputation even with Sir Felix himself, whom from description he recognized on his first entrance, and by the same means, and with equal ease, identified the person of the Squire of Belville-hall. He added besides, that he had frequently, by similar stratagem, acquired intelligence; that chance had more than once favoured him, by verifying his predictions, and thus both his fame and finances had obtained aggrandisement. He now promised to relinquish celestial for sublunary pursuits, and depend for subsistence rather on the exercise of honest industry than on public credulity.

Thus far had matters proceeded, when the Baronet's servant Thady was announced. The triumvirate anticipating some extraordinary occurrence, desired the soothsayer to resume his functions, and give the valet immediate audience, while they retired into another apartment to wait the result. In a few minutes the servant was dismissed, and the party re-admitted.

"Chance," said the augurer, "has again befriended me. I told you, Sir Felix, that the depredator would be thrown in your way: my prediction is realized; he has been accidentally encountered by your servant, and is now in safe custody."

On this information our party turned homewards, first leaving the astrologer a pecuniary stimulation to projected amendment of life.

"There seems nothing of inherent vileness," said the Squire, as they walked onwards, "in this man's principles; he may have been driven by distress to his present pursuits; and I feel happy that I did not consign the poor devil to the merciless fangs of the law, as, in the moment of irritation, I had intended."

"By my conscience," exclaimed Sir Felix, "I cannot discover that he ought to be punished at all. He has been picking up a scanty living by preying on public credulity; and from the same source thousands in this metropolis derive affluent incomes, and with patronage and impunity."

"And," added DASHALL, "in cases of minor offence a well-timed clemency is frequently, both in policy and humanity, preferable to relentless severity."*

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* As a contrast to these exemplary feelings, and in illustration of REAL LIFE IN LONDON, as it regards a total absence of sympathy and gentlemanly conduct, in one of a respectable class in society, we present our readers with the following detail:—

HATTON-GARDEN. On Saturday sennight, *Robert Powell* was brought before the magistrates, charged with being a rogue, vagabond, and imposter, and obtaining money under fraudulent pretences, from one Thomas Barnes, a footman in the service of Surgeon Blair, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and taking from him 2*s.* 6*d.* under pretence of telling him the *destinies* of a female fellow-servant, by means of his skill in astrological divination. The nature of the offence, and the *pious fraud* by which the disciple of Zoroaster was caught in the midst of his *sorceries*, were briefly as follow:—This descendant of the *Magi*, born to illumine the world by pro-

On the arrival of the party at the lodgings of Sir Felix, they learned from the servant, that the latter

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mulgating the *will* of the *stars,* had of course no wish to conceal his residence ; on the contrary, he resolved to announce his qualification in the form of a printed handbill, and to distribute the manifesto for the information of the world. One of these bills was dropped down the area of Mr. Blair's house ; it was found by his footman, and laid on the breakfast-table, with the newspaper of the morning, as a *morceau* of novelty, for his amusement. Mr. Blair concerted with some of the agents of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, a stratagem to entrap the Sideral Professor ; in the furtherance of which he dictated to his footman a letter to the Seer, expressive of a wish to know the future destinies of his fellow-servant, the cook-maid, and what sort of a husband the constellations had, in their benign influence, assigned her. With this letter the footman set out for No. 5, Sutton-street, Soho, where he found the Seer had, for the convenience of prompt intercourse, chosen his habitation as near the stars as the roof of the mansion would admit. Here the footman announced the object of his embassy, delivered his credentials, and was told by the Seer, that "he could certainly give him an answer now, 'by word of mouth,' but if he would call next day, he should be better prepared, as, in the meantime, he could consult the stars, and have for him a written answer." The footman retired, and returned next morning, received the written response, gave to the Seer the usual donation of 2*s.* 6*d.* previously marked, which sum he figured upon the answer, and the receipt of which the unsuspecting Sage acknowledged by his signature. With this proof of his diligence, he returned to his master, and was further to state the matter to the magistrates. A vigilant officer was therefore sent after the prophet, whom he found absorbed in profound cogitation, casting the nativities of two plump damsels, and consulting the dispositions of the stars as to the disposition of the lasses ; but the unrelenting officer entered, and proceeded to fulfil his mission. On searching the unfortunate

having met the young swindler in the streets, Thady recognized and secured him ; and he was now at the

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Sage, the identical half-crown paid him by Barnes was found, with two others in his pocket, where such coins had long been strangers ; and the cabalistical chattels of his profession accompanied him as the lawful spoil of the captor. The magistrate, before whom he had been convicted on a former occasion of a similar offence, observed that it was highly reprehensible for a man who possessed abilities, which by honest exertion might procure him a creditable livelihood, thus to degrade himself by a life of imposture and fraud upon the ignorant and unwary. The wretched prisoner, who stood motionless and self-convicted, exhibited a picture of wretchedness from which the genius of *Praxiteles* would not have disdained to sketch the statue of *Ill Luck*. Never did soothsayer seem less a favourite of the Fates ! Aged, tall, meagre, ragged, filthy and care-worn, his squalid looks depicted want and sorrow. Every line of his countenance seemed a furrow of grief ; and his eyes gushing with tears, in faint and trembling accents he addressed the Court. He acknowledged the truth of the charge, but said, that nothing but the miseries of a wretched family could have driven him to such a line of life. If he had been able, he would gladly have swept the streets ; but he was too feeble so to do ; he had tried every thing in his power, but in vain,—

" He could not dig, to beg he was ashamed ;"

and even if begging, either by private solicitation or openly in the streets, could promise him a casual resource in the charity of the passing crowd, he was afraid he should thereby incur prosecution as a rogue and vagabond, and be imprisoned in Bridewell. Parish settlement he has none ; and what was to be done for a wretched wife and three famishing children ? He had no choice between famine, theft, or imposture. His miserable wife, he feared, was even now roaming and raving through the streets, her disorder aggravated by his misfortunes ; and

disposal of the Baronet, if he chose to proceed against him.

The sprig of iniquity, when made forthcoming, did not deny the accuracy of the charge, neither did he offer any thing in exculpation. It was with much difficulty, however, and under the threat of his being immediately surrendered to justice, that he would disclose the name of his father, who proved to be a respectable tradesman residing in the neighbourhood. The unfortunate parent was sent for, and his son's situation made known to him. The afflicted man earnestly beseeched, that his son might not be prosecuted; he was not aware, he said, that the lad was habitually vicious; this probably was his only deviation from honesty; he, the father, would make every reparation required; but exposure would entail upon

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his wretched children without raiment or food. To him death would be a welcome relief from a life of misery, tolerable only in the hope of being able to afford, by some means, a wretched subsistence to his family.

The magistrates, obviously affected by this scene, said that they felt themselves obliged to commit the prisoner, as he had not only been repeatedly warned of the consequences of his way of life, but was once before convicted of a similar offence. He was therefore committed for trial.

Does Surgeon Blair, who obtains his twenty guineas a day, and lives in affluence, think by such conduct as the present to merit the esteem of the world, by thus hunting into the toils of justice such miserable objects? If he does, though we cannot respect him or his associates for their *humanity*, we may undoubtedly pity them for their ignorance and superstition.

his family irretrievable ruin. It was elicited from the boy, amid tears and sobs of apparent contrition, that the articles of apparel were in pledge for a small sum; redemption, and every other possible atonement, was instantly proposed by the father: Sir Felix hesitated, was he justifiable, he asked, in yielding to his own wishes, by foregoing prosecution?—"The attribute of mercy," said DASHALL, "is still in your power." —"Then," responded the Baronet, "I shall avail myself of the privilege. Sir, (to the father), your boy is at liberty!" The *now* relieved parent expressed, in the most energetic manner, his gratitude, and retired. The prediction of the Seer was fully verified, for in the course of the evening the stray suit found its way back to the wardrobe of its rightful owner.

This business happily concluded, and the day not much beyond its meridian, the three friends again sallied forth in the direction of Bond-street, towards Piccadilly. As usual, the loungers were superabundant, and ridiculous. Paired together, and swerving continually from the direct line, it required some skilful manœuvring to pass them. Our friends had surmounted several such impediments, when a new obstruction to their progress presented itself. A party of *Exquisites* had linked themselves together, and occupied the entire pavement, so that it was impossible to precede them without getting into the carriage-way, thus greatly obstructing and inconveniencing all other passengers. Lounging at a funeral pace, and leaving not the smallest opening, it was

evident that these effeminate animals had purposely united themselves for public annoyance. Sir Felix, irritated by this palpable outrage on decorum, stepped forward, with hasty determined stride, and coming unexpectedly and irresistibly in contact, broke at once the concatenated barrier, to the great amusement as well as accommodation of the lookers-on, and total discomfiture of the *Exquisites*, who observing the resolute mien and robust form of their assailant, not forgetting a formidable piece of timber, *alias* "sprig of shillaleagh," which he bore in his hand, prudently consulted their safety, and forebore resentment of the interruption.*

The Baronet's two associates very much approved of his spirited interference, and DASHALL observed, that these insignificant beings, whom Sir Felix had so properly reproved, were to be seen, thus incommoding the public, in all parts of the metropolis; but more particularly westward; that in crowded streets, however, for instance, in the direct line from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange, the apparent *Exquisites* are generally thieves and pickpockets,

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* If in walking the streets of London, the passenger kept the right hand side, it would prevent the frequent recurrence of much jostling and confusion. The laws of the road are observed on the carriage-way in the metropolis most minutely, else the street would be in a continual blockade. But

> The laws of the road are a paradox quite,
> That puzzles the marvelling throng;
> For if on the left, you are yet on the right,
> And if you are right, you are wrong!

who find a harvest in this extensive scene of business, by artful depredation, either upon the unwary tradesman, or equally unsuspecting passenger, whose *wiper* or *tattler*, and sometimes both, becomes the frequent produce of their active ingenuity.

The morning had been wet, and although the flag-way was dry, yet the carriage-road was dirty. There are, in all parts of the metropolis, indigent objects of both sexes, who by sweeping the cross-way, pick up an eleemosynary livelihood. It not unfrequently happens, however, that a chariot, or other vehicle, is drawn up at one end of the cross-way directly athwart it, so as completely to intercept your way to the pavement. Exactly so situated were our pedestrians. They had availed themselves of a newly swept path, and were advancing towards the opposite side, in Piccadilly, when, before they could effect their purpose, a carriage drew up, and effectually impeded further progress by the cross-way, so that there seemed no alternative between standing fast and gaining the pavement by walking through the mud. The coachman retained his position despite of remonstrance, and in this laudable stubbornness he was encouraged by a well-attired female inside the vehicle, for the carriage was a private one, and its ill-mannered inmate probably a lady of rank and fashion. Sir Felix, justly indignant at this treatment, set danger and inconvenience at defiance, and deliberately walking to the horses' heads, led the animals forward until the carriage had cleared the cross-way, maugre the threats of the lady, and the whip

of the coachman, who had the audacity to attempt exercising it on the person of the Baronet, when TALLYHO, dreading the consequences to the rash assailant, sprang upon the box, and arresting his hand, saved the honour of Munster! The transaction did not occupy above two minutes, yet a number of people had collected, and vehemently applauded Sir Felix; and the lady's companion now hastily re-entering the chariot from an adjacent shop, Mr. *Jehu* drove off rapidly, amidst the hoots and hisses of the multitude.*

The poor street-sweeper having applied to Sir Felix for a mite of benevolence,—"And is it for letting the carriage block up the cross-way, and forcing me through the mud," asked the Baronet;—but

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* Sir Felix had not heard of the following incident, else he certainly would have followed its example:—

Two ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's near Charing-cross; one of them only got out, and the coach stood across the path-way which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little; the fellow was surly, and refused; the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered the coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach-door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companions, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within, as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that, "If this was a thoroughfare, they had as much right to it as the gemmen;" and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

whether or not, I have not got any halfpence about me, so that I must pay you when I come again."—"Ah! your honour," exclaimed the man, "*it is unknown the credit I give in this way.*" Sir Felix thrust his hand into his pocket, and rewarded the applicant with a *tester*.

Proceeding along Piccadilly, our party were followed by a Newfoundland dog, which circumstance attracted the notice of the Baronet, to whom more than to either of his associates the animal seemed to attach itself. Pleased with its attention, Sir Felix caressed it, and when the triumvirate entered a neighbouring coffee-house, the dog was permitted to accompany them. Scarcely had the three friends seated themselves, when a man of decent appearance came into the room, and, without ceremony, accused the Baronet of having, by surreptitious means, obtained possession of his property; in other words, of having inveigled away his dog; and demanding instant restitution.

Sir Felix fired at the accusation, divested as it was of the shadow of truth, yet unsuspicious of design, would have instantly relinquished his canine acquaintance, but for the interposition of DASHALL, who suspected this intrusive personage to be neither more nor less than a dog-stealer, of whom there are many in London continually on the alert for booty. These fellows pick up all stray dogs, carry them home, and detain them until such time as they are advertised, and a commensurate reward is offered by the respective owners. If, then, the dog is intrinsically of no value,

and consequently unsaleable, the adept in this species of depredation, finding he can do no better, takes the dog home, receives the promised reward, and generally an additional gratuity in compensation of keep and trouble; but, should it so happen, that the proffered remuneration is not equivalent to the worth of the animal, the conscientious professor of knavery carries his goods to a more lucrative market. At the instance of DASHALL, therefore, Sir Felix was determined to retain the animal until the claimant brought irrefragable proof of ownership. The fellow blustered,—the Baronet was immovable in his resolution;—when the other threw off all disguise, and exhibiting himself in pristine blackguardism, inundated Sir Felix with a torrent of abuse; who disdaining any minor notice of his scurrility, seized the fellow, with one hand by the cape of his coat, with the other by the waistband of his breeches, and bearing him to the door, as he would any other noxious animal, fairly pitched him head foremost into the street, to the manifest surprise and dismay of the passengers, to whom he told a "pitiable tale," when one of the crowd pronounced him to be a notorious dog-stealer, and the fellow, immediately on this recognition, made a precipitate retreat.

"I am glad," said DASHALL to his friends, who had witnessed the result of this affair from one of the windows of the coffee-room, "that our canine acquaintance (patting the animal at the same time) is now clearly exonerated from any participation of knavery. I had my suspicions that he was a well-

disciplined associate in iniquity, taught to follow any person whom his pretended owner might point at, as a fit object of prey."

The Baronet and the Squire, particularly the latter, had heard much of the "Frauds of London," but neither of them was aware that metropolitan roguery was carried on and accelerated through the medium of *canine agency*.

In confirmation of this fact, however, DASHALL mentioned two circumstances, both of which had occurred within these few years back, the one of a man who, in different parts of the suburbs, used to secrete himself behind a hedge, and when a lady came in view, his dog would go forth to rob her; the *reticule* was the object of plunder, which the dog seldom failed to get possession of, when he would instantly carry the spoil to his master. The other case was that of a person who had trained his dog to depredations in Whitechapel-market. This sly thief would reconnoitre the butcher's stalls, particularly on a Saturday night amidst the hurry of business, and carry off whatever piece of meat was most conveniently tangible, and take it home with all possible caution and celerity. We have heard of their answering questions, playing cards, and casting accompts,—in fact, their instinctive sagacity has frequently the appearance of reasoning faculties; they even now are competent to extraordinary performances, and what further wonders the ingenuity of man may teach them to accomplish, remains hereafter to be ascer-

tained.* Emerging from the coffee-house, companied by their newly acquired canine friend, our observers proceeded along Piccadilly, when reaching its extremity, and turning into the Park by Constitution-hill, they were met by the servant, Thady.

" Your honour," said the valet, " haven't I been after *saaking* you, here and there, and every where,

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* The following anecdote is particularly illustrative of canine sagacity. It shews that the dog is sensible of unmerited injury, and will revenge it accordingly ; it exhibits the dog also, as a reflective animal, and proves that, though he has not the gift of speech, he is yet endowed with the power of making himself understood by his own species. Some years ago, the traveller of a mercantile house in London, journeying into Cornwall, was followed by his favourite dog, to Exeter ; where the traveller left him, in charge of the landlord of the Inn, until his return. The animal was placed in an inner yard, which, for sometime back, had been in the sole occupation of the house-dog ; and the latter, considering the new comer an intruder, did not fail to give the poor stranger many *biting* taunts accordingly. Deserted, scorned, insulted and ill-treated, the poor animal availed himself of the first opportunity, and escaped. The landlord scoured the country in quest of the fugitive, without effect. After the lapse of a few days, the traveller's dog returned to the Inn, accompanied by two others, and the triumvirate entering the yard, proceeded to execute summary vengeance on the house-dog, and drove him howling from his territories. The two dogs were from London,—

" Their locket letter'd braw-brass collars,
Shew'd they were gentlemen and scholars."

Hence it appears, that the traveller's dog went to London, told his grievance to his two friends, and brought them to Exeter to avenge his cause !

and no where at all, at all, *wid* this letter, bad luck to it, *becays* of the trouble it may give you; and indeed I was sent after your honour by Miss Macgilligan;—there's ILL LUCK at home, your honour."

"Then I shall not make any haste," said Sir Felix, "to meet such a guest."

He then read aloud the ominous epistle:—

"My dear Nephew.—A vexatious affair has occurred.—I shall be glad to see you, as soon as possible.—J. M."

"Perhaps you can oblige us with the history," said the Baronet, "of this same 'vexatious affair;' but observe me, let it be an *abridgement*,—Miss Macgilligan will favour us with it in *detail*."

"Why then, your honour," said the valet, "you had not gone out many minutes, when there came a *rit-tat* to the door, and a *gintail* good-looking gentleman inquired for Mr. A-a. Begging your pardon, says I, if it is my master you *mane*, he does not belong to the family of the *Misters* at all; his name is Sir Felix O'Grady, of the province of Munster, Baronet, and I am his valet; long life and good luck to both of us!"

"This is rather a tedious commencement," observed Sir Felix to his marvelling associates,—"but I believe we must let the fellow tell the story in his own way.—Well, Thady, what next?"

"So, your Honour, he inquired whether he could *spaak wid* you, and I told him that it was rather doubtful, *becays* you were not at home; but, says I, Miss Judy Macgilligan, his Honour's reverend aunt,

is now in her dressing-room, and no doubt will be proud in the honour of your acquaintance."

"My 'reverend aunt' certainly ought to feel herself very much obliged to you.—Well, Sir!"

"And so, your Honour, the maid went for instructions, and Miss Macgilligan desired that the gentleman should be shewn into the drawing-room, until she could make her appearance. Well, then, after waiting some little time, he rings the bell, with the assurance of a man of quality, just as if he had been at home. So up stairs I goes, and meets him in the hall. 'Pray,' says he, 'have the goodness to present my best respects to the lady; I will not obtrude upon her at present, but shall call again to-morrow,' and away he walked; and that's all, your Honour."

"That's all! What am I to understand then by the 'vexatious affair' my aunt speaks of?"

"O," exclaimed Thady, recollecting himself,—"may be she *manes* her gold watch, which the gentleman discovered in the drawing-room, and carried away in his pocket, by *mistake!*"

"Very well, Sir," said the Baronet; "now that we have come to the *finis*, you may go home."

It is evident the *gentleman* had availed himself of the Baronet's absence from home, and that the information derived from the communicative valet encouraged the hope of success which he so adroitly realized.

Dashall and his Cousin were about sympathizing with the Baronet on this new misfortune, when he gave vent to his feelings by an immoderate fit of

laughter !—" Miss Macgilligan has had the benefit of a practical lesson," he exclaimed, " which she cannot fail to remember ;—her vanity would not permit her seeing the stranger until the frivolities of the toilet were adjusted, and thus he made the most of a *golden* opportunity."

The three friends now retraced their steps along Piccadilly, until they arrived at the residence of DASHALL, when they separated ; the Baronet to condole with Miss Macgilligan, and the two Cousins to dress, preparatory to their dining with an eminent merchant in the city.

Leaving then, for the present, Sir Felix and his aunt to their own family cogitations, we shall accompany the Hon. TOM DASHALL and the Squire of Belville-hall on their civic expedition.

The wealthy citizen at whose table they were now entertained, rose, like many others, the children of industry, from comparative indigence to affluence, and from obscurity to eminence.

The party was select ; the dinner was sumptuous, yet unostentatious ; and the conversation, if not exactly in the first class of refinement, was to the two strangers interestingly instructive, as embracing topics of mercantile pursuit with which they had hitherto been unacquainted. It was also highly enlivened by the sprightly sallies of three beautiful and elegantly accomplished young ladies, the daughters of the amiable host and hostess ; and to these fair magnets of attraction, whom DASHALL happily denominated the GRACES, our gallant cavaliers were particularly

assiduous in their attentions. The party broke up, after an evening of reciprocal enjoyment; and DASHALL on the way home expressed his belief that, with the solitary exception of one COLOSSAL instance of IGNORANCE and BRUTALITY, "the very respectable man" in society is most generally to be found among the merchants of LONDON.*

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* "*The very respectable Man*" is the true representative of the commercial character of Great Britain. He possesses more information than the Dutch trader, and more refinement than the Scotch manufacturer, with all the business qualifications of either. He is shrewd, industrious, manly, and independent; and as he is too much in earnest for the slightest affectation, he shews his character in his dress, his carriage, and his general appearance. His dress is at once plain and neat; and if his coat should accidentally exhibit the cut of a more genteel manufacturer, the interstice between his boot (he wears top boots) and small clothes, the fashion of his cravat, which is rolled round a stiffner two inches in diameter, and tied in a bow, besides a variety of other more minute characteristics, decidedly refute all suspicion of an attempt at attaining the appearance of a man of fashion. The end of a Spitalfields silk-handkerchief just appearing from the pocket hole at the top of his skirt, shews at once his regard for good things and native manufactures; while the dignity of his tread declares his consciousness of his own importance, the importance of "a very respectable man," and to attribute it to any other than such an "honest pride," would be derogatory to his reputation and feelings. If he meets a business acquaintance of an higher rank than his own, his respectful yet unembarrassed salutation at once sufficiently expresses the disparity of their two condition, and his consciousness of the respectability of his own, while the respectfully condescending notice of the Peer, exhibits the reversed flow of the same feelings. The very respecta-

ble man is always accurately acquainted with the hackney coach fares to the different parts of London, and any attempt at imposition on the part of the coachman is sure to be detected and punished. He is never to be caught walking to the Bank on a public holiday; and the wind must have shifted very fast indeed, if it should happen to be in the north, when he believes it to be in the south. The state of the stocks is familiar to him; and as he watches their fluctuations with an attentive eye, their history, for weeks or even for months, is often in his memory. The very respectable man is always employed, but never in a hurry; and he perhaps is never better pleased than when he meets a congenial friend, who interrupts the current of business by the introduction of a mutual discussion of some important failure: Mr. Such-a-one's rapid acquirement of fortune,—the rise or fall of the funds, &c.,—of all which the causes or consequences are importantly whispered or significantly prophesied. At home the government of the very respectable man's family is arbitrary, but the governor is not a tyrant; his wife has not, like the woman of fashion, any distinct rights, but she enjoys extensive indulgencies; she has power, but it flows from him, and though she is a responsible, she is not a discretional, agent. The table is to correspond with the moderation of the master, and the matron will be scolded or reproved as it varies from the proper medium between meanness and profusion.

The very respectable man is never less in his element than when he is in the centre of his wife's parties, for here he *must* resign the reins into her hands, and, alas! there is no such character as the very respectable woman. All our women would be women of fashion; and in dress and expense, in the numbers of their card tables, and the splendour of their parties, in every thing but manners, they are. Here, at his own fireside, the very respectable man may be considered as not at home till a rubber, a genial rubber, which is provided him as soon as possible, renders him blind to the folly and deaf to the clamour of the scene. The very respectable man shews to least advantage as a politician; as his opinions are derived less

from reading than experience, they are apt to be dogmatical and contracted. In political philosophy he is too frequently half a century behind his age; is still in the habit of considering specie as wealth, and talks loudly of the commercial benefits of the late war. Such is the "very respectable man," a character decidedly inferior to that of many individuals in the class of society immediately above him; but which, considered as the character of a class, appears to be superior at once to that above and that below it—on a comparison with that above too, it more than makes up in the mass of its virtues for the deficiency in their quality, and appears to be like Solon's laws, if not the very best that might be, at least the best of which the state of society admits. In the lower orders, the social character is in its mineral state; in the higher, the fineness of the gold is prejudicial to its durability. In the "very respectable man" it is found mixed with some portion of alloy, but in greater quantity, and adapted to all the uses and purposes for which it is designed. As a civil member of society, if his theoretical politics are defective, the advantages derived to society from his industry and integrity, more than counterbalance those defects in his theory. As a religious member of society, if his religion might be more refined, if his attendance at church is considered rather as a parochial than a spiritual duty, and his appearance in his own pew is at least as much regarded as his devotions there; the regularity of his attendance, the harmony of his principles and practice, his exemplary manner of filling his different relations, more than make up for the inferiority in the tone of his religion. The commercial and religious capital of society are, in short, continually advancing by his exertions, though they don't advance so fast as they otherwise would if those exertions were directed by more intellect.

CHAPTER XXIII.

" Vainly bountiful nature shall fill up Life's measure,
If we're not to enjoyment awake ;
Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure,
Deserve not the little they take.

I hate all those pleasures where angling and squaring,
And fitting and cutting by rules,
And —— me—dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,
All that follow such fashions are fools.

For let who may be undone,
I say LIFE IN LONDON,
Of pleasure's the prop and the staff,
That sets ev'ry muscle
In a comical bustle,
And tickles one into a laugh."

THE long protracted visit to Vauxhall being at length finally arranged, our party soon found themselves in the midst of this gay and fascinating scene of amusement.

" These charming gardens," said the Hon. TOM DASHALL, " which you may perhaps have some recollection of upon a masquerade occasion, having lately fallen into new hands, have assumed, under their direction and management, a new appearance of additional splendour and magnificence perhaps

scarcely ever surpassed, and the present proprietors appear to have studied the comfort and gratification of their visitors as well as their own advantage ; but of this we shall be better judges before the night is spent."

" Right," replied Sparkle, " I am not fond of far fetched descriptions, which may upon investigation prove to have originated more in the imagination of the author than in reality to exist."

" At all events," continued Tom, " the Gardens themselves are beautiful and extensive, and contain a variety of walks, which, if but tastefully illuminated, and attended by rank, fashion, and beauty, can never fail to be attractive."

Our heroes rushed forward to the splendid scene of enchantment, which had drawn forth the previous observations, mingling with the crowds of well dressed persons, who like themselves were upon the alert to witness this delightful place of summer amusement in the new form which it has recently assumed : the virandas tastefully festooned with painted canvass—the brilliantly illuminated orchestra, and the animated countenances of the company, conspired to produce an effect almost inconceivable, while new objects of delight were continually bursting upon their view. The illuminated colonade newly decorated with carved and painted flowers, fruit, and foliage, and Mr. Singleton's original whole length transparent portrait of his Majesty in his coronation robes, alternately attracted attention, as well as the four cosmoramas constructed in various parts of the gardens, consisting of some

very pretty views of the New Exchange at Paris, scenes in Switzerland, &c. In the musical department, Sparkle was much pleased to find some of the old favourites, particularly Mr. Charles Taylor and Mrs. Bland, as well as with the performance of a Miss Graddon, who possesses a rich voice, with considerable power and flexibility, and of Madame Georgina, an East Indian Lady, who afterwards sung very charmingly in the Rotunda, accompanying herself on the piano forte, in a style which proved her to be a most skilful performer.

But the grand subject of their admiration was what is rather affectedly called "The Heptaplasiesoptron," or fancy reflective proscenium, which is placed in the long room fronting the orchestra of the Rotunda. It is entirely lined with looking glass, and has in all probability originated in the curious effect produced by the kaleidoscope, and the looking glass curtains lately exhibited at our theatres. This splendid exhibition is fitted up with ornamented draperies, and presents a fountain of real water illuminated, revolving pillars, palm trees, serpents, foliage, and variegated lamps; and the mirrors are so placed as to reflect each object seven times. This novelty appeared to excite universal admiration, inspiring the company with ideas of refreshing coolness. The bubbling of water, the waving of the foliage, and the seven times reflected effulgence of the lamps, gave the whole an appearance of enchantment, which sets all description at defiance.

Having taken a complete circle through this round

of delights, interrupted only by the congratulations and inquiries of friends, the appointed hour for exhibiting the fire-works arrived, when they were additionally gratified by a display of the most splendid description, and the famous ascent *a la Saqui* was admirably executed by Longuemarc; after witnessing which, they quickly retired to a box, where they gave directions for supper. It is but justice to say, that upon this being furnished, they found the refreshments to be of the best quality, and supplied upon moderate terms; the wines by the London Wine Company, and the viands by Mr. Wayte.

About two o'clock in the morning, our friends took their departure from this romantic spot, after an excursion fraught with pleasure and delight.

On the following morning, Sparkle received a letter from Merrywell, with information of the death of his uncle, and of his succession to the estate, having arrived just in time to prevent his decease without a will. This was a subject of exultation to all the party, though to none more so than Sparkle, particularly as the estate alluded to was situated in the neighbourhood of his own residence.

"Merrywell," said DASHALL, "will become a gay fellow now, as he will have ample means, as well as inclination (which I know he has never been wanting of) to sport his figure in good style, without resorting to any scheme to keep the game alive."

"True," said Sparkle, "without crossing and jostling, and if he has his own good in view, he will reside chiefly in the country, choose an amiable part-

ner for life, and only pay a visit to the metropolis occasionally; for to live in this land of temptations, where you can hardly step across the way without getting into error, must be baneful in effect to a young man like him, of an ardent mind. What say you, friend TALLYHO?"

"I confess," replied BOB, "that I entertain thoughts very similar to your's; besides, I apprehend that our old friend Merryweil has had sufficient experience himself to admit the justice of your observation."

"Pshaw," rejoined DASHALL, "you are getting completely unfashionable. What can be more bang up than a Life in London—high life and low life—shake the castor, tip the flash, and nibble the blunt. Look for instance at young Lord Lappit—cares for nothing—all blood and spirit—fire and tow—up to every thing, and down as a hammer."

"His is a general case," replied Sparkle, "and is only one among numerous others, to prove that many of the disorders which are daily visible in high life, may be traced to the education, or rather the want of education of the youthful nobility and gentry. It would be a shocking and insupportable degradation to send a *sprig of fashion* to school among common boys, where probably he might learn something really useful. No, no,—he must have a private tutor, who is previously instructed to teach him nothing more than what will enable him to pass muster, as *not quite a fool*. Under this guidance, he skims over a few authors almost without reading, and at all events without knowing what they have written,

merely with a view to acquaint him that there were once such persons in existence; after which, this tutor accompanies him to one of the public schools, Westminster, Harrow, or Eton, where the tutor writes his thesis, translates the classics, and makes verses for him, as well as he is able. In the new situation, the scholar picks up more of the frailties of the living, than he does of the instructions of departed characters. The family connections and the power of purse, with which the students are aided, embolden them to assume an unbounded license, and to set at complete defiance all sober rules and regulations; and it may be justly remarked that our public seminaries are admirably situated for the indulgence of their propensities: for instance, Westminster School is fortunately situated in the immediate neighbourhood of a famous place of instruction called Tothill (*vulgarly Tuttle*) Fields, where every species of refined lewdness and debauchery, and manners the most depraved, are constantly exhibited; consequently they enjoy the great advantages of learning the *slang* language, and of hearing prime chaunts, rum glees, and kiddy catches, in the purest and most bang up style. He has likewise a fine opportunity of contracting an unalterable penchant for the frail sisterhood, *blue ruin*, *milling*, cock fighting, bull and badger baiting, donkey racing, drinking, swearing, swaggering, and other refined amusements, so necessary to form the character of an accomplished gentleman."

"Again, *Harrow School* is happily so near to the

metropolis, as to afford frequent opportunities for occasional visits to similar scenes of contagion and fashionable dissipation, that the scholars do not fail to seek advantages of taking lessons in all those delectable *sciences*.

" *Eton*, it is trùe, is somewhat farther removed from the nursery of improvement, but it is near enough to Windsor, of which place it is not necessary to say much, for their Bacchanalian and Cyprian orgies, and other fashionable festivities, are well known. So that notwithstanding they are not in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, there can scarcely be a doubt of their being able to sport their figures to advantage, whenever they are let loose upon society.

" *Cambridge* is but a short distance from that place of sporting notoriety, Newmarket, consequently it is next to impossible but that a youth of an aspiring mind should be up to all the manœuvres of a race course—understanding *betting*, *hedging off*, *crossing and jostling*, *sweating and training*—know all the *jockeys*—how to *give or take the odds—lay it on thick*, *and come it strong*. Some have an unconquerable ambition to distinguish themselves as a *whip*, *sport their tits* in *tip top style*, and become proficients in *buckish* and sporting *slang—to pitch it rum*, and astonish the natives—up to the *gab* of the *cad*. They take upon themselves the dress and manners of the *Varment Club*, yet noted for the appearance of their *prads*, and the dexterity with which they can manage the *ribbons*, and, like *Goldfinch*,

pride themselves on driving the long coaches—'mount the box, tip coachee a crown, dash along at full speed, rattle down the gateway, take care of your heads—never kill'd but one woman and a child in all my life—that's your sort.'"

"Fine pictures of a University Education," said Tom, "but Sparkle always was a good delineator of real character; and there is one thing to be said, he has been an eye witness of the facts, nay a partaker of the sports."

"True," continued Sparkle, "and, like many others, have had something like enjoyment in them too."

"Aye, aye, no doubt of that," said Bob, dryly,—"but how does it happen that you have omitted Oxford altogether?"

"Nay," said Sparkle, "there is not much difference in any of them. The students hate all learning but that which they acquire in the brothel, the ring, or the stable. They spend their terms somehow or other in or near the University, and their vacations at *Jackson's* Rooms in London; so that they know nothing more of mathematics than sufficient to calculate odds and chances. This, however, depends upon the wealth of the parties; for notwithstanding there are some excellent statutes by which they ought to be guided, a nobleman or wealthy commoner is indulged according to his titles or riches, without any regard to the rules and regulations in such cases made and provided.

"From this situation they are at length let loose,

thoroughly accomplished in every thing but what they ought to know. Some make their appearance as *exquisites* or *dandies*—a sort of indescribable being, if being such things may be called. Others take the example of the *bang ups*—make themselves perfect in *milling*, swearing, *greeking*, *talking flash*, and *mail coach* driving, until *John Doe and Richard Roe* drive them into Abbot's preserve, a circumstance which puts a temporary check upon the sports—though if the *Collegian* is but *up to the logic*, he is very soon *down* upon the *coves his* creditors,* *bowls*

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* *Bowls them out by harassing expenses.*—A proof of the power which has been exercised under the existing Insolvent Debtor's Act, will be found in the following extract from a daily paper :—

An *unfortunate debtor* was opposed in the Insolvent Debtors Court, for having resisted particular creditors with vexatious law proceedings, *sham pleas*, &c. The public is not generally aware of the extent to which such vexatious resistance can be carried. In the investigations that have taken place before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of insolvent debtors, Mr. Thomas Clarke, (at the time clerk of the Court,) stated, that in a debtor's book he found a paper, 'wherein it was pointed out to debtors *how to harass creditors*.' He had heard, he said, that it was sold from one prisoner to another, in a printed form, for 6*d*. each. That witness then delivered to the committee a book, from which the following extract was read,—it is extracted from the Parliamentary Report :—

'*Law proceedings.*—When arrested and held to bail, and after being served with a declaration, you may plead a general issue, which brings you to trial the sooner of any plea that you can put in ; but if you want to vex your plaintiff, put in a spe-

them out by harassing expenses, and walks out himself, *up to snuff*, and *fly*."

"I perceive," said Tom, "that your imagination

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cial plea; and, if in custody, get your attorney to plead in your name, which will cost you 1*l.* 1*s.*, your plaintiff, 31*l.* as expenses. If you do not mean to try the cause, you have no occasion to do so until your plaintiff gets judgment against you; he must, in the term after you put in a special plea, send what is termed the paper book, which you must return with 7*s.* 6*d.* otherwise you will not put him to half the expenses. When he proceeds, and has received a final judgment against you, get your attorney to search the office appointed for that purpose in the Temple, and when he finds that judgment is actually signed, he must give notice to the plaintiff's attorney to attend the master to tax his costs, at which time your attorney must have a writ of error ready, and give it to the plaintiff's attorney before the master, which puts him to a very great expense, as he will have the same charges to go over again. The writ of error will cost you 4*l.* 4*s.* If you want to be further troublesome to your plaintiffs, make your writ of error returnable in Parliament, which costs you 8*l.* 8*s.* and your plaintiff 100*l.* Should he have the courage to follow you through all your proceedings, then file a bill in the Exchequer, which will cost about 5*l.* or 6*l.*; and if he answers it, it will cost him 80*l.* more. After this you may file a bill in Chancery, which will cost about 10*l.*; and if he does not answer this bill, you will get an injunction, and at the same time an attachment from the court against him, and *may take his body for contempt of court*, in not answering your last bill. You may file your bill in the Court of Chancery, instead of the Exchequer, only the latter costs you the least. If you are at any time served with a copy of a writ, take no further notice of it than by keeping it; when you are declared against, do not fail to put in a special plea immediately, and most likely you will hear no more of the business, as your plaintiff will probably

is flying away from your subject; though I admit the justice of your remarks, as generally applicable to what is termed the higher ranks of society, and that they are imitated or aped in succession to those of the lower orders; but we appear to have imperceptibly got into a long descriptive conversation, instead of pursuing our usual plan of drawing inferences from actual observation. Let us forth and walk awhile."

"With all my heart," said Sparkle, "I see you wish to change the subject: however, I doubt not there will be a time when you will think more seriously, and act more usefully."

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not like to incur any further expense, after having been at so much.'

DEFENDANT'S COSTS.	£	s.	d.			
Common Plea	0	3	6			
Special Plea	1	1	0			
Paper Book	0	7	6			
Writ of Error	4	4	0			
Ditto returnable in Parliament	8	8	0			
Filing Bill in Exchequer	6	6	0			
Ditto in Chancery	10	0	0			
				30	10	0
PLAINTIFF'S COSTS.						
Answer to Special Plea	30	0	0			
Answer to Writ of Error	100	0	0			
Answer to Bill in Exchequer	84	0	0			
Ditto ditto in Chancery	100	0	0			
				314	0	0

Thus a creditor may be put to an expense of *three hundred and fourteen pounds,* by a debtor, for the small cost of 30*l.* 10*s.* and all because the laws allowed him *to sue for his own;* and if he and his attorney do not keep a sharp look out, the creditor may get *committed* for 'contempt of court.'

"Upon my life you are growing sentimental."

"Never mind," said Bob, "keep your spirits up."

"The world's a good thing, on how sweet and delicious
The bliss and delight it contains;
Dev'l a pleasure but fortune crams into our dishes,
Except a few torments and pains.

Then wine's a good thing, the dear drink's so inviting,
Where each toper each care sweetly drowns;
Where our friends we so cherish, so love and delight in,
Except when we're cracking their crowns."

By the time Bob had concluded his verse, they were on the move, and taking their direction through St. James's-street, turning the corner of which,—"there," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "that is the celebrated Lord Shampetre, of whose name and character you have before heard."

"Indeed," said Bob. "Well, I must say, that if I met him in the street, I should have supposed him to be an old clothesman."

"Hush," said Sparkle, "don't be too severe in your observations, for I have been given to understand his Lordship has expressed his indignation upon a former occasion at such a comparison; though I must acknowledge it is not altogether an unjust one; and if *exalted*, I beg pardon, I mean *popular* characters, will force themselves into public notice by their follies, their vices or their eccentricities, they can have no right to complain."

"And pray," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "where is one to be found who has made himself

more conspicuous than the one in question, and especially by a very recent occurrence. The fashionable world is full of the subject of his amatory epistles to the sister of a celebrated actress,* and her very

* To elucidate the subject here alluded to, we cannot do better than give insertion to the following police report :—

PERFIDY AND PROFLIGACY OF A PEER !

Bow Street.—An application was lately made for a warrant to apprehend Miss B., the sister of a celebrated actress, for stealing some chimney ornaments and China cups and saucers. The application was made by the mother of the accused, in consequence of her having eloped, and with a view to reclaim her before her ruin should be consummated. The warrant was granted, and in a short time the fair delinquent was led in, resting on the arm of a Mr. B., well known in the fashionable circles. Mr. C. a solicitor, appeared with the mother, and the property found by the officer; the mother identified it, and stated, that she should be happy to forego the charge, on her daughter consenting to return to her home. The magistrate then called on the accused for her defence, when she asserted that the articles were her own, purchased with money given to her by her friends. In corroboration, she called the servant, who spoke to a conversation, in which Mrs. B. blamed her daughter for spending her money so foolishly; and declared that the things were always considered to belong to the daughter, and were given up without the slightest objection when she applied for them in the name of Miss B. This statement produced a desultory conversation, which was terminated by the solicitor remarking, that the principal object, the return of Miss B., had been lost sight of. Mr. B. then said, he had paid for the education and every charge of Miss B. for the last two years. He challenged inquiry into his conduct, which would be found to have arisen from the most honourable feelings, when he should prove that Miss B. had sought his pro-

'commodious mother;' but I dare say his Lordship is displeased with no part of the *eclat*, except the

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tection from the persecution of Lord P., who had been sanctioned in his dishonourable overtures by her mother. When personal insult had been used, she fled to him; he hired lodgings and a trusty servant for her. A number of Lord P.'s letters were then read, which abounded in vicious ideas, obscenities, and gross figures sketched with the pen. Miss B., then in tears, stated, that she had been shut up with Lord P. with her mother's knowledge, when indecent attacks were made by him upon her on a sofa; and that her mother urged her to become his mistress, saying she should have an allowance of 500*l.* a-year. The mother strongly denied these assertions, and, after the magistrate had animadverted on the alleged disgraceful conduct of the mother, if true, the affair was settled by Miss B. (only 16,) being put under the care of a female friend, agreeable to both parties, Mr. B. to pay all the expenses.

Having thus given an account of the affair, as related in most of the daily papers, we think it right to add the following by way of *elucidation*.

The young lady is Miss B—rt—l—zzi, daughter of a late celebrated engraver of that name, and younger sister of an actress on the boards of Old Drury, who has obtained great notoriety for a pretty face, a roving eye, a fine set of teeth, a mellow voice, and an excessive *penchant* for appearing before the public in *breeches*—*Macheath* and *Don Giovanni* to wit. 'Mr. B.,' the gentleman under whose protection she is living, or rather *was* living, is a gentleman of large West India possessions, who some time ago immortalized himself in a duel about a worthless woman, with Lord C—lf—d, in which duel he had the honour of sending his lordship to his account with all his 'imperfections on his head.' The third party, 'Lord P.,' is a nobleman, whose chief points are a queer-shaped hat, long shirt sleeves, exquisitely starched, very white gloves, a very

quiz that his *liberal* offer of £500. would be about £25. per annum, or 9*s*. $7\frac{1}{4}$*d*. a week—a cheap purchase of a young lady's honour, and therefore a good bargain."

"I believe," continued Sparkle, "there is little about him, either as to person or to character, which entitles him to occupy more of our time, which may be better devoted to more agreeable and deserving subjects."

"Apropos," said DASHALL, taking Sparkle at his word, "do you observe a person on the other side of the way, with a blue nose and a green coat, cut in the true jockey style, so as to render it difficult to ascertain whether he is a gentleman or a gentleman's groom? That is Mr. Spankalong, who has a most unconquerable attachment to grooms, coachmen, and stable assistants; whose language and manners it is one of the principal studies of his life to imitate. He prides himself on being a good driver of four in hand, and tickling the tits along the road in a mail carriage, is the *ne plus ultra* of his ambition. He will take a journey of an hundred miles out of town,

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low cabriolet, and a Lord George Gordon-ish affectation of beard. We do not know that he is distinguished for any thing else. For the fourth party—the young lady's *mamma*, she is,—what she is; a rather elderly personage, remarkably commodious, very discreet, 'and all that sort of thing.' We could not help admiring her *commodiousness* when she accompanied Lord P. and her daughter to Drury-lane Theatre, the last time the King was there. It was almost equal to his Lordship's *assiduity*, and the young lady's *ennui*.

merely to meet and drive up a mail coach, paying for his own passage, and feeing the coachmen for their permission. Disguised in a huge white coat, with innumerable capes and mother o'pearl buttons, he seats himself on the box—Elbows square, wrists pliant—all right—Hayait—away they go. He takes his glass of gin and bitters on the road—opens the door for the passengers to get in—with 'now my masters—you please;' and seems quite as much *at home* as Mr. Matthews at the Lyceum, with '*all that sort of thing, and every thing in the world.*' He is, however, not singular in his taste, for many of our hereditary statesmen are to be found among this class, save and except that he carries his imitations to a farther extent than any person I ever knew; and it is a fact, that he had one of his fore teeth punched out, in order to enable the noble aspirant to give the true coachman's whistle, and to spit in a Jehu-like manner, so as to project the saliva from his lips, clear of the cattle and traces, into the hedge on the near side of the road."

"Accomplishments that are truly deserving the best considerations of a noble mind," rejoined TALLYHO.

"And absolutely necessary to the finished gentleman of the present day, of course," continued Sparkle; "and as I have not had a lounge in these Corinthian regions for some little time, I am glad to be thus furnished with a key to characters that may be new to me."

"There is one on the opposite side of the way not

altogether new, as he has made some noise in the world during his time—I mean the gentleman whose features exhibit so much of the *rouge*—it is the celebrated Sir George Skippington, formerly well known in *Fop's Alley*, and at the Opera; not so much on account of his elegant person, lively wit, or polished address, as for his gallantries, and an extraordinary affectation of dress, approaching very nearly to the ridiculous, the chief part of his reputation being derived from wearing a pea-green coat, and pink silk stockings: he has, however, since that time become a dramatic writer, or at least a manufacturer of pantomime and shew; and—ah, but see—speaking of writers—here we have a *Hook*, from which is suspended a certain scandalous Journal, well known for its dastardly attacks upon private character, and whose nominal conductors are at this moment in durance vile; but a certain affair in the fashionable way of defaulting, has brought him down a peg or two. His ingenuity has been displayed on a variety of occasions, and under varying circumstances. His theatrical attempts have been successful, and at Harrow he was called the Green Man, in consequence of his affected singularity of wearing a complete suit of clothes of that colour. He appears to act at all times upon the favourite recommendation of Young Rapid, "keep moving;" for he is always in motion, in consequence of which it is said, that Lord Byron wittily remarked, 'he certainly was not the Green Man and *Still*.'*

* *The Green Man and Still* is the well known sign of a public house in Oxford Road.

"Why," cried Bob, "there seems to be as little of still life about him just now, as there is about Hookey Walker. But pray who is that dingy gentleman who passed us within the last minute, and who appeared to be an object of attraction to some persons on the opposite side—he appears to have been cut out for a tailor."

"That," replied Tom, "is a Baronet and *cornuto*, who married the handsome daughter of a great Marquis. She, however, turned out a complete termagant, who one day, in the heat of her rage, d——d her rib for a sneaking puppy, dashed a cup of coffee in his face, and immediately after flew for protection to a Noble Lord, who entertained a *penchant* for her. This, however, proved to be a bad speculation on her part; and having seriously reflected on the consequences of such conduct, she made her appearance again at her husband's door a a few nights afterwards, and in the spirit of contrition sought forgiveness, under a promise of never transgressing any more, little doubting but her claim to admission would be allowed. Here, however, it seems she had reckoned without her host,—for the Baronet differing in opinion, would not listen to her proposition: her entreaties and promises were urged in vain, and the deserted though still *cara sposa*, has kept the portals of his door, as well as the avenues to his heart, completely closed to her since."

At this moment they were interrupted by the approach of a gaily dressed young man, who seizing Dashall by the hand, and giving him a hearty shake, exclaimed,—"Ha, my dear fellow, what

DASHALL, and as I live, Mr. Sparkle, you are there too, are you: d—me, what's the scent—up to any thing—going any where—or any thing to do—eh—d—me."

"Quite *ad libitum*," replied DASHALL, "happy to see Gayfield well and in *prime twig*,—allow me to introduce my Cousin, ROBERT TALLYHO, Esq."

"*You do me proud*, my dear fellow. Any thing new—can't live without novelty—who's up, who's down—what's the wonder of the day—how does the world wag—where is the haven of destination, and how do you weather the point."

"Zounds," replied TOM, "you ask more questions in a breath than we three can answer in an hour."

"Never mind—don't want you to answer; but at all events must have something to say—hate idleness either in speech or action—hate talking in the streets, can't bear staring at like a new monument or a statue. Talking of statues—I have it—good thought, go see Achilles, the ladies man—eh! what say you. D—me, made of cannons and other combustibles—Waterloo to wit—Come along, quite *a bore* to stand still—yea or nay, can't wait."

"With all my heart," said Sparkle, twitching DASHALL by the arm, "it is quite new since my departure from town;" and joining arms, they proceeded towards the Park.

"Been out of town," continued Gayfield,—"thought so—lost you all at once—glad you have not lost yourself. Any thing new in the country—

always inquire—can't live without novelty—go to see every thing and every body, every where. Nothing new in the papers—Irish distresses old, but very distressing for a time: how the devil can you live in the country—can't imagine."

"And I apprehend," replied Sparkle, "it will be of little use to explain; for a gentleman of so much information as yourself must know every thing."

"Good, but severe—never mind, I never trouble my head with other people's thoughts—always think for myself, let others do as they like. Hate inquisitive people, don't choose to satisfy all inquirers. Never ask questions of any one, don't expect answers. Have you seen the celebrated ventriloquist, *Alexandre*,—the Egyptian Tomb,—the——"

Sparkle could hold no longer: the vanity and egotism of this everlasting prater, this rambler from subject to subject, without manner, method, or even thought, was too much; and he could not resist the temptation to laugh, in which he was joined by Tom and Bob.

"What is the matter," inquired Gayfield, unconscious of being the cause of their risibility. "I see nothing to laugh at, d—me, but I do love laughing, so I'll enjoy a little with you at all events;" and immediately he became a participator in their mirth, to the inexpressible delight of his companions; "but," continued he, "I see nothing to laugh at, and it is beneath the character of a philosopher to laugh at any thing."

"Never mind," said Dashall, "we are not of that description—and we sometimes laugh at nothing,

which I apprehend is the case in the present instance."

"I perfectly agree with the observation," rejoined Sparkle; "it is a case in point, and very well pointed too."

"Nothing could be better timed," said TALLYHO.

"What than a horse laugh in the public streets! D—d vulgar really—quite *outre*, as we say. No, no, you ought to consider where you are, what company you are in, and never laugh without a good motive—what is the use of laughing."

"A philosopher," said TOM DASHALL, "need scarcely ask such a question. The superiority of his mind ought to furnish a sufficient answer."

"Then I perceive you are not communicative, and I always like to be informed; but never mind, here we shall have something to entertain us."

"And at least," said Sparkle, "that is better than nothing."

The observation, however, was lost upon the incorrigible fribble, who produced his snuff-box, and took a pinch, with an air that discovered the diamond ring upon his finger—pulled up his shirt collar—and at the same time forced down his waistcoat; conceiving no doubt that by such means he increased his consequence, which however was wholly lost upon his companions.

"And this," said Sparkle, "is the so much talked of statue of Achilles—The Wellington Trophy—it is placed in a very conspicuous situation, however—and what says the pedestal—

TO ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS,
THIS STATUE OF ACHILLES,
CAST FROM CANNON
TAKEN IN THE VICTORIES OF
SALAMANCA, VITTORIA, TOULOUSE, AND WATERLOO,
IS INSCRIBED
BY THEIR COUNTRYWOMEN.

" Beautiful," said Gayfield—" Elegant—superb."

" Bold," said DASHALL, " but not very delicate."

" A naked figure, truly," continued BOB, " in a situation visited by the first circles of rank and fashion, is not to be considered as one of the greatest proofs either of modesty or propriety; but perhaps these ideas, as in many other instances, are exploded, or they are differently understood to what they were originally. A mantle might have been thought of by the ladies, if not the artist."

" For my part," said Sparkle, " I see but little in it to admire."

During this conversation, Gayfield was dancing round the figure with his quizzing glass in his hand, examining it at all points, and appearing to be highly amused and delighted.

" It affords opportunities for a variety of observations," said DASHALL, " and, like many other things, may perhaps be a nine days wonder. The public prints have been occupied upon the subject for a few

days, and I know of but one but what condemns it upon some ground or other.*

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* In all probability the following remarks will be sufficient to make our readers acquainted with this so much talked of statue :—

KENSINGTON GARDENS AND THE PARK.—From three to seven o'clock on Sunday, the gardens were literally crowded to an overflow with the *élite* of the fashionable world. The infinite variety of shape and colour displayed in the female costume, the loveliness and dignity of multitudes of the fair wearers, and the serene brilliancy of the day, altogether surpassed any thing we have hitherto witnessed there.

There was nothing on the drive in the Park except carriages and horsemen, dashing along to the gardens; and as to the 'Wellington *promenade*,' it was altogether neglected. Whether it was that the 'naked majesty' of *Achilles* frightened the people away, or whether the place and its accompaniments were too *garish* for such weather, we know not, but certainly it seemed to be avoided most cautiously; with the exception of some two or three dozen Sunday-strollers, yawning upon the *Anglo-Greco-Pimlico-hightoploftical* statue above mentioned. It was curious enough to hear the remarks made by some of these good folks upon this giant *exotic*—this *Greek* prototype of *British* prowess. 'Well, I declare!' said a blooming young Miss, as she endeavoured to scan its brawny proportions, 'Well, I declare! did ever any body see the like!'—'Come along, Martha, love,' rejoined her scarlet-faced mamma; 'Come along, I say!—I wonder they pulled the *tarpoling* off before the *trowsers* were ready.' 'What a great green monster of a man it is,' exclaimed a meagre elderly lady, with a strong northern accent, to a tall bony red-whiskered man, who seemed to be her husband—'Do na ye think 'twad a looked mair *deelicate* in a kilt?' '*Whist!*' replied the man; and, without uttering another syllable, he turned upon his heel and dragged the wondering matron away. 'La, ma, is that the *Dook*

On their return from the Park, our party looked in at Tattersal's, where it proved to be settling day. DASHALL and his Cousin had previously made a trip to Ascot Races, to enjoy a day's sport, and were so fortunate as to *let in* a knowing one for a considerable sum, by taking the *long odds* against a favourite horse. They therefore expected now to *touch the blunt*, and thus realize the maxim of the poet, by "uniting profit and delight in one."

"Yonder," says DASHALL, pointing out to his

O'Vellunton vat stand up there in the sunshine?' 'Hold your tongue, Miss—little girls must not ask questions about them sort of things.' 'Be th' powers!' said one of three sturdy young fellows, as they walked round till they got to sunward of it. 'Be th' powers, but he's a jewel of a fellow; ounly its not quite dacent to be straddling up there without a shirt—is it Dennis?' 'Gad's blood man!' replied Dennis, rather angrily, 'Gad's blood man! dacency's quite out of the question in matters o' this kind, ye see.' 'Faith, and what do they call it?' asked the other. 'Is it—what do they call it?' rejoined Dennis, who seemed to consider himself a bit of a wag—'Why they mane to call it *the Ladies' Fancy*, to be sure!' and away they all went, 'laughing like so many *horses*,' as the German said, who had heard talk of a *horse-laugh*. Some of the spectators compared the shield to a *parasol* without a handle; others to a *pot-lid*; and one sedate-looking old woman, observing the tarpawling still covering the legs and lower part of the thighs, remarked to her companion, that she supposed they had been uncovering it by degrees, in order to use the people to the sight gradually. In short, poor *Achilles* evidently caused more surprise than admiration, and no small portion of ridicule. But then this was among the *vulgar*. No doubt the *fashionable* patronesses of the thing may view it with other eyes.

Drawn & Etched by H. Alken Esq.

Cousin a very stout man, " is H. R. H.; he is said to have been a considerable winner, both at the late, as

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THE WELLINGTON TROPHY; OR, LADIES' MAN *

AIR—'*Oh, the Sight entrancing.*'

Oh, the sight entrancing,
To see Achilles dancing,†

* We are told that this gigantic statue is a most astonishing work of art, cast from the celebrated statue of Achilles, on the Quirinal Hill; and the inscription on it informs us, that the erection of it was paid for by the *ladies* of England, to commemorate the manly energy of the Duke of Wellington and his brave companions in arms. To call it, therefore, the 'LADIES' MAN,' is merely out of compliment to such as patronised the undertaking; and here we wish it to be particularly understood that *we* do not sanction the word *naked* as a correct term (although that term is universally applied to it), inasmuch as this statue is *not* naked, the modest artist having, at the suggestion of these modest ladies, taken the precaution of giving Achilles a covering, similar to that which Adam and Eve wore on their expulsion from Eden.

† The attitude of the statue is so questionable as to have already raised many opposite hypotheses as to what it is really intended to represent. Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins has, with very laudable ingenuity and *classical taste*, discovered that the figure is nothing more nor less than a *syce*, or *running groom*; just such a one, the worthy ex-sheriff adds, as used to accompany him in India, when engaged in a hunting party, and who, when he grew tired, used to lay hold of the ex-sheriff's horse's *tail*, in order to keep up with his master. The author of the Travestie, however, has hit upon another solution of the attitude, still more novel, and equally probable, namely, that of *dancing*, for which he expects to gain no inconsiderable share of popularity.

well as Epsom races: but the whole has since vanished at play, with heavy additions, and the black legs are

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Without a shirt
Or Highland skirt,*
Where ladies' eyes are glancing:
Each widow's heart is throbbing,
Each married lady sobbing,
While little miss
Would fain a kiss
Be from Achilles robbing!†

* *Without a shirt or Highland skirt!*—It is really entertaining to see what a refinement of criticism has been displayed upon the defects of this *incomparable* statue. Some have abused the hero for being *shirtless*, and said it was an abomination to think that a statue in a state of *nudity* (much larger than life, too!) should be stuck up in Hyde Park, where every lady's eye must *glance*, however repugnant it might be to their ideas of modesty. But did not the ladies themselves *order* and *pay for* the said statue? Is it not an emblem of their own *pure taste?* Then, as for putting on Achilles a *kelt* or *short petticoat* (called by the poet a *Highland skirt*), oh, shocking! it is not only *unclassical*, but it would have destroyed the *effect* of the thing altogether. To be sure, it would not be the *first time* that Achilles wore a petticoat, for, if we are rightly informed, his mother, Thetis, disguised him in female apparel, and hid him among the maidens at the court of Lycomedes, in order to prevent his going to the siege of Troy; but that wicked wag, Ulysses, calling on the said maidens to pay his respects, discovered Mister Achilles among them, and made him join his regiment.

† If we could only insert one hundredth part of what has been said by widows, wives, and maids on this *interesting* subject during the present week, we are quite sure our readers would acquit us of having overcharged the picture, or even faintly delineated it.

now enjoying a rich harvest. The consequences have been, not only the sale of the fine estate of

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Then, oh, the sight entrancing,
To see Achilles dancing,
Without a shirt
Or Highland skirt,
Where ladies' eyes are glancing.

Oh, 'tis not helm or feather,
Or breeches made of leather,
That gave delight,
By day or night,
Or draw fair crowds together.*
Let those wear clothes who need e'm;
Adorn but MAN with *freedom*,†
Then, light or dark,
They'll range the Park,
And follow where you lead 'em.
For, oh, the sight 's entrancing,
To see Achilles dancing,
Without a shirt
Or Highland skirt,
Where ladies' eyes are glancing.

But still the muse beseeches,
If this epistle reaches
Achilles bold,
In winter cold,

* We certainly must differ with the author here: in our humble opinion, helmets, feathers, leather breeches, &c. *have* a wonderful effect in drawing crowds of the fair sex together—at a grand review, for instance.

† This line, it is hoped, will be understood *literally*. The words are T. Moore's, and breathe the spirit of liberty—not licentiousness.

O—t—ds by the hammer, but even the family plate and personal property have been knocked down to the highest bidders, at Robbins's Rooms.

That he would wear his breeches:*
For though in sultry weather,
He needs not cloth nor leather,
Yet frosts may mar
What's safe in war,†
And ruin *all* together.
But still the sight 's entrancing,
To see Achilles dancing
Without a shirt
Or Highland skirt,
Where ladies' eyes are glancing.

* The last verse must be allowed to be truly considerate, nay, *kind*—that the ladies will be equally kind and considerate to poor Achilles as the poet is, must be the wish of every one who has witnessed the perilous situation in which he is placed.

† Achilles was a great favourite with the ladies from his very birth. He was a fine strapping boy; and his mother was so proud of him, that she readily encountered the danger of being drowned in the river Styx herself, that she might dip her darling in it, and thereby render him invulnerable. Accordingly, *every part* of the hero was safe, except his heel by which his mother held him, amidst the heat of battle; and, like his renowned antitype, the immortal Duke of Wellington, he was never wounded. But, at length, when Achilles was in the Temple, treating about his marriage with Philoxena, daughter of Priam, the brother of Hector let fly an arrow at his vulnerable heel, and did his business in a twinkling.

We cannot quit this subject without paying a compliment to the virtues of the Court. We understand there has not been one royal carriage seen in the Park since the erection of the statue; and if report speaks true, the Marchioness of C——n's delicacy is so shocked, that she intends to quit Hamilton Place, which is close by, as early as a more modest site can be chosen!

"I should have expected," replied Bob, "that so much fatal experience, which is said to make even fools wise, would have taught a useful lesson, and restrained this gambling propensity, however violent."

"Psha, man," continued his Cousin, "you are a novice indeed to suppose any thing of the kind. No one uninitiated in these mysteries, can form an idea of the inextricable labyrinth, or the powerful spell which binds the votaries of play; and unfortunately this fatal passion seems to pervade in an unusual degree our present nobility: indeed it may be said there are comparatively but few of the great families who are not either reduced to actual poverty, or approximating towards it, in consequence of the inordinate indulgence of this vice."

Having succeeded in their object, Dashall and his Cousin pursued their course homeward; and thus terminated another day spent in the developement of Real Life in the British Metropolis.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Lack a day! what a gay
What a wonderful great town!
In each street, thousands meet,
All parading up and down.
Crossing—jostling—strutting—running,
Hither—thither—going—coming;
Hurry—scurry—pushing—driving,
Ever something new contriving.
Oh! what a place, what a strange London Town,
On every side, both far and wide, we hear of its renown.

Resorting to the ever-varying promenade of fashion, the Hon. Tom Dashall and his Cousin Bob, whose long protracted investigation of Life in London was now drawing to a close, proceeded this morning to amuse themselves with another lounge in Bond-street: this arcadia of dignified equality was thronged, the carriage-way with dashing equipages, and the *pave* with exquisite pedestrians. Here was one rouged and whiskered; there another in petticoats and stays, while his sister, like an Amazon, shewed her nether garments half way to the knee. Then "passed smiling by" a Corinthian bear, in an *upper benjamin* and a *Jolliffe shallow*. A noted milliner shone in a richer pelisse than the Countess, whom

the day before she had cheated out of the lace which adorned it. The gentleman with the day-rule, in new buckskins and boots, and mounted on a thoroughbred horse, quizzed his retaining creditor, as he trotted along with dusty shoes and coat; the "lady of easy virtue" stared her keeper's wife and daughter out of countenance. The man milliner's shop-boy, *en passant*, jogged the duke's elbow; and the dandy pickpocket lisped and minced his words quite as well as my lord.

Tom pointed out some of the more dashing exhibitants; and Bob inquiring the name of a fine woman, rather *en bon point*, with a French face, who was mounted on a chesnut hunter, and whom he had never before seen in the haunts of fashion—"That lady," said he, "goes by the name of *Speculator;* her real name is Mademoiselle Leverd, of the *Theatre Francais* at Paris: she arrived in this country a month since, to "have an opportunity of displaying her superior talents; though it is whispered that the object of her journey was not altogether in the pursuit of her profession, but for the purpose of making an *important* conquest.

"And who is that charming woman," continued Bob, "in the curricle next to L——d F——?"

"That," returned Tom, "is Mrs. Orbery Hunter. The *beautiful* man next you, is the "commercial dandy," or as Lord G——l styles him, Apollo; and his Lordship is a *veracious* man, on which account R—— calls G—— his *lyre*."

"Ah, do you see that dashing fellow in the Scotch

cloak, attended by a lad with his arm in a sling? That is the famous Sir W. M——, who doubles his income by gambling speculations; and that's one of his decoys, to entrap young country squires of fortune to dine with him, and be fleeced. In return, he is to marry him (on condition of receiving £100. for every thousand) to an heiress, the daughter of his country banker."

Why, all the first whips in the female world are abroad to day. There is the flower of green Erin, Lady Foley. See with what style she fingers the ribbans. Equally dexterous at the use of whip and tongue; woe to the wight who incurs the lash of either.

That reverend divine in the span new dennet and the Jolliffe shallow, who squares his elbows so knowingly, as he rubs on his bit of blood, is Parson A——. He is the proprietor of the temple of gaming iniquity, at No. 6, Pall Mall. He is a natural son of Lord B——re, by whom he was brought up, liberally educated, and presented with church preferments of considerable value. He married, in early life, the celebrated singer, Miss M—h—n, whom he abandoned, with his infant family. This lady found a protector for herself and children in the person of the Rev. Mr. P——s, and having since obtained a divorce from her former husband, has been married to him. The parson boasts of his numerous amours, and, a few years since, took the benefit of the act. Before he ventured upon the splendid speculations at the Gothic Hall, with F——r T——n, Mr. Charles

S——, and Lord D——, he used to frequent the most notorious g——g houses, occasionally picking up a half crown as the pigeons were knocked down by the more wealthy players. But, chousing his colleagues out of their shares, and getting the Gothic Hall into his own hands, he has become the great man you see, and may truly be called by the title of autocrat of all the Greeks.

"And who," inquired Bob, "is that gay careless young fellow in the *Stanhope*, who sits so easy while his horse plunges?"

"That," replied Tom, "is the Hon. and Rev. Fitz S——, with the best heart, best hand, and the best leg in Bond-street. He is really one of the most fascinating men in polished society, and withal, the best judge of a horse at Tattersall's, of a dennet at Long Acre, or a segar in Maiden Lane."

"You need not tell me who that is on the roan horse, with red whiskers and florid complexion. (The Earl of Y——, of course). Madame B. tells a curious story of him and a *filly* belonging to Prince Paul. His Lordship had a great desire to ride the said filly, and sent Madam B. to know the terms. 'Well!' said his Lordship, when she returned—'Fifty pounds,' she replied.—'Hem!' said his lordship, 'I will wait till next year, and can have her for five-and-twenty.'"

"By this hand, another female equestrian *de figure!* That tall young woman on the chesnut, is Lady Jane P——, sister of Lord U———. They say, that she has manifested certain *pawnbroking* inclinations,

and has shewn a partiality in partnership at Almack's, to the *golden* balls.

"That fine young woman, leaning out of the carriage window, whose glossy ringlets are of the true golden colour, so much admired by the dandies of old Rome, is his Lorship's wife. He's not with her. But you know he shot Honey at Cumberland Gate, when he was two hundred miles off, and therefore he may be in the carriage, though he's away.

"The person in the shabby brown coat is the Duke of Argyle. The pair of horses that draw his carriage is the only *job* that Argyle ever condescended to engage in."

"And who is that fat ruddy gentleman, in the plain green coat, and the groom in grey?"

"What, you're not *up* to the change of colour? That's our old friend the Duke again, and the grey livery augurs, (if I mistake not), a visit to Berkeley square. His R—— H——— must take good care, or that *bit of blood* will be seized while standing at the door of the *Circe*, as his carriage was the other day, by the unceremonious nabman. But that's nothing to what used to occur to the Marquis of W———. They say, that if he deposited a broach, a ring, or a watch upon his table, a hand and arm, like that of a genius in a fairy tale, was seen to introduce itself *bon-gre*, *mal-gre*, through the casement, and instantly they became 'scarce.'"

"But I have heard," said Bob, "of a fashionable nabman asking the Duke the time, and politely claiming the watch as soon as it was visible."

The most prominent characters of the lounge had now disappeared, and TOM and BOB pursuing their course, found themselves in a few minutes in Covent Garden, from whence, nothing occurring of notice, they directed their steps towards Bow-street, with the view of deriving amusement from the proceedings of justice in the principal office on the establishment of the metropolitan police, and in this anticipation they were not disappointed.*

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* MORE LIFE IN ST. GILES'S.—Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Tottenham Court Road, green-grocer, fruiterer, coal and potatoe merchant, salt fish and Irish pork-monger, was brought before the magistrate on a peace-warrant, issued at the suit of his wife, Mrs. Mary Sullivan.

Mrs. Sullivan is an Englishwoman, who married Mr. Sullivan for love, and has been "blessed with many children by him." But notwithstanding she appeared before the magistrate with her face all scratched and bruised, from the eyes downward to the tip of her chin; all which scratches and bruises, she said, were the handy-work of her husband.

The unfortunate Mary, it appeared, married Mr. Sullivan about seven years ago; at which time he was as polite a young Irishman as ever handled a potatoe on this side the Channel; he had every thing snug and comfortable about him, and his purse and his person, taken together, were "*ondeniable.*" She herself was a young woman genteely brought up—abounding in friends and acquaintance, and silk gowns, with three good bonnets always in use, and black velvet shoes to correspond. Welcome wherever she went, whether to dinner, tea, or supper, and made much of by every body. St. Giles' bells rang merrily at their wedding—a fine fat leg of mutton and capers, plenty of pickled salmon, three ample dishes of salt fish and potatoes, with pies, pudding and porter of the best, were set forth for the bridal supper; all the most "*considerablest*"

Pursuing their course homeward through St. James's Square: "Who have we here?" exclaimed

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families in *Dyott Street* and *Church Lane* were invited, and every thing promised a world of happiness—and for five long years they were happy. She loved, as Lord Byron would say, "she loved and was beloved; she adored and she was worshipped;" but Mr. Sullivan was too much like the hero of his Lordship's tale—his affections could not "hold the bent," and the sixth year had scarcely commenced, when poor Mary discovered that she had "outlived his liking." From that time to the present he had treated her continually with the greatest cruelty; and, at last, when by this means he had reduced her from a comely young person to a mere handful of a poor creature, he beat her, and turned her out of doors.

This was Mrs. Sullivan's story; and she told it with such pathos, that all who heard it pitied her, except her husband.

It was now Mr. Sullivan's turn to speak. Whilst his wife was speaking, he had stood with his back towards her, his arms folded across his breast to keep down his choler; biting his lips and staring at the blank wall; but the moment she had ceased, he abruptly turned round, and, curiously enough, asked the magistrate whether *Mistress* Sullivan had done *spaking?*

"She has," replied his worship; "but suppose you ask her whether she has any thing more to say."

"I shall, Sir!" exclaimed the angry Mr. Sullivan. "*Mistress Sullivan, had you any more of it to say?*"

Mrs. Sullivan raised her eyes to the ceiling, clasped her hands together, and was silent.

"Very well, then," he continued, "will *I* get lave to spake, your Honour?"

His Honour nodded permission, and Mr. Sullivan immediately began a defence, to which it is impossible to do justice; so exuberantly did he suit the action to the word, and the word to the action. Och! your Honour, there is something

Tom; "as I live, no other than the lofty Honoria, an authoress, a wit and an eccentric; a combination

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the matter with me!" he began; at the same time putting two of his fingers perpendicularly over his forehead, to intimate that Mrs. Sullivan played him false. He then went into a long story about a "*Misther* Burke," who lodged in his house, and had taken the liberty of assisting him in his conjugal duties, "without any lave from *him* at all at all." It was one night in *partickler*, he said, that he went to bed betimes in the little back parlour, quite entirely sick with the head-ache. *Misther* Burke was out from home, and when the shop was shut up, Mrs. Sullivan went out too; but he didn't much care for that, *ounly* he thought she might as well have staid at home, and so he couldn't go to sleep for thinking of it. "Well, at one o'clock in the morning," he continued, lowering his voice into a sort of loud whisper; "at one o'clock in the morning *Misther* Burke lets himself in with the key that he had, and goes up to bed—and I thought nothing at all; but presently I hears something come tap, tap, tap, at the street door. The minute after comes down *Misther* Burke, and opens the door, and sure it was Mary—*Mistress* Sullivan that is, more's the pity—and devil a bit she came to see after me at all in the little back parlour, but up stairs she goes after *Misther* Burke. Och! says I, but there's something the matter with me this night! and I got up with the night-cap o' th' head of me, and went into the shop to see for a knife, but I couldn't get one by no *manes*. So I creeps up stairs, step by step, step by step," (here Mr. Sullivan walked on tiptoe all across the office, to show the magistrate how quietly he went up the stairs), "and when I gets to the top I sees 'em, by the *gash* (gas) coming through the chink in the window curtains; I sees 'em, and 'Och, *Mistress* Sullivan!' says he: and 'Och, *Misther* Burke,' says she:—and och! botheration, says I to myself, and what shall I do now?" We cannot follow Mr. Sullivan any farther in the detail of his melancholy affair; it is sufficient that he

of qualities which frequently contribute to convey the possessor to a garrat, and thence to an hospital or poor house. It is not uncommon to find attic salt in the first floor from heaven, but rather difficult to find the occupier enabled to procure salt whereby to render

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saw enough to convince him that he was dishonoured: that, by some accident or other, he disturbed the guilty pair, whereupon Mrs. Sullivan crept under Mr. Burke's bed, to hide herself; that Mr. Sullivan rushed into the room, and dragged her from under the bed, by her "wicked leg;" and that he felt about the round table in the corner, where Mr. Burke kept his bread and cheese, in the hope of finding a knife.

"And what would you have done with it, if you had found it?" asked his worship.

"Is it what I would have done with it, your honour asks?" exclaimed Mr. Sullivan, almost choked with rage—"Is it what I would have done with it?—ounly that I'd have digged it into the heart of 'em at the same time!" As he said this, he threw himself into an attitude of wild desperation, and made a tremendous lunge, as if in the very act of slaughter.

To make short of a long story, he did not find the knife; Mr. Burke barricadoed himself in his room, and Mr. Sullivan turned his wife out of doors.

The magistrate ordered him to find bail to keep the peace towards his wife and all the King's subjects, and told him, that if his wife was indeed what he had represented her to be, he must seek some less violent mode of separation than the *knife*.

There not being any other case of interest, Tom and Bob left the office, not, however, without a feeling of commiseration for Mr. Sullivan, whose frail rib and her companion in iniquity, now that the tables were turned against them by the injured husband's "plain unvarnished tale," experienced a due share of reprobation from the auditory.

porridge palateable. The lady Honoria, who has just passed, resides in a lodging in Mary-le-bone. She having mistaken stature for beauty, and attitude for greatness, a tune on her lute for fascination, a few strange opinions and out of the way sayings for genius, a masculine appearance for attraction, and bulk for irresistibility, came on a cruise to London with a view to call at C—— House, where she conceived she might be treated like a Princess.

" She fondly fancied that a certain dignified personage who relieved her distress, could not but be captivated with the very description of her; in consequence of which, she launched into expenses which she was but ill able to bear, and now complains of designs formed against her and of all sorts of fabulous nonsense. It must, however, be acknowledged, that an extraordinary taste for fat, has been a great source of inconvenience to the illustrious character alluded to, for corpulent women have been in the habit of daily throwing themselves in his way under some pretence or other; and if he but looked at them, they have considered themselves as favourites, and in the high road to riches and fame.

" It is well known that a certain French woman, with long flowing black hair, who lived not an hundred miles from Pimlico, was one who fell into this error. Her weight is about sixteen stone—and on that account she sets herself down as this illustrious person's mistress; nay, because he saw her once, she took expensive lodgings, ran deeply in debt, and now abuses the great man because he has not provided for

her in a princely style, "*pour se beaux yeux;*" for it must be admitted, that she can boast as fine a pair of black eyes as ever were seen. The circumstance of this taste for materialism, is as unfortunate to the possessor, as a convulsive nod of the head once was to a rich gentleman, who was never without being engaged in some law suit or other, for lots knocked down to him at auctions, owing to his incessant and involuntary noddings at these places. The fat ladies wish the illustrious amateur to pay for peeping, just as the crafty knights of the hammer endeavoured to make the rich gentleman pay for his nodding at them."

"*Fat, fair, and forty*, then," said Sparkle, "does not appear to be forgotten."

"No," was the reply, "nor is it likely: the wits of London are seldom idle upon subjects of importance: take for instance the following lines:—

"When first I met thee, FAT and FAIR,
With FORTY charms about thee,
A widow brisk and *debonair*,
How could I live without thee.
Thy rogueish eye I quickly spied,
It made me still the fonder,
I swore though false to all beside,
From thee I'd never wander.

But OLD FITZY now,
Thou'rt only fit to tease me,
And C————M I vow,
Has learn't the art to please me."

By this time they were passing Grosvenor gate, when the Hon. Tom Dashall directed the attention of his Cousin to a person on the opposite side of the street, pacing along with a stiff and formal air.

"That," said he, "is a new species of character, if it may properly be so termed, of which I have never yet given you any account. Sir Edward Knowell stands, however, at the head of a numerous and respectable class of persons, who may be entitled Philosophic Coxcombs. He proceeds with geometrical exactness in all his transactions. You can perceive finery of dress is no mark of his character; on the contrary, he at all times wears a plain coat; and as if in ridicule of the common fop, takes care to decorate his menials in the most gorgeous liveries.

"The stiffness and formality of his appearance, is partly occasioned by the braces which he very judiciously purchased of Martin Van Butchell, and partly by the pride of wealth and rank.

"There is a pensiveness in his aspect, which would induce any one to imagine Sir Edward to be a man of feeling; but those who have depended upon outward appearances alone, have found themselves miserably deceived; for as hypocrisy assumes a look of sanctity, so your philosophic coxcomb's apparent melancholy serves only as a mask to cover his stupidity.

"Sir Edward is amorously inclined; but he consults his reason, or pretends to do so, and by that means renders his pleasures subservient to his health. It cannot be denied he sometimes manifests contortions

of aspect not exactly in unison with happiness; but his feelings are ever selfish, and his apparent pain is occasioned by the nausea of a debauch, or perhaps by the pressure of a new pair of boots. If you are in distress, Sir Edward hears your tale with the most stoical indifference, and he contemplates your happiness with an equal degree of apathy—a sort of Epictetus, who can witness the miseries of a brother without agony or sympathy, and mark the elevation of a friend without one sentiment of congratulation: wrapt up in self, he banishes all feeling for others.

"This philosopher has a great number of imitators, perhaps not less than *one thousand philosophic coxcombs* visit London annually; and if Sir Edward were to die, they might all with great propriety lay claim to a participation in the property he might leave behind him, as near relations to the family of the Knowells. These gentlemen violate all the moral duties of life with impunity: they are shameless, irreligious, and so insignificant, that they seem to consider themselves born for no useful purpose whatever. Indeed they are such perfect blanks in the creation, that were they transported to some other place, the community would never miss them, except by the diminution of follies and vices. Like poisonous plants, they merely vegetate, diffuse their contagious effluvia around, then sink into corruption, and are forgotten for ever."

"Whip me such fellows through the world," exclaimed Sparkle, "I have no relish for them."

On calling in at Long's Hotel, they were informed

that Sparkle's servant had been in pursuit of his master, in consequence of letters having arrived from the country; and as DASHALL knew that he had two excellent reasons why he should immediately acquaint himself with their contents, the party immediately returned to Piccadilly.

CHAPTER XXV.

" —— Mark the change at very first vacation,
She's scarcely known to father or relation.
No longer now in vesture neat and tight,
Because forsooth she's learn'd to be polite.
But crop't—a bosom bare, her charms explode,
Her shape, the *tout ensemble a-la-mode.*
Why Bet, cries Pa, what's come to thee of late ?
This school has turn'd thy brain as sure as fate.
What means these *vulgar* ways ? I hate 'em wench,
You shan't, I tell thee, imitate the French ;
Because great *vokes* adopt a foreign taste,
And wear their bosoms naked to the waist,
D'ye think you shall—No, no, I loathe such ways,
Mercy ! great *vokes* shew all for nothing now adays."

The morning arose with smiles and sunshine, which appeared almost to invite our party earlier than they intended to the enjoyments of a plan which had occupied their attention on the previous evening, when Sparkle proposed a ride, which being consented to, the horses were prepared, and they were quickly on the road.

Passing through Somers Town, Sparkle remarked to his friend Dashall, that he could not help thinking that the manners and information of the rising generation ought to be greatly improved.

"And have you not had sufficient evidence of the fact?" was the reply.

"Why certainly," continued Sparkle, "if the increase of public schools round the metropolis is in proportion to what has already met my eye during our present short ride, there is sufficient evidence that education is considered as it ought to be, of the first importance. Yet I question whether we are so much more learned than our ancestors, as to require such a vast increase of teachers. Nay, is not the market overstocked with these heads of seminaries, similar to the republic of letters, which is overwhelmed with authors, and clogged with book-makers and books."

"This remark," replied Tom, "might almost as well be made upon every trade and profession which is followed; in the present day there are so many in each, that a livelihood can scarcely be obtained, and a universal grumbling is the consequence."

"Well," said Bob, "I can with safety say there are but two trades or callings that I have met with since my arrival in London, to which I have discovered no rivalship."

This remark from Tallyho excited some surprise in the mind of his two friends, who were anxious to know to what he alluded.

"I mean," continued he, "the doll's bedstead seller, who is frequently to be heard in the streets of of London, bawling with a peculiarity of voice as singular as the article he has for sale,—'Buy my doll's bedsteads;'—and the other, a well known whistler, whom you must both have heard."

"Egad you are right," replied Sparkle; "and although I recollect them both, I must confess the observation now made has never so forcibly struck me before: it, however, proves you have not exhausted your time in town without paying attention to the characters it contains, nor the circumstances by which they obtain their livelihood; and although the introduction is not exactly in point with the subject of previous remarks, and ought not to cut the thread of our discourse, it has some reference, and conveys to my mind a novel piece of information. But I was about to consider what can be the causes for this extraordinary host of ladies of all ages, classes and colours, from the Honourable Mistress —— to the Misses Stubbs', who have their *establishment* for the education of young ladies in a *superior* style; and whether in consequence of this legion of fair labourers in learning and science, our countrywomen (for I am adverting particularly to the softer sex) are chaster, wiser, and better, than their mammas and grandmammas."

"A most interesting subject, truly," replied Tom, "and well worthy of close investigation. Now for my part I apprehend that the increase of tutors arises from many other causes than the more general diffusion of knowledge."

"There can be no doubt of it," continued Sparkle, "and some of those causes are odd enough—very opposite to wisdom, and not more conducive to improvement; for amongst them you will find pride, poverty, and idleness.

"For instance, you may discover that the proud partner of a shopkeeper in the general line, or more plainly speaking, the proprietor of a chandler's shop, is ambitious of having her daughter accomplished.

"E'en good Geoffrey Forge, a blacksmith by descent,
Who has his life 'midst bars and hammers spent,
Resolves his Bet shall learn to read and write,
And grace his table with a wit polite.
To make for father's sense a reparation—
The day arrives for fatal separation;
When Betsey quits her dad with tears of woe,
And goes to boarding-school—at Pimlico."

"Well, the accomplishments sought are music, dancing, French, and ornamental work; instead of learning the Bible, being brought up to domestic utility, cooking, washing, plain work, and the arithmetic necessary for keeping the accounts of her father's shop. What is the consequence?—the change in her education quite unfits Miss for her station in life; makes her look *down* on her unlettered Pa— and Ma— as persons too ignorant for her to associate with; while she is looking *up* with anxious expectation to marry a man of fortune (probably an officer); and is not unfrequently taken unceremoniously without the consent of her parents on a visit to the church."

"You are pushing the matter as close as you can, Charles," said DASHALL; "though I confess I think, nay I may say indeed I know some instances in which such fatal consequences have been the result of the conduct to which you allude."

"Well, then, suppose even that this *superior* style of education should not have the effect of turning the poor girl's head, and that she really has prudence and discretion enough to avoid the perils and snares of ambition; Miss Celestina is at least unfitted for a tradesman's wife, and she must either become a companion, or a governess, or a teacher at a school, or be set up as the Minerva of an evening school—half educated herself, and exposed in every situation for which she is conceived to be fitted, to numerous temptations, betwixt the teachers of waltzes and quadrilles—the one horse chaise dancing-masters—the lax-moraled foreign music-master—or the dashing Pa— of her young pupils (perhaps a Peer). Celibacy is not always so much an affair of choice as of circumstances, and sad difficulties are consequently thrown in the way of poor Miss So and So's path through life—all originating from pride."

"Well," said Bob, "since you have been amusing us with this description, I have counted not less than eight seminaries, establishments, and preparatory schools."

"I do not doubt it," continued Sparkle; "and some of them on the meanest scale, notwithstanding the high sounding titles under which they are introduced to public notice: others presided over by sister spinsters, not unfrequently with Frenchified names; such, for instance, as 'Mesdames Puerdon's Seminary,' the lady's real name being Martha (or, if you please, Patty) Purton, and a deformed relative completing the Mesdames: the 'Misses de la Porte,'

(whom nature had made simple Porter), and no great catch to obtain either: the 'Misses Cox's preparatory school for young gentlemen of an early age,' all seem to bespeak the poverty, false pride, and affectation of the owners. Notwithstanding the fine denominations given to some of these learned institutions, such as 'Bellevue Seminary'—'Montpeliere House'—'Bel Retiro Boarding School,' &c. &c.

"To such artifices as these are two classes of females compelled to resort, namely, reduced gentlewomen and exalted tradesmens' daughters, who disdain commerce, and hate the homely station which dame nature had originally intended them to move in. Such ladies (either by birth or adoption) prefer the twig to the distaff, the study to the shop, and experience more pleasure in walking out airing with their pupils, taking their station in the front, frequently gaudily and indiscreetly dressed, than to be confined to the counter, or the domestic occupations of the good old English housewife of former times.

"Such ladies are frequently to be met with on all the Greens and Commons, from dirty Stepney or Bethnal, to the more sumptuous Clapham or Willisdon. Some of them are so occupied with self, that the random-shot glances of their pupils at the exquisites and the dandy militaires about town, do not come within the range of their notice, while others are more vigilant, but often heave a sigh at the thought that the gay and gallant Captain should prefer the ruddy daughter of a cheesemonger, to the

reduced sprigs of gentility which they consider themselves

"At all events, many of these ladies, and worthy ones too, are placed, *par force* of poverty, in this avocation, unsuited to their abilities, their hearts, their habits, or their former expectations. The government of their young flock is odious to them, and although they may go through the duties of their situation with apparent patience, it is in fact a drudgery almost insupportable; and the objects nearest the governess's heart—are the arrival of the vacation, the entrance-money, the quarter's schooling, and a lengthy list of items: the arrival of Black Monday, or a cessation of holidays, brings depressed spirits, and she returns to her occupation, deploring her unlucky stars which placed her in so laborious a situation—envies her cousin Sarah, who has caught a minor in her net; nay even perhaps would be happy to exchange circumstances with the thoughtless Miss Skipwell, who has run away with her dancing-master, or ruined a young clergyman, of a serious turn, by addressing love-letters to him, copied from the most romantic novels, which have softened his heart into matrimony, and made genteel beggars of the reverend mistress, himself, and a numerous offspring."

"Very agreeable, indeed," cried DASHALL.

"Perhaps not," said TALLYHO, interrupting him, "to the parties described."

"You mistake me," was the reply; "I meant the combination of air and exercise with the excellent

descriptions of our friend Sparkle, who by the way has not yet done with the subject."

"I am aware of it," continued Sparkle, "for there is one part which I mentioned at the outset, which may with great propriety be added in the way of elucidation—I mean Idleness: it is the third, and shall for the present be the last subject of our consideration, and even this has contributed its fair proportion of teachers to the world. Miss Meltaway, the daughter of a tallow-chandler, who ruined himself by dressing extravagantly his wife, and over educating his dear Caroline Matilda, in consequence of which he failed, and shortly afterwards left the world altogether,—was brought up in the straw line; but this was no solid trade, and could not be relied upon: however, she plays upon the harp and the guitar. What advantages! yet she also failed in the straw-hat line, and therefore Idleness prefers becoming an assistant teacher and music mistress, to taking to any more laborious, even though more productive mode of obtaining a livelihood.

"Then Miss Nugent has a few hundred pounds, the remnant of Pa's *gleanings* (Pa having been the retired butler of a *Pigeoned* Peer.) A retail bookseller sought her hand in marriage, but she thought him quite a vulgar fellow. He had no taste for waltzing, at which she was considered to excel—he blamed her indulgence in such pleasures, and ventured to hint something about a pudding. Then again, he can't speak French, and dresses in *dittoes*. Now all this is really barbarous, and consequently

Miss Nugent spurns the idea of such a connection.

"Let us trace her still further. In a short time she is addressed by a Captain Kirkpatrick Tyrconnel, who makes his approaches with a splendid equipage. The romantic sound of the former, and the glare of the latter, attract her attention. The title of Captain, however, is merely a *nom de guerre*, for he is only an ensign on half-pay. Miss is delighted with his attentions: he is a charming fellow, highly accomplished, for he sings duets, waltzes admirably, plays the German flute, and interlards his conversation with scraps of French and Spanish. Altogether he is truly irresistible, and she is willing to lay her person and her few hundreds at the feet of the conquerer. The day is appointed, and every preparation made for the nuptial ceremony; when ah! who can foresee,

"The various turns of fate below."

An athletic Hibernian wife, formerly the widow of Dennis O'Drumball, steps in between the young lady and the hymeneal altar, and claims the Captain as her husband—she being the landlady of a country ale-house where he had been quartered, whom he had married by way of discharging his bill. The interposition is fortunate, because it saves the Captain from an involuntary trip to Botany Bay, and Miss from an alliance of a bigamical kind; though it has at the same time proved a severe disappointment to the young lady.

"Crossed in love—wounded in the most tender part—she forswears the hymeneal tie; and under such unfortunate circumstances she opens a Seminary, to which she devotes the remainder of her life."

"Pray," said Bob, whose eyes were as open as his ears, "did you notice that shining black board, with preposterous large gold letters, announcing 'Miss Smallgood's establishment for Young Ladies,' and close alongside of it another, informing the passenger,—'That man-traps were placed in the premises.'"

"I did," said Sparkle—"but I do not think that, though somewhat curious, the most remarkable or strange association. Young ladies educated on an improved plan, and man-traps advertised in order to create terror and dismay! For connected with this method of announcing places of education, is a recollection of receptacles of another nature."

"To what do you allude?" inquired Tallyho.

"Why, in many instances, private mad-houses are disguised as boarding schools, under the designation of 'Establishment.' Many of these receptacles in the vicinity of the metropolis, are rendered subservient to the very worst of purposes, though originally intended for the safety of the individual, as well as the security of the public against the commission of acts, which are too frequently to be deplored as the effect of insanity. Of all the houses of mourning, that to which poor unhappy mortals are sent under mental derangement is decidedly the most gloomy. The idea strikes the imagination with hor-

ror, which is considerably increased by a reflection on the numerous human victims that are incarcerated within their walls, the discipline they are subjected to, and the usual pecuniary success which attends the keepers of such establishments,—where the continuance of the patient is the chief source of interest, rather than the recovery. That they are useful in some cases cannot be denied, but there are many instances too well authenticated to be doubted, where persons desirous of getting rid of aged and infirm relatives, particularly if they manifested any little aberration of mind (as is common in advanced age), have consigned them to these receptacles, from which, through the supposed kindness of their friends, and the management of the proprietors, they have never returned. If the parties ail nothing, they are soon driven to insanity by ill usage, association with unfortunates confined like themselves, vexation at the treatment, and absolute despair of escape; or if partially or slightly afflicted, the lucid intervals are prevented, and the disorder by these means is increased and confirmed by coercion, irritation of mind, and despair."

"This is a deplorable picture of the state of things, indeed," said TALLYHO.

"But it is unvarnished," was the reply; "the picture requires no imaginary embellishment, since it has its foundation in truth. Then again, contrast the situation of the confined with the confiners. The relatives have an interest in the care of the person, and a control over the property, which in cases

of death frequently becomes their own. The keepers of these receptacles have also an interest in keeping the relatives in a disposition to forward all their views of retaining the patient, who, under the representation of being seriously deranged, is not believed; consequently all is delusion, but the advantages which ultimately fall to the tender hearted relative, or the more artful proprietor of the mad-house; and it is wonderful what immense fortunes are made by the latter; nay not only by the proprietors, but even the menials in their employ, many of whom have been known to retire independent, a circumstance which clearly proves, that by some means or other they must have possessed themselves of the care of the *property*, as well as that of the *persons* of their unfortunate victims."

"This is a dull subject," said DASHALL, "though I confess that some exposures which have been made fully justify your observations; but I am not fond of looking at such gloomy pictures of Real Life."

"True," replied Sparkle; "but it connects itself with the object you have had in view; and though I know there are many who possess souls of sensibility, and who would shrink from the contemplation of so much suffering humanity, it is still desirable they should know the effects produced almost by inconceivable causes. I know people in general avoid the contemplation, as well as fly from the abodes of misery, contenting themselves by sending pecuniary assistance. But unfortunately there are a number of things that wear a similarity of appearance, yet are

so unlike in essence and reality, that they are frequently mistaken by the credulous and unwary, who become dupes, merely because they are not eye witnesses of the facts. But if the subject is dull, let us push forward, take a gallop over Hampstead Heath, and return."

"With all my heart," cried DASHALL, giving a spur to his horse, and away they went.

The day was delightfully fine; the appearance of the country banished all gloomy thoughts from their minds; and after a most agreeable ride, they returned to Piccadilly, where finding dinner ready, they spent the remainder of the evening in the utmost hilarity, and the mutual interchange of amusing and interesting conversation, principally relative to Sparkle's friends in the country, and their arrangements for the remainder of their time during their stay in the metropolis.

CHAPTER XXVI.

" E'en mighty monarchs may at times unbend,
And sink the dull superior in the friend.
The jaded scholar his lov'd closet quits,
To chat with folks below, and save his wits:
Peeps at the world awhile, with curious look,
Then flies again with pleasure to his book.
The tradesman hastes away from Care's rude gripe,
To meet the neighbouring club and smoke his pipe.
All this is well, in decent bounds restrained,
No health is injured, and no mind is pain'd.
But constant travels in the paths of joy,
Yield no delights but what in time must cloy;
Though novelty spread all its charms to view,
And men with eagerness those charms pursue;
One truth is clear, that by too frequent use,
They early death or mis'ry may produce."

THE post of the following morning brought information for DASHALL and his friends, and no time was lost in breaking open the seals of letters which excited the most pleasing anticipations. A dead silence prevailed for a few minutes, when, rising almost simultaneously, expressions of satisfaction and delight were interchanged at the intelligence received.

Merrywell's success had proved more than commensurate with his most sanguine expectations. He had

arrived at the residence of his dying relative, just time enough to witness his departure from this sublunary sphere, and hear him with his expiring breath say,—"All is thine;" and a letter to each of his former friends announced the pleasure and the happiness he should experience by an early visit to his estate, declaring his determination to settle in the country, and no more become a rambler in the labyrinths of London.

This was a moment of unexpected, though hoped for gratification. Sparkle applauded the plan he intended to pursue.

Tallyho confessed himself tired of this world of wonders, and appeared to be actuated by a similar feeling: he conceived he had seen enough of the Life of a Rover, and seemed to sigh for his native plains again.

Dashall's relish for novelty in London was almost subdued; and after comparing notes together for a short time, it was mutually agreed that they would dine quietly at home, and digest a plan for future proceedings.

"Never," said Tom, "did I feel so strong an inclination to forego the fascinating charms of a London Life as at the present moment; and whether I renounce it altogether or not, we will certainly pay a congratulatory visit to Merrywell."

"Example," said Sparkle, "endeavouring to encourage the feeling with which his friend's last sentiment was expressed, "is at all times better than precept; and retirement to domestic felicity is pre-

ferable to revelry in splendid scenes of dissipation, which generally leads to premature dissolution."

"Agreed," said TOM; "and happy is the man who, like yourself, has more than self to think for.—Blest with a lovely and amiable wife, and an ample fortune, no man upon earth can have a better chance of gliding down the stream of life, surrounded by all the enjoyments it can afford—while I——"

"Oh, what a lost mutton am I!"

Sparkle could scarcely forbear laughing at his friend, though he was unable to discover whether he was speaking seriously or ironically; he therefore determined to rally him a little.

"How," said he, "why you are growing serious and sentimental all at once: what can be the cause of this change of opinion so suddenly?"

"My views of life," replied DASHALL, "have been sufficient to convince me that a LIFE IN LONDON is the high road to DEATH. I have, however, tried its vagaries in all companies, in all quarters; and, as the Song says,

"Having sown my wild oats in my youthful days,
I wish to live happily now they are done."

By this time Sparkle was convinced that DASHALL was speaking the real sentiments of his mind, and congratulated him upon them.

TALLYHO expressed himself highly delighted with the information he had acquired during his stay in London, but could not help at the same time acknowledging, that he had no wish to continue in the same

course much longer: it was therefore agreed, that on that day fortnight they would leave the metropolis for the residence of Merrywell, and trust the future guidance of their pursuits to chance.

"It would argue a want of loyalty," said Tom, "if we did not witness the royal departure for Scotland before we quit town; and as that is to take place on Saturday next, we will attend the embarkation of his Majesty at Greenwich, and then turn our thoughts towards a country life."

Sparkle was evidently gratified by this determination, though he could hardly persuade himself it was likely to be of long duration; and Bob inwardly rejoiced at the expression of sentiments in exact accordance with his own. At a moment when they were all absorbed in thoughts of the future, they were suddenly drawn to the present by a man passing the window, bawling aloud—"Buy a Prap—Buy a Prap."

"What does the fellow mean?" interrupted Tallyho.

"Mean," said Dashall, "nothing more than to sell his clothes props."

"Props," replied Bob, "but he cries praps; I suppose that is a new style adopted in London."

"Not at all," continued Sparkle; "the alteration of sound only arises from an habitual carelessness, with which many of what are termed the London Cries are given; a sort of tone or jargon which is acquired by continually calling the same thing—and in which you will find he is not singular. The ven-

ders of milk, for instance, seldom call the article they carry for sale, as it is generally sounded *mieu*, or *mieu below*, though some have recently adopted the practice of crying *mieu above*. The sort of sing song style which the wandering venders of different goods get into as it were by nature, is frequently so unintelligible, that even an old inhabitant of the town and its environs can scarcely ascertain by the ear what is meant; and which I apprehend arises more from the sameness of subject than from any premeditated intention of the parties so calling. Other instances may be given :—the chimney-sweeper, you will find, instead of bawling sweep, frequently contracts it to *we-ep* or *e-ep ;* the former not altogether incompatible with the situation of the shivering little being who crawls along the streets under a load of soot, to the great annoyance of the well dressed passengers ; however, it has the effect of warning them of his approach. The dustman, above curtailment, as if he felt his superiority over the *flue-faker*, lengthens his sound to *dust-ho*, or *dust-wo ;* besides, he is dignified by carrying a bell in one hand, by which he almost stuns those around him, and appears determined to kick up a dust, if he can do nothing else. The cries of muffins in the streets it is difficult to understand, as they are in the habit of ringing a tinkling bell, the sound of which can scarcely be heard, and calling *mapping ho ;* and I remember one man whom I have frequently followed, from whom I could never make out more than *happy happy happy now*. There is a man who frequently

passes through the Strand, wheeling a barrow before him, bawling as he moves along, in a deep and sonorous voice, *smoaking hot, piping hot, hot Chelsea Buns;* and another, in the vicinity of Covent Garden, who attracts considerable notice by the cry of—*Come buy my live shrimps and perriwinkles—buy my wink, wink, wink:* these, however, are exceptions to those previously mentioned, as they have good voices, and deliver themselves to some tune; but to the former may be added the itinerant collector of old clothes, who continually annoys you with—*Clow, clow sale.* The ingenious Ned Shuter, the most luxuriant comedian of his time, frequently entertained his audience on his benefit nights with admirable imitations of the Cries of London, in which he introduced a remarkable little man who sold puffs, and who, from the peculiar manner of his calling them, acquired the name of *Colly Molly Puff;* by this singularity he became a noted character, and at almost every period some such peculiar itinerant has become remarkable in the streets of London. Some years back, a poor wretched being who dealt in shreds and patches, used to walk about, inviting people by the following lines—

> "Linen, woollen, and leather,
> Bring 'em out altogether."

Another, a sleek-headed whimsical old man, appeared, who was commonly called the *Wooden Poet,* from his carrying wooden ware, which was slung in a basket round his neck, and who chaunted a kind of

song in doggerel rhyme, somewhat similar to the following—

" Come, come, my worthy soul,
Will you buy a wooden bowl?
I am just come from the Borough,
Will you buy a pudding stirrer.
I hope I am not too soon,
For you to buy a wooden spoon.
I've come quick as I was able,
Thinking you might want a ladle,
And if I'm not too late,
Buy a trencher or wood plate.
Or if not it's no great matter,
So you take a wooden platter.
It may help us both to dinner,
If you'll buy a wooden skimmer.
Come, neighbours, don't be shy, for I deal just and fair,
Come, quickly come and buy, all sorts of wooden ware."

" Very well, indeed, for a wooden poet," exclaimed Bob; " he certainly deserved custom at all events: his rivals, Walter Scott or Lord Byron, would have turned such a poetical effusion to some account—it would have been dramatized—Murray, Longman, &c. would have been all in a bustle, puffing, blowing, and advertising. We should have had piracies, Chancery injunctions, and the d——l to pay; but alas! it makes all the difference whether a poet is fashionable and popular or not."*

* Lord Byron, in his preface to a recent publication, complains that among other *black* arts resorted to, for the purpose of injuring his *fair* fame, he has been accused of receiving considerable sums for writing poetical puffs for *Warren's blacking*.

"Then," continued Sparkle, "there was a rustic usually mounted on a white hobby, with a basket on

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We can safely acquit his Lordship of this charge, as well as of plagarism from the poems he alludes to; but it has led to a curious rencontre between the *blacking-laureat*, and his *patron* the vender of the shining jet; and after considerable *black-guardism* between the parties, the matter is likely to become the subject of legal discussion among the gentlemen of the *black* robe.

The poet, it appears, received half a crown for each production, from the man of blacking, which the latter considered not only a fair, but even *liberal* remuneration for poetic talent; not overlooking, that while the pecuniary reward would produce comfort, and add a *polish* to personal appearance, the *brilliance* of the *composition*, (both of *poetry* and *blacking*), would be fairly divided between the authors of each; and that the fame of both would be conjointly handed down to posterity, and *shine* for ever in the temple of fame.

Now it requires no uncommon sagacity to perceive, that but for this unfortunate mistake of the public, the poet would have remained satisfied, as far as pecuniary recompence went, with the half-crown,—looking to futurity for that more complete recompence, which poets ever consider far beyond pudding or sensual gratification,—fame and immortality; but, alas!

> "From causes quite obscure and unforeseen,
> What great events to man may sometimes spring."

Finding from Lord B.'s own statement, that the public had duly appreciated the merit of these compositions, and had attached so high a value, as even to mistake them for his Lordship's productions, our bard was naturally led into a train of reasoning, and logical deductions, as to what advantage *had*, and what *ought* to have resulted to himself, according to this estimate, by public opinion.—Lord B. and his great northern contemporary, it appeared, received thousands from the public

one arm, who used to invade the northern purlieus of London, mumbling *Holloway cheesecakes*, which

for their poems, while half-crowns (not to be despised, during certain cravings, but soon dissipated by that insatiable and unceasing tormentor, the stomach,) was all the benefit likely to accrue in this world to the original proprietor: in a happy moment, a happy thought flitted athwart the poet's mind; and like the china seller in the Arabian Nights, he found himself rolling in ideal wealth; and spurning with disdain the blacking merchant, the blacking, and the half-crowns, he resolved on a project by which to realize his fondest wishes of wealth, happiness, and independence.

The project was this: to collect together the fugitive blacking sonnets, so as to form a volume, under the title of *Poems supposed to be written by Lord Byron*, and offer the copyright to Mr. Murray; and in case of his refusing a liberal sum, (that is, something approaching to what he pays the Noble Bard per Vol.) to publish them on his (the author's) own account, and depend on the public for that support and encouragement which their favourable decision had already rendered pretty certain.

Now then comes 'the rub;' the blacking vender, hearing of our poet's intention, files a bill in Chancery, praying for an injunction to restrain the publication, and claiming an exclusive right in the literary property: the poet, in replication, denies having assigned or transferred the copyright, and thus issue is joined. His Lordship, with his usual extreme caution, where important rights are involved, wished to give the matter mature consideration, and said, "he would take the papers home, to peruse more attentively." It will be recollected, that in the cause, respecting Lord Byron's poem of Cain, his Lordship stated, that during the vacation he had, by way of relaxation from business, perused that work and Paradise Lost, in order to form a just estimate of their comparative merits; and who knows but during the present vacation, his Lordship may compare the blacking sonnets with "Childe Harold," "Fare Thee Well," &c.; and that on next seal day, the public may

from his mode of utterance, sounded like '*Ho all my teeth ake.*'"

"Ha! ha! ha!" vociferated TALLYHO, unable to restrain his risibility.

"Numerous other instances might be adduced," continued Sparkle: "among many there was a noted *Pigman*, whose pigs were made of what is called standing crust, three or four inches long, baked with currant sauce in the belly, who used to cry, or rather sing,—

'A long tail'd pig, or a short tail'd pig,' &c.

There was another singular character, who used to be called *Tiddy-doll*, a noted vender of gingerbread at Bartholomew, Southwark, and other fairs; who to collect customers round his basket used to chaunt a song, in which scarcely any thing was distinctly articulated but the cant expression *Tiddy-doll:* he used to wear a high cocked hat and feather, with broad scolloped gold lace on it; and last, though not least, was *Sir Jeffery Dunstan*, of Garrat fame, who used to walk about the streets in a blue coat with gold lace, his shirt bosom open, and without a hat, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Nancy, crying *ould wigs*."

"Old wigs," reverberated BOB, "an extraordinary article of merchandize!"

"Not more extraordinary than true," replied DASHALL; "but come, I suppose we shall all feel

be benefited by his opinion as to which is entitled to the claim of superior excellence; and how far the public are justified in attributing the former to the noble author of the latter.

inclined to write a few lines to the country, so let us make the best of our time."

Upon this signal, each flew to the exercise of the quill, and indulged his own vein of thought in writing to his friend; and the day closed upon them without any further occurrence deserving of particular remark.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Haste away to Scotland dear,
And leave your native home;
The Land of Cakes affords good cheer,
And you've a mind to roam.—
Here splendid sights, and gala nights,
Are all prepar'd for Thee;
While Lords and Knights,—('mid gay delights!)
And Ladies bend the knee.

Haste away to Scotia's Land,
With kilt and Highland plaid;
And join the sportive, reeling band,
With ilka bonny lad.—
For night and day,—we'll trip away,
With cheerful dance, and glee;
Come o'er the spray,—without delay,
Each joy's prepared for Thee.

The morning arose with a smiling and inviting aspect; and as it had been previously rumoured that his Majesty would embark from Greenwich Hospital at half-past eight o'clock, on his intended voyage to Scotland, our party had arranged every thing for their departure at an early hour, and before seven o'clock had seated themselves in a commodious and elegant barge moored off Westminster Bridge, intending, if

possible, to see the City Companies, headed by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, start, as had been proposed, from the Tower. They were shortly afterwards gliding on the surface of the watery element towards the scene of action: by this time the numerous parties in pursuit of the same object were on the alert; and from almost every part of the shore as they passed along, gaily dressed company was embarking, while merry peals of bells seemed to announce approaching delight. The steeples on shore, and the vessels in the river, exhibited flags and streamers, which gave an additional splendour to the scene. All was anxiety and expectation; numerous barges and pleasure-boats, laden with elegant company, were speeding the same way, and every moment increasing, so that the whole view displayed a combination of beauty, fashion, and loyalty not often surpassed.

On arriving off the Tower, it was soon ascertained that the Lord Mayor and City Companies had got the start of them, and consequently they proceeded on their journey, not doubting but they should overtake them before reaching Greenwich; and in this expectation they were not disappointed; for soon after passing Rotherhithe Church, they came up with the City State Barge, which was towed by a steam boat, accompanied by several other state barges, the whole filled with company. The brightness of the morning, and the superb appearance of these gaily manned, and it might be added gaily womaned gallies, (for a numerous party of fashionably attired ladies added their embellishing presence to the spectacle) formed

altogether a picture of more than ordinary interest and magnificence.

"This Royal Visit to Scotland," said Sparkle, "has for some time past been a prevailing topic of discussion from one end of the Land of Cakes to the other, and the preparations for his Majesty's reception are of the most splendid description—triumphal arches are to be erected, new roads to be made, banquets to be given, general illuminations to take place, body guards of royal archers to be appointed, and the dull light of oil lamps to be totally obscured by the full blaze of *Royal Gas*. Then there are to be meetings of the civil and municipal authorities from every town and county, presenting loyal and dutiful addresses; and it is expected that there will be so much *booing* among the "*Carle's when the King's come*," that the oilmen are said to be not a whit disconcerted at the introduction of gas lights, the unctuous article being at present in great demand, for the purpose of suppling the stiff joints of the would-be courtiers, who have resolved to give a characteristic specimen of their humble loyalty, and to *outboo* all the *booings* of the famed Sir Pertinax."

"However," observed DASHALL, "it is not very likely they will be able to equal the grace with which it is acknowledged the King can bow; and he is to be accompanied by the accomplished Sir Billy, of City notoriety; so that admirable examples are certain of being presented to the Scottish gentry: reports state, that the worthy Baronet, who is considered to be of *great weight* wherever he goes, is determined to

afford his Majesty, in this visit to Edinburgh, the benefit of that *preponderating* loyalty which he last year threw into the scale of the Dublin Corporation; and that he has recently purchased from a Highland tailor in the Haymarket, a complete suit of tartan, philebeg, &c. with which he means to invest himself, as the appropriate costume, to meet his royal master on his arrival at Edinburgh."

"In that case," said Sparkle, "there is one circumstance greatly to be regretted, considering the gratification which our northern neighbours might have derived, from ascertaining the precise number of cwts. of the most *weighty* of London citizens. I remember reading a day or two back that the weigh-house of the City of Edinburgh was disposed of by public roup, and that a number of workmen were immediately employed to take it down, as the whole must be cleared away by the 6th of August, under a penalty of 50*l.*: what a pity, that in the annals of the weigh-house, the Scotch could not have registered the actual weight of the greatest of London Aldermen."

Tom and Bob laughed heartily at their friend Sparkle's anticipations respecting the worthy Baronet; while Bob dryly remarked, "he should think Sir Willie would prove *himself a bonnie lad among the lasses O; and nae doubt he would cut a braw figure in his Highland suit.*"

"But," continued Dashall, "we are indulging in visions of fancy, without paying that attention to the scene around us which it deserves, and I perceive we

are approaching Greenwich Hospital. There is the royal yacht ready prepared for the occasion; the shores are already crowded with company, and the boats and barges are contending for eligible situations to view the embarkation. There is the floating chapel; and a little further on to the right is the Marine Society's School-ship, for the education of young lads for his Majesty's service. The Hospital now presents a grand and interesting appearance. What say you, suppose we land at the Three Crowns, and make inquiry as to the likely time of his Majesty's departure."

"With all my heart," replied Sparkle, "and we can then refresh, for I am not exactly used to water excursions, and particularly so early in the morning, consequently it has a good effect on the appetite."

By this time the City Barges had taken positions in the front of the Hospital, and our party passed them to gain the proposed place of inquiry: here, however, all was conjecture; the people of Greenwich Hospital appeared to know as little of the time appointed as those of the metropolis; and finding they had little chance of accommodation in consequence of the great influx of company, they again embarked, and shortly after attacked the produce of their locker, and with an excellent tongue and a glass of Madeira, regaled themselves sufficiently to wait the arrival. Time, however, hung heavily on their hands, though they had a view of thousands much worse situated than themselves, and could only contemplate the scene with astonishment, that serious mischiefs did not

accrue, from the immense congregated multitude by which they were surrounded.

Anxiety and anticipation were almost exhausted, and had nearly given place to despondency, when about three o'clock the extraordinary bustle on shore announced the certainty of the expected event being about to take place; and in about half an hour after, they were gratified by seeing his Majesty descend the steps of the Hospital, attended by the noblemen, &c. under a royal salute, and rowed to the vessel prepared to receive him. The royal standard was immediately hoisted, and away sailed the King, amidst the heart-felt congratulations and good wishes of his affectionate and loyal people, the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and every other demonstration of a lively interest in his safety and welfare: leaving many to conjecture the feelings with which the heart must be impressed of a person so honoured and attended, we shall select a few descriptive lines from the pen of a literary gentleman, in his opinion the most likely to be expressive of the sentiments entertained on the occasion.

ROYAL RECOLLECTIONS.

As slow the yacht her northern track
Against the wind was cleaving;
Her noble Master oft look'd back,
To that dear spot 'twas leaving:
So loth to part from her he loves,
From those fair charms that bind him;
He turns his eye where'er he roves,
To her he's left behind him.

When, round the bowl, of other dears
He talks, with joyous seeming,
His smiles resemble vapourish tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings him back again,
Each early tie that twin'd him,
How sweet's the cup that circles then,
To her he's left behind him.

Ah! should our noble master meet,
Some Highland lass enchanting,
With looks all buxom, wild, and sweet,
Yet love would still be wanting;
He'd think how great had been his bliss,
If heav'n had but assign'd him,
To live and die so pure as this,
With her he's left behind him.

As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave,
Still faint behind them glowing.
So, ere he's been a month away,
At home we sure shall find him,
For he can never longer stay,
From her he's left behind him.

The gay assemblage before them, and the ceremony of the embarkation, the sound of music, and the shouts of the populace, and animated appearance of the river, which by this time seemed all in motion, amply repaid our friends for the time they had waited; and after watching the departure of the Royal Squadron, they returned to town; and

as they passed the London Docks, it occurred to the mind of the Hon. Tom Dashall, that his Cousin had not yet paid a visit to these highly interesting productions of human genius; and it was agreed that a day should be devoted to their inspection before his departure from the Metropolis.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

——— Where has Commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drained, and so supplied,
As London; opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she;
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

According to arrangements previously made, our friends met in the morning with a determination to shape their course eastward, in order to take a survey of the Commercial Docks for the accommodation of shipping, and the furtherance of trade; and the carriage being ordered, they were quickly on their way towards Blackwall.

"The Docks of the Port of London," said the Hon. Tom Dashall, "are of the highest importance in a commercial point of view, and are among the prominent curiosities of British Commerce, as they greatly facilitate trade, and afford additional security to the merchants."

"Yes," said Sparkle, "and it is to be presumed, no small profit to the share-holders of the Companies by which they were established; but I expect your

Cousin will derive more gratification from a sight of the places themselves, than from any description we can give, and the time to explain will be when we arrive on the spot; for it is scarcely possible for any one to conceive the immensity of buildings they contain, or the regularity with which the business is carried on.—"How do ye do?" (thrusting his head out of the window, and moving his hand with graceful familiarity,)—"I have not seen Sir Frederick since my matrimonial trip, and now he has passed by on horseback I really believe without seeing me; DASHALL, you remember Sir Frederick Forcewit?"

"Perfectly well," replied TOM; "but I was paying so much attention to you, that I did not notice him. The liveliest fellow, except yourself, in the whole round of my acquaintance."

"And you are one of the best I ever met with to gain a point by a good turn; but take it, and make the most you can of it—I may have an opportunity of paying you off in your own coin."

"TALLYHO laughed heartily at the manner in which Sparkle had altogether changed the conversation, but could not help remarking that Sir Frederick had not given a specimen of his politeness, by avoiding a return of Sparkle's salutation."

"And yet," continued Sparkle, "he is one of the most polished men I know, notwithstanding I think his upper story is not a bit too well furnished: he has a handsome fortune, and a pretty wife, who would indeed be a lovely woman, but for an affectation of manners which she assumed upon coming to the title

of Lady Forcewit: their parties are of the most dashing order, and all the rank and fashion of the metropolis visit their mansion."

Sparkle, who was in his usual humour for conversation and description, now entertained his friends with the following account of a party with whom he had spent an evening just previous to his departure from town.

" Mrs. Stepswift is the widow lady of a dancing-master, who having acquired some little property previous to his decease, left his partner in possession of his wealth and two daughters, though the provision for their education and support was but scanty. The mother had the good luck a few years after to add to her stock ten thousand pounds by a prize in the lottery, a circumstance which afforded her additional opportunities of indulging her passion for dress, which she did not fail to inculcate in her daughters, who, though not handsome, were rather pleasing and agreeable girls ; and since the good fortune to which I have alluded, she has usually given a ball by way of introduction to company, and with the probable view, (as they are now marriageable), to secure them husbands. It was on one of these occasions that I was invited, and as I knew but one of the party, I had an excellent opportunity of making my uninterrupted remarks."

" Then," said DASHALL, " I'll wager my life you acted the part of an observant quiz."

" And I should think you would be likely to win," observed TALLYHO.

"I am bound to consider myself obliged," continued Sparkle, "for the bold construction you are kind enough to put upon my character and conduct by your observations; but never mind, I am not to be intimidated by the firing of a pop-gun, or a flash in the pan, therefore I shall proceed. Upon my introduction I found the widow playing a rubber with a punchy parson, a lean doctor, and a half-pay officer in the Guards; and consequently taking a friend I knew by the arm, I strolled through the rooms, which were spacious and well furnished. In the ball-room I found numerous couples 'tripping it on the light fantastic toe,' to the tune of 'I'll gang no more to yon town,' and displaying a very considerable portion of grace and agility. In the other room devoted to refreshments and cards, I met with several strollers like myself, who being without partners, or not choosing to dance with such as they could obtain, were lounging away their time near the centre of the room. I was introduced to the two young ladies, who behaved with the utmost politeness and attention, though I could easily perceive there was a considerable portion of affectation mingled with their manners; and I soon discovered that they operated as the loadstone of attraction to several dandy-like beaux who were continually flocking around them."

"'My dear Miss Eliza,' said a pug-nosed dandy, whom I afterwards understood to be a jeweller's shopman, 'may I be allowed the superlative honor and happiness of attending you down the next dance?' The manner in which this was spoken, with a drawl-

ing lisp, and the unmeaning attitude of the speaker, which was any thing but natural, provoked my risibility almost beyond forbearance; his bushy head, the fall of his cape, and the awkward stick-out of his coat, which was buttoned tight round his waist; the drop of his quizzing glass from his bosom, and the opera hat in his hand, formed altogether as curious a figure as I ever recollect to have seen; though my eyes were immediately directed to another almost as grotesque, by the young lady herself, who informed the applicant that she had engaged herself with Captain Scrambleton, and could not avail herself of his intended honor; while the captain himself, with a mincing gait, little compatible with the line of life to which it was to be presumed he was attached, was advancing and eyeing the would-be rival with all the apparent accuracy of a military scrutiny. The contrast of the two figures is inconceivable—the supplicating beau on the one hand, half double, in the attitude of solicitation, and the upright position of the exquisite *militaire*, casting a suspicious look of self-importance on the other, were irresistible. I was obliged to turn on one side to prevent discovering my impulse to laughter. The captain, I have since learned, turned out to be a broken down blackleg, seeking to patch up a diminished fortune by a matrimonial alliance, in which he was only foiled by a discovery just time enough to prevent his design upon Miss Eliza."

"Mere butterflies," exclaimed DASHALL, "that flutter for a time in sunshine with golden wings, to

entrap attention, while the rays fall upon them, and then are seen no more! but I always like your descriptions, although you are usually severe."

"As soon as I could recover my solemnity, I found a little gentleman, who reminded me strongly of cunning little Isaac in the Duenna, advancing towards Miss Amelia with true dancing-master-like precision. I soon discovered, by her holding up her fan at his approach, that she held him in utter aversion, and found he received a reply very derogatory to his wishes; when stepping up to her by the introduction of my friend, I succeeded in obtaining her hand for the dance, to the great mortification and discomfiture of Mr. O'Liltwell, who was no other than an Irish dancing-master in miniature. There is always room enough for observation and conjecture upon such occasions. There were, however, other characters in the rooms more particularly deserving of notice. In one corner I found Lord Anundrum, the ex-amateur director, in close conversation with Mr. Splitlungs, a great tragedian, and Tom Little, the great poet, on the subject of a new piece written by the latter, and presented for acceptance to the former by Mr. Splitlungs, the intermediate friend of both. I discovered the title of this master-piece of dramatic literature to be no other than 'The Methodical Madman, or Bedlam besieged.' A little further on sat Dr. Staggerwit, who passes for a universal genius: he is a great chemist, and a still greater *gourmand*, moreover a musician, has a hand in the leading Reviews, a share in the most prominent of the daily

papers; is president of several learned institutions, over the threshold of which he has never passed, and an honorary member of others which have long been defunct: he appeared to be absorbed in contemplation, and taking but little notice of the gaieties by which he was surrounded. My friend informed me he was just then endeavouring to bring before Parliament his *coup de maitre*, which was a process for extracting a nourishing diet for the poor from oyster shells."

"What the devil is the matter?" exclaimed DASHALL, thrusting his head out of the carriage window upon hearing a sudden crash.

"Matter enough, your honour," bawled an athletic Irishman in the habit of a sailor; "by the powers, here's Peg Pimpleface, the costermonger's great grand-daughter, at sea without a rudder or compass, upset in a squall, and run bump ashore; and may I be chained to the toplights if I think either crew or cargo can be saved."

It appeared that Peg Pimpleface had been round Poplar, Limehouse, and their vicinities, to sell her cargo of greens, potatoes, and other vegetables; and having met with tolerable success, she had refreshed herself a little too freely with the juniper, and driving her donkey-cart towards Whitechapel, with a short pipe in her mouth, had dropped from her seat among the remains of her herbage, leaving her donkey to the uncontrolled selection of his way home. A Blackwall stage, on the way to its place of destination, had, by a sudden jerk against one of the wheels of Peg's crazy vehicle, separated the shafts from the

body of the cart, and the donkey being thus unexpectedly disengaged from his load, made the best of his bargain, by starting at full speed with the shafts at his heels, while the cart, by the violence of the concussion, lay in the road completely topsy turvey; consequently Tom looked in vain for the fair sufferer who lay under it.

"Poor Peg," continued the Irishman, "by the powers, if her nose comes too near the powder magazine, the whole *concarn* will blow up; and as I don't think she is insured, I'll be after lending her a helping hand; and with this, setting his shoulders to the shattered machine, at one effort he restored it to its proper position, and made a discovery of Peg Pimpleface, with her ruby features close to a bunch of turnips, the whiteness of which served to heighten in no small degree their effect: the fall, however, had not left her in the most delicate situation for public inspection; the latter part of her person presenting itself bare, save and except that a bunch of carrots appeared to have sympathized in her misfortune, and kindly overshadowed her brawny posteriors. As she lay perfectly motionless, it was at first conjectured that poor Peg was no longer a living inhabitant of this world: it was, however, soon ascertained that this was not the fact, for the Hibernian, after removing the vegetables, and adjusting her clothes, took her up in his arms, and carried her with true Irish hospitality to a neighbouring public-house, where seating her, she opened her eyes, which being

black, shone like two stars over the red protuberance of her face.

"By J——s," says Pat, "Peg's a brilliant of the first water; give her a glass of max, and she'll be herself in two minutes: at the sound of this, animation was almost instantaneously restored, and Tom and his friends having ascertained that she had sustained no bodily harm, gave the generous Irishman a reward for his attentions, jumped into the carriage, and proceeded on their journey.

They were not long on their journey to Blackwall; where having arrived, the first object of attention was the East India Docks, to which they were introduced by Mr. M. an acquaintance of Dashall's.

"These Docks," said Tom to his Cousin, "are a noble series of works, well worthy of the Company which produced them, though they generally excite less interest than the West India Docks, which are not far distant, and of which we shall also have a sight."

"It should be remembered," observed Mr. M. "that these docks are solely appropriated to the safe riding of East Indiamen. The import dock is 1410 feet long, 560 wide, and 30 feet deep, covering an area of 18 acres and a half. The export dock is 780 feet long, 520 feet wide, and 30 feet deep, covering nine acres and a half, with good wharf, and warehouse room for loading and unloading."

"Pray," said Bob, "what are those immense caravans, do they belong to the shew-folk, the col-

lectors of wild beasts and curiosities for exhibition at the fair? or ——"

"They are vehicles of considerable utility, Sir," replied Mr. M.; "for by means of those covered waggons, all the goods and merchandize of the East India Company are conveyed to and from their warehouses in town, under lock and key, so as to prevent fraud and smuggling. They are very capacious, and although they have a heavy and cumbrous appearance, they move along the road with more celerity than may be imagined; and the high wall with which the docks are surrounded, prevents the possibility of any serious peculation being carried on within them. The Company are paid by a tonnage duty, which they charge to the owners. Coopers, carpenters, and blacksmiths, are continually employed in repairing the packages of goods, landing, and shipping; and a numerous party of labourers are at all times engaged in conveying the merchandize to and from the shipping, by which means hundreds of families are provided for. The Company is established by act of Parliament, and for the convenience of the merchants they have an office for the transaction of business in town."

"It is a very extensive concern," said TALLYHO, "and is doubtless of very great utility."

Having satisfied themselves by looking over these extensive works, Mr. M. informed them, that adjoining the Docks was a ship-building yard, formerly well known as Perry's Yard, but now the property of Sir

explained, did not exactly tend to decrease his visitor's embarrassment."

"And these premises," inquired Bob, "belong to the man you have described?"

"The same," said Mr. M.; "they are managed and conducted under the superintendance of two of his sons. Here, East India ships are built, launched, and repaired: there are two on the stocks now of considerable magnitude; the premises are extensive and commodious, and that high building which you see is a mast-house, and the other buildings about the yard are devoted to sail lofts, and shops for the various artizans, requisite to complete the grand design of building and fitting out a ship for sea. From this yard you have a fine view over the marshes towards Woolwich, and also a commanding prospect of Greenwich Hospital. The various vessels and boats passing and repassing at all times, gives variety to the scene before you; and when a launch takes place, the whole neighbourhood represents something of the nature of a carnival; the river is covered with boats filled with company, and every part of the shore near the spot from which the magnificent piece of mechanism is to burst upon its native element, is equally occupied; temporary booths are erected upon each side of what is termed the cradle, for the accommodation of invited visitors; bands play as she moves, and a bottle of wine is thrown at her head as she glides from the stocks, when her name is pronounced amidst the universal shouts of huzza."

"It must be a most gratifying sight," observed

Bob, "to see her cleave the watery world; indeed it is a very pleasing view we have already had of these floating castles, though I must also remark, that your descriptions have added greatly to the enjoyment, and I think we are much indebted for your kindness."

They now parted with Mr. M.; and after refreshing with a glass of wine and a sandwich at the Plough, they proceeded to the West India Docks, the entrance to which required no introduction. "Here," said Dashall, "you will find a much longer space occupied than at the East India Docks. These were undertaken according to an Act of Parliament passed in 1799, and the place was formerly called the Isle of Dogs, though it might almost as appropriately have been called the *Isle of Bogs*. Upon the wharfs and quays adjoining, all West India ships unload and load their cargoes."

"And exclusively, I suppose," interrogated Tallyho, "for the accommodation of West India Shipping?"

"Exactly so," continued Tom; "the West India Trade generally arrives in fleets, and formerly used to create much crowding, confusion, and damage in the river; but these ships being now disposed of in the docks, the overgrown trade of the port is carried on with pleasure and convenience; for notwithstanding they have occasioned a very important trade to be removed to a considerable, and even inconvenient distance from the metropolis, yet the advan-

tages to the Port of London are upon the whole incalculable."

The Northern Dock for unloading inwards, is 2600 by 510 feet, and 29 feet deep, covering a space of 30 acres, and capable of containing from two to three hundred sail of vessels, in greater security than the river could afford them; and the West India Dock Company are reimbursed for the accommodation by a tonnage of 6*s*. upon the burthen of every ship which enters the docks; besides which they are entitled to charge for wharfage, landing, housing, weighing, cooperage, and warehouse room; certain rates upon all goods that are discharged, such as 8*d*. per cwt. upon sugar; 1*d*. per gallon upon rum; 1*s*. 6*d*. per cwt. upon coffee; 2*s*. 6*d*. per cwt. upon cotton, wool, &c.: and all this immense business is conducted with a general order and regularity which greatly facilitates the business of the merchant."

"But," said Sparkle, "I apprehend it subjects him to something more of expense than he incurred by the former mode of proceeding."

"I am not able decidedly to answer," continued Tom; "but in the main, I expect that if so, it is well worth what is paid to have the additional security. The forms of conducting the business may sometimes be attended with considerable trouble, but there are persons so well acquainted with them by habitual practice, that there cannot be much difficulty at this period. This is the Export Dock, which

covers an area of 24 acres, and is 2600 by 400 feet, and 29 deep. The immense buildings round the two docks, are warehouses for the reception of goods, and are of the most substantial description; and to enable shipping in their passage up and down the Thames to avoid the circuitous and inconvenient course round the Isle of Dogs, a canal has been cut across this peninsula, through which, upon paying certain moderate rates, all ships, vessels, and craft, are permitted to pass in their passage up and down the river. In seeing this, and the East India Docks, you have seen pretty well the nature of the whole, for they are all of a similar construction, for similar purposes, and under similar management: but we will now look in at the London Docks, which are situated between Ratcliffe Highway and the Thames, then home to dinner, and to dress for Lady M.'s party in the evening."

Thus saying, they took their way towards the place he had mentioned. It would, however, be extending description more than necessary, after the preceding observations of the Hon. Tom Dashall, except to state, that the Dock covers 20 acres of ground, and is 1262 feet long, 699 feet wide, and 27 deep. The warehouses, situated at the eastern extremity, are two in number, appropriated for the reception of tobacco; the largest 762 feet long, and 160 feet wide, equally divided by a strong partition wall, with double iron doors; the smallest is 250 feet by 200. They consist of a ground floor and vaults, the latter of which are devoted to the care and

housing of wines, in which are usually 5000 pipes. They are solely under the control of the Customs, and the proprietors of the Docks have nothing more to do with them than to receive the rent. Other warehouses are devoted to the reception of the various articles of commerce, and the small buildings situated near the edge, are appropriated to counting-houses for clerks and officers, and for weighing and pileing the goods, workshops, &c. as in the West India Docks. The capital of the Company is about £2,000,000, and the ultimate profits are limited to 10 per cent. The building was commenced in 1802, and the grand dock was opened in 1805. In the immense subterraneous caverns under the warehouses, all wines imported by the London merchant are deposited, without paying the import duty, until it is fully disposed of by the owner: a practice which is termed bonding, and saves the proprietor the advance of the duty to government out of his capital. When the merchant finds a person likely to become a purchaser, he directs a written order to the cellarman, *to peg* certain pipes which are a part of his stock, in order that the visitor may taste the various samples, and select from them such as he is most agreeable to purchase."

"And no small convenience, of course;" said Bob, "and of course the goods are not allowed to be removed till the duties and charges are paid by the purchaser."

"Certainly," was the reply; "they are held as a security for their ultimate payment; but come, as we

have already seen enough of docks, let us make the best of our way home."

Upon arrival in Piccadilly, a letter from Merrywell reminded Tom of his proposed journey to the country, with the additional attraction of Merrywell's description of the parson's daughter, whom he suggested might in all probability become his wife.

Sparkle likewise received a letter from home, reminding him of the expectations entertained of his early arrival. After dinner the evening was spent in the most agreeable and pleasant way, where our friends engaged themselves with tripping it on the light fantastic toe at Lady M.'s, till the beams of the morning darted upon them.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I'm amaz'd at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture,
"A MAGPIE and CROWN,"
"The WHALE and the CROW,"
"The RAZOR and HEN,"
"The LEG and SEVEN STARS,"
"The BIBLE and SWAN,"
"The AXE and the BOTTLE,"
"The TUN and the LUTE,"
"The EAGLE and CHILD,"
"The SHOVEL and BOOT."

THE proposed time for departure having pressed hard upon our friends, (who though determined to quit the gaieties of London, still seemed to linger, like the moth about the candle, unwilling to separate themselves from its delights,) preparations were at length decided and acted upon; the Hon. TOM DASHALL having ordered his servants to proceed on the road with the carriage, horses, and other appendages of his rank, giving time for arrival at the place of destination by easy stages, in order to avoid over fatiguing either his attendants or his horses, an

example which was followed by Sparkle and TALLYHO, who had mutually agreed to travel by the Mail; for which purpose places were accordingly taken at the Bull and Mouth, which being announced to TALLYHO, he took occasion to ask his Cousin for an explanation of so singular a sign for an Inn.

"As far as I am able to learn," replied TOM, "it was originally the Mouth of Boulogne Harbour, or Boulogne Mouth,—and from thence corrupted to the Bull and Mouth. There are, however, many curious signs, to trace the original derivation of which, has afforded me many amusing moments during my perambulation through the streets of the metropolis; indeed it has often struck me, that the signs in many instances are so opposite to the several professions they are intended to designate, that some remedy should certainly be applied."

"And how," said Sparkle, "would you propose to have the exhibition of signs regulated?"

"That," said DASHALL, "as a subject of deep importance, ought to be subjected to the legislative body for decision: it will be enough for me to point out a few instances which have come under my own immediate notice."

"A short time back, as I was passing near Smithfield, I was surprised at observing the sign of 'The Cow and Snuffers;' and whilst I was endeavouring to throw some light upon this subject, and puzzling myself in endeavouring to discover how it was possible for a *Cow to snuff a Candle*, or even a *farthing rushlight*; nay, even how it could happen that so

strange an association should take place, I was diverted from my study on turning round, to find that some artist had exercised his ingenuity in painting *a Goat in Jack Boots*. At first I conceived this must be intended as a satire on our old debauchees, many of whom hide their *spindled shanks* in the *tasselled hessian*. These proving inexplicable to my shallow understanding, I pursued my walk, and observed against a strong new-built house—'*A Hole in the Wall*;' and not far from the *Fleet Prison*, I perceived, with some surprise, '*A Friend at Hand*.' Over a house kept by *Nic. Coward*, I saw '*The Fighting Cocks*;' and at a *crimping rendezvous*, remarked, '*The Tree of Liberty*.'—'*The Jolly Gardeners*,' were stuck up at *a purl house*; and I can assure you, it was with much mortification I detected '*The Three Graces*' at a *gin shop*."

"Ha, ha, ha," said TALLYHO, laughing, "very natural combinations of characters and subjects for a contemplative philosopher like yourself to exercise your ingenuity upon."

"Passing by a public house," continued TOM, "the landlady of which was exercising her tongue with the most *clamorous volubility*, I could scarcely credit my eyes to find the sign of '*The Good Woman*,' or in other words, *a woman without a head*. Entering a house for refreshment, I was told, after calling the waiter for near an hour, that I was at the sign of '*The Bell*;' and upon desiring the master of '*The Hen and Chickens*,' to send me home a fine *capon*, he shewed me some *cambric*, and assured

me it was under *prime cost*. The most ominous sign for a *customer*, I thought, was '*The Three Pigeons*;' and I own it was with considerable astonishment when, after ordering a bed at '*The Feathers*,' I was compelled to pass the night on a *straw mattrass*. I have breakfasted at '*The Red Cow*,' where there was no *milk* to be had; and at the sign of '*The Sow and Pigs*,' have been unable to procure a single *rasher of bacon*. At '*The Bell Savage*,' (which by the way is said to be a corruption of *La Belle Sauvage*, or '*The Beautiful Savage*,') I have found rational and attentive beings; and I have known those who have *bolted* through '*The Bolt in Tun*,' in order to avoid being *bolted* in a *prison*."

"Vastly well, indeed," exclaimed Sparkle; "and after all there is much to be done by a sign as well as by an advertisement in the newspapers, however inappropriate. The custom is of very ancient date, having been made use of even by the Romans; and not many years back a *bush of ivy*, or a *bunch of grapes*, was used for the purpose; nay, to the present day they may be met with in many places. *The Bush* is perhaps one of the most ancient of public-house signs, which gave rise to the well-known proverb,

"Good wine needs no bush."

That is to say, it requires nothing to point out where it is sold. At country fairs, you will frequently see the houses in its vicinity decorated with a *Bush* or a *Bough*, from which they are termed *Bough Houses*,

where accommodation may be found. This practice, I know, is still in use at Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, during their annual fair in June, which lasts a week or ten days. But putting up boughs as a sign of any thing to be sold, was not confined to alehouses; for in old times, such as sold horses were wont to put flowers or boughs upon their heads, to reveal that they were vendible.*—In Scotland, a *wisp of straw upon a pole*, is or was some years ago, the indication of an alehouse; and to this day a ship or vessel for sale may be discovered by a *birch broom* at the mast head. I remember reading, that in Fleet Market, on the eastern side, there were some small houses, with a sign post, representing two hands conjoined, with words, "*Marriages performed within*," written beneath them, whilst a dirty fellow assailed the ears of the passengers with the reiterated and loud address of, "*Sir, will you walk in and be married*," (as if the dread of any stoppage in the trade of conjugality was threatening mankind with premature extinction,)

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* In all probability from this practice originated the well known proverb,

"As fine as a horse,"

an illustration of which, from the "Life of Mrs. Pilkington," is here subjoined :—

"They took places in the waggon for Chester, and quitted London early on May morning; and it being the custom on the first of this month to give the waggoner at every Inn a ribbon to adorn his team, she soon discovered the origin of the proverb 'as fine as a horse;' for before they got to the end of the journey, the poor beasts were almost blinded by the tawdry party-coloured flowing honours of their heads."

and the parson was seen walking before his shop, ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco."

"Those were the times for getting married;" exclaimed Bob, "no affidavits, certificates, and exposures at church doors!"

"No," continued Sparkle, "those are signs of altered times. A witty wigmaker adopted the sign of Absolom hanging to a tree, with King David lamenting at a distance, who was represented with a label issuing from his mouth, containing these words—

"O Absolom! my Son, my Son!
Had'st thou a peruke worn, thou had'st not been undone."

This sign, if I remember right, was to be seen a few years since in Union-street, Borough, and is not uncommon even now in France, where you may also find the '*Cochon sans Tete*,' (the pig without a head,) which is generally a restaurateur's sign, indicating that '*good pork is here—the useless animal's head is off*,' illustrative of the Negro's opinion of a pig in England—"de pig," said Mungo, "is de *only* gentleman in England—man workee, woman workee, horse workee, ass workee, ox workee, and dog workee—pig do nothing but eat and sleep—pig derefore de only gentleman in England.'"

The conversation increased in interest as they proceeded, and Tallyho was all attention; for it must be observed, that as his inquiry had occasioned it, he was willing to listen to all that could be

advanced on the subject; and the Hon. Tom Dashall determined to have his share in the explanation.

"The '*Man in the Moon*,'" said he, "is derived from the old observation, that a tipsy person is '*in the wind*,' or '*in the moon*,' (a lunatic.) The sign may therefore be thought to give this advice, 'Here is good drink, gentlemen, walk in and taste it; it will make you as happy as the man in the moon; that is to say, steep your senses in forgetfulness.—'*The Bag of Nails*' was the sign of an Inn at Chelsea, which may perhaps be noticed as the *ne plus ultra* of ludicrous corruption, having originally been a group of *Bacchanals*."

Here risibility could no longer be restrained, and a general laugh ensued.

"A group of Bacchanals, however," continued Tom, "is certainly not an out of the way sign for an Inn, nor do I conceive its corruption so very *outré*, when we look at others that have suffered much stranger metamorphoses; for who would have thought that time could have performed such wonderful changes as to have transformed a view of Boulogne Harbour into a Black Bull, and a tremendous mouth sufficiently large to swallow its neighbours, horns and all; or the name La Belle Sauvage, or Beautiful Savage, into a bell, and a gigantic wild man of the woods."

"Then again," said Sparkle, "taking up the subject, "the pole and bason, though no longer the exhibited emblems of a barber's occupation in Lon-

don, are still very often to be met with in its environs and in the country, where they are ostentatiously protruded from the front of the house, and denote that one of those facetious and intelligent individuals, who will *crop* you head or *mow* your beard, 'dwelleth here.' Like all other signs, that of the barber is of remote antiquity, and has been the subject of many learned conjectures: some have conceived it to originate from the word *poll*, or head; but the true intention of the party-coloured staff, was to indicate that the master of the shop practised surgery, and could breathe a vein, as well as shave a beard; such a staff being to this day used by practitioners, and put into the hand of the patient while undergoing the operation of phlebotomy: the white band, which no doubt you have observed encompassing the staff, was meant to represent the fillet, thus elegantly twined about it."

"And this," said Sparkle, "appears to be the most reasonable conjecture of any I ever heard, as it is well known the two businesses were in former times incorporated together, and the practiser was termed '*A Barber Surgeon.*' Then as to their utility: the choice of a witty device, or splendid *enluminure*, was formerly thought of great consequence to a young beginner in the world; and I remember reading of an Innkeeper at Cassel, who having considerably profited by his numerous customers under the sign of '*The Grey Ass*,' supposing himself well established in his trade and his house, began to be tired of the vulgar sign over his door, and availed himself of the

arrival of the Landgrave of Hesse, to make (as he thought) a very advantageous change. In an evil hour, therefore, 'The Grey Ass' was taken down and thrown aside, in order to give place to a well painted and faithful likeness of the Prince, which was substituted for it as a most loyal sign."

"A small, and almost unfrequented house in the same town, immediately took up the discarded sign, and speculatively hoisted 'The Grey Ass.' What was the consequence? Old codgers, married men with scolding wives at home, straggling young fellows, and all the 'fraternity of free topers,' resorted to the house, filled the tap-room, crammed the parlour, and assailed the bar: the Grey Ass had the run, and was all the vogue; whilst the venerable Prince of Hesse swung mournfully and deserted at the other place, and enticed no visitors, foreign or domestic; for it should be observed, that 'The Grey Ass' had such reputation all over Germany, that every foreign nobleman or gentleman who came to Cassel, was sure to order his coach or chaise to be driven to the inn of that name; and this order of course was still continued, for how was it to be known by travellers coming from Vienna, Hungary, or Bohemia, that a certain innkeeper at Cassel had altered his sign. To the inn, therefore, which was denominated 'The Grey Ass,' they still went."

"What could the poor deserted innkeeper do in such a case? To deface the fine portrait of his master, would have been high treason; yet losing his customers on the other hand was downright star-

vation. In this cruel dilemma he dream't of a new scheme, and had it executed. The portrait of the Prince was preserved, but he had written under it, in large characters,

'THIS IS THE ORIGINAL GREY ASS.'

"Excellent!" exclaimed the Hon. TOM DASHALL, "though I must confess you have travelled a long way for your illustration, which is quite sufficient to shew the utility of signs. But I would ask you if you can explain or point out the derivation of many we have in London—such for instance as '*The Pig and Tinder Box*'—*The Prad and Blower*'—*The Bird and Baby*'—'*The Tyrant and Trembler*'—'*The Fist and Fragrance.*'"

"Hold," cried Sparkle, "I confess I am not quite so learned."

"They are novel at least," observed TALLYHO, "for I do not recollect to have met with any of them."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed TOM, "then you are not *fly*, and I must add something to your stock of knowledge after all. *The Pig and Tinder Box* is no other than the Elephant and Castle—*The Prad and Blower*, the Horse and Trumpeter—*The Bird and Baby*, the Eagle and Child—*The Tyrant and Trembler*, the Lion and Lamb—*The Fist and Fragrance*, the Hand and Flowers. Then we have the *Book, Bauble, and Loller*, which is intended to signify the Bible, Crown, and Cushion."

At this moment a thundering knock at the door announced a visitor, and put an end to their conversation.

In a few minutes a letter was delivered to DASHALL, which required an immediate answer: he broke the seal, and read as follows :—

"DEAR TOM,

"Come to me immediately—no time to be lost—insulted and abused—determined to fight Bluster—You must be my second—I'll blow his blustering brains out at one pop, never fear. At home at 7, dine at half-past; don't fail to come: I will explain all over a cool bottle of claret—then I shall be calm, at present I am all fire and fury—don't fail to come—half-past seven to a moment on table. You and I alone—toe to toe, my boy—I'll finish him, and remain, as ever,

"Your's, sincerely,

"LIONEL LACONIC."

"Here's a breeze," said Tom; "desire the messenger to say I shall attend at the appointed hour. Death and the devil, this defeats all previous arrangement; but Laconic is an old college friend, whom I dare not desert in a moment of emergency. I fear I shall not be able, under such circumstances, to leave town so early as was proposed."

"Sorry for it," replied Sparkle, "and more sorry to be deprived of your company now our time is so short; however, I depart according to the time appointed."

"And I," said TALLYHO, "having no *honorable* business to detain me in town, intend to accompany you."

"If that be the case," said TOM, "I may perhaps be almost obliged to delay a few days, in order to adjust this difference between Bluster and Laconic, and will follow at the earliest moment. It is, how-

ever, a duty we owe each other to render what assistance we can in such cases."

"I thought," continued TALLYHO, "you were no friend to duelling."

"By no means," was the reply; "and that is the very reason why I think it necessary to delay my departure. I know them both, and may be able to bring matters to an amicable conclusion; for to tell you the truth, I don't think either of them particularly partial to the smell of powder; but of that I shall be able to inform you hereafter; for the present excuse me—I must prepare for the visit, while you prepare yourselves for your departure."

Sparkle and TALLYHO wished TOM a pleasant evening, took their dinner at the Bedford Coffee-house, and spent the evening at Covent-Garden Theatre, much to their satisfaction, though not without many anticipations as to the result of their friend's interference between the two hot-headed duellists.

CHAPTER XXX.

"The music, and the wine,
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers,
The sparkling eyes, and flashing ornaments,
The white arms, and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets—swan-like bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not the eye
Like what it circled.
All the delusions of the gaudy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—all which
Swam before the giddy eyes."

Dashall being wholly occupied by the unexpected affair noticed in our last Chapter, had left his Cousin and friends to amuse themselves in the best way they could, prior to the completion of the necessary arrangements for quitting the metropolis. The party were undecided upon what object to fix their choice, or how to bend their course; and while warmly discussing the subject, were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Gayfield, who learning that Dashall was from home, and upon what occasion, broke out with his usual volubility.

" Well, these affairs of honor certainly are imperious, and no doubt ought to take precedence of every thing else. My object in calling was chiefly to give him a description of the Countess of ———'s rout on Saturday last, in Berkeley-square, where I intimated I should be, when I last fell in with him. '*Oh Ciélo Empireo.*' I'm enchanted yet, positively enchanted! I ought to have Petrarch's pen to describe such a scene and such dresses. Then should a robe of *Tulle* vie with that of Laura at the church door—that dress of '*Vert parsemee de violets.*' But softly, let us begin with the beginning, *Belier mon ami.* What a galaxy of all the stars of fashion! It was a paradise of loveliness, fit for Mahomet. All the beauties of the Georgian Æra were present. Those real *graces*, their *Graces* of A— and R— were among the number. The Countess of L— and Lady F— C— would make one cry heresy when the poets limit us to a single Venus. And then the Lady P—'s. Heaven keep us heart-whole when such stars rain their soft influence upon us. As to the Countess of B—, with her diamond tiara, and eyes brighter than her diamonds, she looked so goddess-like, that I was tempted to turn heathenish and worship. Indeed, that bright eyes should exert their brilliancy amid the dazzling brightness of our fair and elegant hostess's rooms, is no trifle. Dancing commenced at eleven; and, although my vanity allured me to think that the favorable glances of more than one would-be partner were directed towards me, I felt no inclination *to sport a toe* in the absence of Lady L. M. By-the-

by, Count C— told me with a profusion of foreign compliment, that I and the 'observer of all observers', Lord E—h, were the best drest male personages at the rout. Thanks to the magical operation of the Schneider, who makes or mars a man.

" The *coup d'œil* of the scene was charming. *C'étoit un vrai délice*—that atmosphere of light, of fragrance, and of music—gratifying all the senses at once. Oh! what bosoms, arms, and necks were thronging round me! Phidias, had he attempted to copy them, would have forgotten his work to gaze and admire. Description fails in picturing the *tout ensemble*,—the dazzling chandeliers blazing like constellations—the richly draperied *meubles*—the magnificent dresses—and then so many eyes, like stars glittering round one; like 'Heaven,' as Ossian says, 'beaming with all its fires.'

" In the midst of my admiration, I was accosted by Caustic, and expressed my surprise at finding him in such a scene—'A rout,' he replied, 'is just one of those singular incoherences which supply me with laughter for a month.' Was there ever such a tissue of inconsistencies assembled as in these PLEASURE HUNTS? On stepping from your carriage, you run the gauntlet through two lines of quizzing spectators, *who make great eyes*, as the French term it, at you, and some of whom look as if they took a fancy to your knee buckles. A double row of gaudy footmen receive you in the blazing hall, and make your name echo up the stairs, as you ascend, in a voice of thunder. Your *tête s'exalte*, and when you expect to be

ushered into the Temple of Fame, you find yourself embedded (pardon the metaphor) in a *parterre* of female beauty."

"As for me," I replied, interrupting the satirist, "I delight in such things. I believe that fashion, like kings, can do no wrong."

"And so you would rather have your ribs *beat in*, than your name left out. But look round you, in God's name! what is the whole scene but a *fashionable mob* met together to tread on each other's heels and tear each other's dresses? Positively, you cannot approach the mistress of the mansion to pay those common courtesies which politeness in all other cases exacts. And how so many delicate young creatures can bear a heat, pressure and fatigue, which would try the constitution of a porter, is *incroyable*. Talk of levelling! This 'is the chosen seat of *égalité*.' All distinctions of age, grace, rank, accomplishment, and wit, are lost in the midst of a constantly accumulating crowd. What nerves but those of pride and vanity, can bear the heat, the blaze of light, the buzz of voices above, and the roar of announcements from below?"

"While Caustic was speaking, his reasoning received a curious and apposite illustration. Three or four ladies near us began fainting, or affected to faint, and hartshorn and gentlemens' arms were in general requisition. Notwithstanding his accerbity, Caustic, like a *preux* chevalier, pressed forward to offer his aid where the *pressure* was most *oppressive*, and where the fainting ladies were dropping by dozens,

like ripe fruit in autumn. As for myself, I was just in time to receive in my arms a beautiful girl who was on the point of sinking, and, being provided with hartshorn, my assistance was so effectual, with the aid of a neighbouring window, that I had the satisfaction of restoring her in a few minutes to her friends, who did all they could, by crowding round her with ill-timed condolements, to prevent her recovery. By this time the rest of the ladies took warning from these little misadventures to retire. Caustic, in his sardonic way, would insist upon it, that they retired to avoid that exposure of defects in beauty, which the first ray of morning produces. I took my *congé* among the rest, and found the hubbub which attended my *entrance*, increased to a tenfold degree of violence at my *exit;* for the uproar of calling 'My Lord This's carriage,' and 'My Lady That's chair,' was nothing in comparison to the noise produced by servants quarrelling, police officers remonstrating, carriages cracking, and linkboys hallooing. Some of the mob had, it appeared, made an irruption into the hall, to steal what great coats, cocked hats, or pelisses they could make free with. This was warmly protested against by the footmen and the police, and a regular *set-to* was the consequence. Through this 'confusion worse confounded' I with difficulty made my way to the carriage, and was not sorry, as the slang phrase is, to make myself *scarce*."

The party could not feel otherwise than amused by Gayfield's description of the rout; and the conversation taking a turn on similar subjects, Sparkle, ever

ambitious of displaying his talent for descriptive humour, gave the following sketch of a fashionable dinner party :—

" I went with Colonel A—, by invitation, to dine with Lord F., in Portman Square. Lord F. is a complete gentleman ; and, though sadly inconvenienced by the gout, received me with that frank, cordial, and well-bred ease which always characterizes the better class of the English nobility. The company consisted of two or three men of political eminence; Lord Wetherwool, a great agriculturist ; Viscount Flash, an amateur of the Fancy ; Lord Skimcream, an *ex-amateur* director of a winter theatre ; Lord Flute, an *amateur* director of the Opera, whose family motto, by a lucky coincidence, is ' *Opera non Verba*.' There were, moreover, Mr. Highsole, a great tragedian, and my friend Tom Sapphic, the dandy poet ; one of those bores, the ' Lions' of the season. He had just brought out a new tragedy, called the ' Bedlamite in Buff,' under the auspices of Lord Skimcream ; and it had been received, as the play-bills announced, with ' unprecedented, overwhelming, and electrifying applause.' Of course I concluded that it would live two nights, and accounted for the dignified *hauteur* of my friend Tom's bow, as he caught my eye, by taking into consideration the above-named unprecedented success. There was also present the universal genius, Dr. Project, to whom I once introduced you. He is a great chymist, and a still greater *gourmand ;* moreover, a musician ;

has a hand in the leading reviews; a share in the most prominent of the daily papers.

" Little was said till the wine and desert were introduced; and then the conversation, as might naturally be expected from the elements of which the party was composed, split itself into several subdivisions. As I sat next to Colonel A., I had the advantage of his greater familiarity with the personages at table. Lord Wetherwool was as absurd as he could possibly be on the subject of fattening oxen. Lord Flute and Viscount Flash laid bets on the celerity of two maggots, which they had set at liberty from their respective nut-shells. The noble ex-director, Highsole and Sapphic, were extremely warm in discussing the causes of the present degradation of the stage; each shuffling the responsibility from the members of their own profession and themselves. Dr. Project entertained his noble host with an interminable dissertation upon oxygen, hydrogen, and all the *gens* in the chemical vocabulary; for patience in enduring which his Lordship was greatly indebted to his preparatory fit of the gout. Meanwhile, the lordling exquisites only fired off a few ' lady terms,' like minute guns and ' angel visits,' with long intervals between, filling up the aforesaid intervals by sipping Champagne and eating *bonbons*. The essence of what they said, amounted to mutual wonder at the d—d run of luck last night, in King-street; or mutual felicitation on the new faces which had appeared that day, for the first time, among the old standing

beauties who charm Bond-street, at lounge hours, either in curricle or on foot. For my part, I was attracted towards the discussion of the dramatic trio, not because I affect, as the cant of the day is, to have a particular *attrait* towards the *belles lettres*, but merely because the more plebeian disputants were vociferous, (a thing not often observed among fashionables) and *outré* in their gesticulations, even to caricature. 'What do you think of their arguments?' I inquired, *sotte voce*, of Colonel A. 'If we are to be decided by their conjoint statements, no one is to blame for the degradation of the stage.'

" 'They are all in the right,' returned he, 'excuse the paradox,) because they are all in the wrong. There is a rottenness in the whole theatrical system, which, unless it terminate, like manure thrown at the root of trees, in some new fructification of genius, will end by rendering the national theatres national nuisances. With reference to the interests of literature, they are a complete *hoax*. To please the manager, the object which the writer must have in view, he must not paint nature or portray character, but *write up*, as the cant phrase is, to the particular forte of Mr. *So and So*, or Miss *Such-a-one*. The consequence is, that the public get only one species of fare, and that is *pork*, varied indeed, as broiled, baked, roasted, and boiled; but still *pork*, nothing but *pork*.'

" 'But surely,' I rejoined, 'Mr. Sapphic and Mr. Highsole are gentlemen of high acquirements, inde-

pendently of their several professions, or a nobleman of Lord F——'s taste and discrimination—"

"'There you are falling into an error,' returned the colonel, interrupting me; 'it is the fashion to introduce actors at the tables of our great men; but, in my opinion, it is a 'custom more honored in the breach than the observance.' I have known several good actors on the stage, very indifferent *actors* in society, and large characters in the play-bills, as well as loud thunders from the gods, may be earned by very stupid, very vulgar, and very ill-bred companions. The same may be said of poets. We are poor creatures at best, and the giant of a reviewer very often cuts but a very sorry figure when left to the ricketty stilts of his own unsupported judgment in a drawing-room. You are tolerably familiar with our political parties; but you are yet to be acquainted with our literary squads, which are the most bigotted, selfish, exclusive, arrogant, little knots of little people it is possible to conceive.'

"By the time that Colonel A—— had ended his short initiation into these various *arcana*, the company broke up; the doctor to give a lecture on *egg-shells* at the Committee of Taste; Lord Flute to visit the Opera; Lord Skimcream to the Green Room; Lord Flash to 'Fives Court,' to see a *set-to* by candle-light; the exquisites to *Rouge et Noir* or Almack's; and Lord Wetherwool to vote on an agricultural question, without understanding a syllable of its merits.

"Nevertheless," I soliloquized as I rode home, "his Lordship will be surprised and gratified, I dare say, to find himself a perfect Demosthenes in the newspaper reports of to-morrow morning. Hems, coughs, stammerings, blowing of the nose, and ten-minute lapses of memory, all vanish in passing through the sieves and bolters of a report. What magicians the reporters are! What talents, what powers of language they profusely and gratuitously bestow! Somnus protect me from hearing any but some half dozen orators in both houses! The reader, who peruses the report, has only the flour of the orator's efforts provided for him. But Lord help the unfortunate patient in the gallery, who, hopeless of getting through the dense mass which occupy the seats round him, is condemned to sit with an 'aching head,' and be well nigh choaked with the husks and the bran."

Our party felt so much amused by these lively and characteristic pictures of real life among the Corinthians of the Metropolis, that all thoughts of seeking amusement out of doors appeared for the present relinquished; and Sparkle, to keep the subject alive, resumed as follows.

"In order to give some shade and variety to this sketch of society in the west, we will now, if agreeable, travel eastward as far as the entrance to the City, where I will introduce you, in fancy, to what must (at least to our friend TALLYHO) afford both novelty and surprise.

"Some time ago, and before I was quite so well

versed in the knowledge of Life in London as at present, through the medium of one of the 'young men of genius about town,' I became a member of a new philosophical society called the SOCRATICS, held at a certain house near Temple Bar. Having been plucked by several kind friends, till I resembled the 'man of Diogenes,' I concluded that here, at least, my pockets might be tolerably safe from the diving of a friendly hand. Philosophers, I was told by my friend the introducer, had souls above money; their thoughts were too sublime and contemplative for such worldly-minded concerns. I should have a great deal of instruction for little or nothing; I had only to pay my two guineas per annum, and the business was done; the gate of science was open, and nothing farther was requisite than to push forward and imitate Socrates. But how strangely do our anticipations mislead our sober judgments!

> 'Jove breaks the tallest stilts of human trust,
> And levels those who use them with the dust.'

"The proprietor of the institution was rather courtier-like in making promises, which the managers of course considered as much too common-place and mechanical to be kept. It professed to exclude politics and religion from the touch of its scientific paws; in other words, from its discussions; but, alas!

> 'It kept the word of promise to the ear,
> And broke it to the hope.'

"The only subjects which it did not exclude were politics and religion. Neither could it be said that

either of these subjects received more benefit from the way in which they were handled, than a white dress would from the handling of a chimney-sweeper, the first being made as black as possible in the form of Tom-Payneism, and the latter served up in the improved shape of Hartleyism or Atheism. Under such instruction it was scarcely possible but that I should, in process of time, become qualified, not only for a philosopher, but a legislator of the first water; and I had serious thoughts of offering my services, for the purpose of drawing up a code of laws, to the Otaheitans or the Calmucks. If I had gone on improving as I did, I might, perhaps, have carried out to some Backwood settlement or Atlantic island, as pretty a Utopian prescription, under the designation of a constitution, as could well be desired in the most philosophical community. But one of those sad trifles which suffocate great ideas, and sometimes terminate in suffocating philosophers, put a stop to my further enlightenment for the present, by drying up the treasury of the Socratics. The philosophers were the most civil as well as the most unfortunate people in the world. One or other of them was always in want of money, either to perfect some great scheme, or to save him from the unscientific 'handling' of a bailiff. It was enough to move a mile-stone, to think how the progress of improvement, or 'march of mind,' as it is called, might be delayed by being too cold hearted; and it did move my purse to such a degree, that at length I had the satisfaction of discerning truth, sitting *sola*, at the

bottom of it. My pocket consumption, however, was not instant, but progressive; it might be called a *slow fever*. Some of the philosophers visited me for a loan, like a monthly *epidemy*; others drained me like a *Tertian*; and one or two came upon me like an *intermittent ague*, every other day. Among these was Mr. Hoaxwell, the editor, as he called himself, of a magazine. This fellow had tried a number of schemes in the literary line, though none had hitherto answered. But he had the advantage and credit of shewing in his own person, the high repute in which literature is held in London, for he could seldom walk the streets without having two *followers* at his heels, one of whom frequently tapped him on the shoulder, no doubt, to remind him of mortality, like the slave in the Roman triumphs. The favourite thesis of this gentleman, was the 'march of mind;' and on this subject he would spout his half hour in so effectual a manner, as to produce two very opposite effects; *viz.* the closing of the eyes of the elder philosophers, and the opening of mine, which latter operation was usually rendered more effectual by his concluding inquiry of 'have you such a thing as a pound note about you?'

> To match this saint, there was another,
> As busy and perverse a brother.

"This was the treasurer of the Socratics, Thomas Carney Littlego, Esq. and a treasure of a treasurer he was. This gentleman was a pupil of Esculapius, and united in his own person the various departments of

dentist, apothecary, and surgeon. It is presumed that he found the employment of drawing the *eye teeth* of Philosophical *Tyros* more profitable, and bleeding the young Socratics more advantageous, than physicking his patients. In his lectures he advocated the system of *research*, and admired *deduction;* and this I, among many others, had reason, at last, to know. It was very odd, but so it was, that some two or three hundred per *annum*, subscribed by the members of the society, vanished into the worthy treasurer's pocket, as it were a Moskoestron, and then disappeared for ever.

"Another of the Socratics was called Epictetus Moonshine, Esquire. This gentleman was a tall spider-like man, with lantern jaws, hatchet face, and a mouth—the chief characteristic of which was, that it made a diagonal line from the bottom of the face to the eyebrow. He was a great speculator, and had taken it into his head, that beyond the blue mountains in New South Wales, was the real *El Dorado*. But as he possessed, according to the usual phrase, more wit than money, and no one will discount a check from the aforesaid wit on change, the zeal of Epictetus Moonshine, some time after the breaking up of the Socratic institution for benefitting the human race, so much got the better of self-love, that he committed several petty larcenies in hopes of being transported thither; but whether his courage or his luck failed him, certain it is that he never reached the proper degree of criminality, and only succeeded

in visiting by turns the various penitentiaries in London and its vicinity.

" ' You mistake greatly, Sir,' said he, to one of the visiting governors of Bridewell, who condoled with a man of his talents in such a position, ' if you think a residence in this sequestered haunt a subject of regret. The mind, as Milton says, is its own seat, and able of itself to make—

' A heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.'

And now I am on the subject of stoicism, permit me to shew you a picture which I have just *chalked out*, wherein I prove that there is no such thing as pain in the world. That all which we now feel is imagination ; that the idea of body is deception. I have had it printed,—written in fourteen languages, and presented to all the sovereigns of Europe, with a new code of laws annexed to it. I'll bring it in a minute, if you'll excuse me.' So saying, the pupil of Zeno disappeared, wrapping his blanket round him ; but other speculations of ' matters high ' no doubt attracted him from the remembrance of his promise, (just as he forgot to pay some score pounds he borrowed of me) for the visitor saw no more of him.

" The mention of El Dorado brings to my recollection another member, Mr. Goosequill, who came to town with half-a-crown in his pocket, and his tragedy called the ' Mines of Peru,' by which he of course expected to make his fortune. For five years he danced attendance on the manager, in order to

hear tidings of its being 'cast,' and four more in trying to get it back again. During the process he was groaned, laughed, whistled, and nearly kicked out of the secretary's room, who swore (which he well might do considering the exhausted treasury of the concern) that he knew nothing about nor ever heard of the 'Mines of Peru.' At last Mr. Goosequill, being shewn into the manager's kitchen, to wait till he was at leisure, had the singular pleasure of seeing two acts of the 'Mines of Peru,' daintily fastened round a savory capon on the spit, to preserve it from the scorching influence of the fire.

"This was *foul* treatment, I observed, as he concluded his tale, and I ventured to ask how he had subsisted in the meanwhile? 'Why,' said he, 'I first made an agreement with a printer of ballads, in Seven Dials, who finding my inclinations led to poetry, expressed his satisfaction, telling me that one of his poets had lost his senses, and was confined in Bedlam; and another was become dozed with drinking drams. An agreement was made,' continued he, 'and I think I earned five-pence halfpenny per week as my share of this speculation with the muses. But as my profits were not always certain, I had often the pleasure of supping with Duke Humphrey, and for this reason I turned my thoughts to prose; and in this walk I was eminently successful, for during a week of gloomy weather, I published an *apparition*, on the *substance* of which I subsisted very comfortably for a month. I have often made a good meal upon a *monster*. A *rape* has frequently afforded me great

satisfaction, but a *murder* well-timed was a never-failing resource.

" But to return to the catastrophe of the Socratics :

" By the time that the philosophical experiments in ' diving without hydraulics ' had *cleaned* me entirely out, it was suggested that any thing in the shape of a loan would be desirable ; they were not nice—not they ; a pair of globes ; a set of catoptric instruments ; an electrical apparatus ; a few antique busts ; or a collection of books for the library ;—any old rum, as Jack said, would do ; and all and every of the before-mentioned loans would be most punctually taken care of. And truly enough they were, for the lender was never destined to cast an eye on any portion of the loan again. I was, indeed, so fortunate as to catch a glimpse of my globes and instruments at a pawnbroker's, and the fragments of my library at sundry book-stalls. It was now high time to cut the connection, for the Socratics were rapidly withdrawing. The association, for want of the true golden astringent, like a dumpling without its suet, or a cheap baker's quartern loaf without its ' doctor,' (i. e. alum), was falling to pieces. The worthy treasurer had retired, seizing on such articles as were most within reach ; and when I called upon him with my resignation, I had the pleasure of seeing my own busts handsomely lining the walls of the toothdrawer's passage. I waited on the Socratics for the sums they had been so polite as to borrow.—One, to shew that he had profited by studying Socrates, threatened to

accuse me and the society of a plot to overturn the government, if a syllable more on so low a subject as money was mentioned. Another told me that he was just going on a visit to Abbot's Park for three months, and should be glad to see me when he came back. A third, 'an unwashed artificer,' was so kind as to inform me that he 'had just got *white*-washed, and he did not care one straw for my *black* looks.' And a fourth, an index-maker, when presented with his acceptance, kindly indicated that he had not the slightest recollection of the thing, and that, if I persisted in compelling payment, he would bring a philosophical gentleman from Cold Bath Fields, and two honest men from Newgate, to swear that it was not his hand-writing.

"The drop-curtain being thus let down on the last act of the farce, there was no alternative between being queerly plundered, or instantly laying a horse-whip over the hungry philosophers. To sue them reminded me of the proverb—'Sue a beggar,' &c. To crack a *baculine* joke over their sconces would involve an expense which the worthy philosophers were not worth. I had done an imprudent thing in joining the 'march of mind,' and all that I could do was to brush the dust from my coat and the mud from my shoes: 'he that touches pitch,' says Solomon, 'shall he not be defiled thereby?' Mr. Treasurer, therefore, remained in quiet possession of the busts—the book-stall displayed the properly appreciated volumes—and the Socratic borrowers took all the *care* in the world of 'value received.'"

Thus the day, which it was intended to have been spent in amusements out of doors, was passed in animated and amusing conversation over the hospitable and convivial board, and a fresh zest was added to wit and humour by the exhilarating influence of the rosy god.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In London, blest with competence,
With temper, health, and common sense,
None need repine or murmur—nay,
All may be happy in their way.
E'en the lone dwelling of the poor
And suffering, are at least obscure;
And in obsurity—exempt
From poverty's worst scourge—*contempt*.
Unmark'd the poor man seeks his den.
Unheeded issues forth again;
Wherefore appears he, none inquires,
Nor why—nor whither he retires.
All that his pride would fain conceal,
All that shame blushes to reveal;
The petty shifts, the grovelling cares,
To which the sons of want are heirs;
Those evils, grievous to be borne,
Call forth—not sympathy, but scorn;
Here hidden—elude the searching eye
Of *callous* CURIOSITY.

THE following morning was one of unusual bustle, activity, and anxiety, the originally intended movements of the party being thus unexpectedly interrupted. DASHALL had arisen before his usual hour, and departed from home before the appearance of Sparkle and BOB to breakfast: it was, of course, supposed that the promised duel would have decided the fate of one of the antagonists before they should see him again.

In this conjecture, however, they were pleasingly disappointed by his arrival about half past eleven o'clock.

"Well," said Sparkle, "it is all over—who has fallen—which is the man—how many shots—what distance—who was the other second—and where is the wounded hero?"

"Nay," said Tom, "you are before-hand with me; I have none of the intelligence you require.—I have been in search of Lord Bluster, who left town this very morning, three hours before my arrival, for Edinburgh; and consequently, I suppose, either has no intimation of Laconic's intention to seek, or if he has—is determined to be out of the way of receiving a regular challenge; so that, in all probability, it will end, like many other duels, in *smoke*."

"Notwithstanding your friend's letter was so full of *fire*," observed Tallyho.

"But perhaps he became more cool over a bottle of claret—toe to toe, my boy," continued Sparkle.

This conversation was interrupted by a letter, which being delivered to Tom, he read aloud, interrupted only by laughter, which he could not restrain.

"Dear Tom,

"Don't like fighting in England—am off directly for Cork.—Tell Bluster I'll wait there till he comes—but if he values his life, not to come at all.—Please do the needful in despatching my servants, &c. within two days, for I am in such a passion I can't wait a moment.—So adieu.

"Yours, sincerely, Laconic."

"Excellent, upon my word," said Sparkle; "here are two men of honour determined upon meeting, running away from each other even before the preliminaries are arranged."

"There is novelty in it at least," said Tom, "though I am by no means astonished at the end of it; for I before observed, I do not think either of them over fond of powder. Laconic pretended that nothing would satisfy him but fighting immediately, provided Bluster was to be found: any person to whom his character was not known would have expected some spilling of blood before this time. But it is now plain that this blustering was the effect of the wine, and the man's cooler judgment has extinguished the flame of his irritability."

"I think," said Tallyho, "it would be well to advise them to meet half-seas over, and draw a cork together by way of settling their differences."

"Curse their differences," replied Dashall, "I'll have nothing more to do with them: upon the whole, I am glad now that I could not meet with Bluster, or I should have looked like a fool between the two; and as it is, I am not much pleased with the adventure, particularly as it must necessarily delay me, and I hate the idea of travelling alone. I should very much have liked to start with you; but as Laconic has made me fully acquainted with his affairs, in case he should fall in the intended duel, I must even comply with the contents of his note; though, if he had not actually departed, you may rest assured I would have nothing to do with him or his concerns."

"Come, come," cried Sparkle, "grumbling is of no use now; and as the circumstances are not made public, the duellists will escape being laughed at. There is no harm done—we must be upon the alert—we shortly bid adieu to London, and shall not be so well pleased to leave you behind; but remember you promise to follow as quickly as possible.—Now, how shall we dispose of the remainder of the time?"

"Zounds," replied Tom, "all my plans are deranged by this foolish affair of Laconic's, and I can hardly tell which way to move.—However, I shall not devote myself to his affairs to-day; therefore I am at your service; and as time is but short with us, let us make good use of it. The tragedy of the duel having ended most comically, I am prepared for any thing farcical; therefore say the word, and I am your man for a *toddle*, east, west, north, or south."

Upon this intimation, our friends sallied forth upon a sort of Quixotic excursion in search of adventures, for neither could make up his mind as to the precise place of their destination, when the first object that attracted their particular notice was a large printed bill, announcing to the public, "That the sale at Fonthill Abbey, advertised for the 8th of October, would not take place, in consequence of the property being disposed of by private contract."*

* The following appeared in the daily prints relating to this valuable property:—

"Thousands of people," says DASHALL, "who had been flocking to that neighbourhood, intending to obtain a view of the premises, will, by this event, be disappointed. Several of my friends have paid a visit to it, and describe it as a most princely mansion."

"FONTHILL ABBEY.

"The sale at this splendid mansion is not to take place, the estate having been sold by private contract; the purchaser is said to be Mr. Farquhar, a rich East India merchant, who is reported to have given 330,000*l.* for the property. It is stated that every article in the Abbey goes with it, with the exception of the family plate and pictures, and a very few favourite rarities. Possession is to be taken immediately. The sale of the whole estate is an event for which the people of the place seem to have been totally unprepared. They were led to believe, from the beginning, that nothing was to be sold but the mere luxuries of the place; but as to the Abbey, they universally asserted, in the strongest manner, as if they had good reason to be convinced of the thing, that Mr. Beckford would as soon part with his life as with a residence which he prized so dearly. Now, however, that they have heard from the steward, that the estate has been sold, and that he has received notice to quit his office in a fortnight, they begin to feel that they have lost an excellent landlord. Mr. Beckford nas taken a house in town, in the New Road, where he means chiefly to reside in future. Every body is aware that the chief part of that princely income, which enabled him to raise this expensive edifice from the foundation, was derived from his paternal estates in the West Indies. Such was the wealth which those estates at one time produced, that it obtained for his grandfather the distinction of being considered the richest subject in Europe. For the last ten years they have declined very materially, and several of them have been entirely lost

"And pray," inquired Sparkle, "what is the cause of its being sold at all? It has always been reported that Mr. Beckford was a man of very extensive property."

"That appears to be a little mysterious, and report, who is always a busy fellow on extraordinary occasions, has not been idle: by some it is stated, that Mr. Beckford suffered great and irreparable losses in his West India property, and that there are in the Abbey at this moment executions to the amount of eighty thousand pounds; that the view of the effects has taken place entirely under the control of the sheriffs: by others it is asserted that no such embarrassment exists. However, be that as it may, the public have been highly gratified for some time past in being permitted to view the estate and the valuable curiosities it contains; and the produce of the admission tickets, which has probably netted

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through a defect that has been discovered in the title. The original purchaser obtained these in the way of mortgage, and having foreclosed them in an untechnical manner, advantage has been taken of the informality by the heirs of the mortgagors, and Mr. Beckford has been dispossessed. The defence of his title, and the other consequences, involved him in losses and vast expenses; besides which, the revenue from his unquestionable estates in those islands has declined to less than one-tenth of what it formerly was. Mr. Farquhar, the gentleman who is reported to have purchased Fonthill Abbey, is the principal partner and proprietor of Whitbread's brewhouse, and is likewise at the head of the first mercantile house in the City, for the management of all agency concerns, connected with India."

twenty thousand pounds, goes to the liquidation of the debts."

"And an excellent plan for raising the wind too," said TALLYHO; "the example, I suppose, has been taken from Wanstead House."

"Most likely," was the reply; "but if it is true that the disposal of the property is occasioned by the embarrassment of its owner, it cannot but excite painful and melancholy reflections on the tenure by which men hold the goods of this life. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Beckford's circumstances some years ago, thought him so secured in the enjoyment of a princely income, that he was absolutely out of the reach of ill fortune, being at one time in the actual receipt of one hundred thousand pounds a year. It cannot be said of him that he has wasted his inheritance at the gaming-table. The palace which he raised on a barren mountain, the greater part of those vast plantations which surround it, the collection of books, and of rare specimens of art, and the superb furniture, which gives such peculiar dignity and splendour to the interior of his residence, speak at once the immensity of his means, and attest the propriety and gracefulness of their application."

"We ought to have taken a trip there to have seen this earthly paradise," rejoined TALLYHO; "but now I suppose it is all over."

"Certainly," was the reply; "and it is a circumstance for which the people in the neighbourhood appear to have been totally unprepared. They were led to believe, from the beginning, that the mere

luxuries of the place were to be sold, and the public announcement of this had the effect of filling the county of Wilts with pleasure-hunters from all quarters. He was fortunate who, for some time past, could find a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill: the solitude of a private apartment was a luxury which few could hope for; and an old friend of mine informs me, in one of his letters, that, coming from London, travellers first met their troubles about Salisbury. The languages of France, of Holland, and of Germany, the peculiarities (in tongue) of Scotland and Ireland, the broad dialect of Somersetshire, the tinckling accent of Wales, and the more polished tones of metropolitan residents, were all, at the same moment, to be heard clashing and contending. There were bells ringing, and chamber-maids screaming—horses prancing, and post-boys swearing—wheels clattering, and waiters jostling—guests threatening, and hubbub and confusion the orders of the day:—and all this to see something which half of them, when they got there, if they were so fortunate, could not obtain a sight of. So that, perhaps, we have been quite as well off in remaining at home."

"That was spoken like a philosopher," said Sparkle, dryly.—"But pray, who is to be the future possessor of this fine estate?"

"A Mr. Farquhar, who, according to the best information I have obtained, is a man of an extraordinary character, and has given 330,000*l.* for it as it stands, with every article in the Abbey except the family-

plate and pictures, and a few very favourite rarities. Some interesting particulars of the purchaser have recently been made known; from which it appears, that he is a native of Aberdeen, and went out early in life to India, where he was employed in the medical department. Chemical research was his favourite pursuit: there was some defect in the manner of manufacturing gunpowder, and Mr. Farquhar was selected to give his assistance. By degrees, he obtained the management of the concern, and finally he became the sole contractor to the government. In this way wealth and distinction rapidly poured in upon him. After some years of labour, he returned to England with half a million of money; and it is somewhat curious that a man possessed of so much money upon his arrival at Gravesend, should, merely to save the expense of coach-hire, walk up to London; which, however, it appears he did, when his first visit, very naturally, was to his banker. Without waiting for refreshment or alteration of attire, full of dust and dirt, with clothes not worth a guinea, he presented himself at the counter, and asked for Mr. Coutts. The clerks not much prepossessed in his favour by his appearance disregarded his application; and he was suffered to remain in the cash-office under the idea of his being some poor petitioner, until Mr. Coutts, passing through it, recognized his Indian customer, the man whom he expected to see with all the pomp of a nabob. Mr. Farquhar requested to have five pounds; which having received, he took his departure. This

anecdote strongly marks the character and habits of the man. He soon afterwards settled in Upper Baker-street, where his house was to be distinguished by its dingy appearance, uncleaned windows, and general neglect. An old woman was his sole attendant; and his apartment, to which a brush or broom was never applied, was kept sacred from her care. His neighbours were not acquainted with his character; and there have been instances of some of them offering him money as an object of charity."

"An admirable tenant for such a place as Font-hill, truly," observed Sparkle.—"Why, what the devil will he do with it now he has got it?"

"Perhaps," said DASHALL, "I ought to refer you to the man himself for an answer to such a question, for I am at a loss to guess; he is now sixty-five years of age, and still in single blessedness."

"A very enviable situation," remarked Sparkle.

"However," continued TOM, "he has done some good in the world, and may live to do more. He became a partner in the great agency house in the City, of Basset, Farquhar, and Co.; besides which, he purchased the late Mr. Whitbread's share in the brewery. Part of his great wealth was devoted to the purchase of estates; but the great bulk was invested in stock, and suffered to increase on compound interest. He is deeply read in ancient and modern literature, and has a mind of extraordinary vigour and originality; his conversation of a superior order, impressive and animated on every subject. His sentiments are liberal, and strangely con-

trasted with his habits. His religious opinions are peculiar, and seem to be influenced by an admiration of the purity of the lives and moral principles of the Brahmins. It is said that he offered 100,000*l.* to found a college in Aberdeen, with a reservation on points of religion; to which, however, the sanction of the legislature could not be procured, and the plan was dropped. He has been residing in Gloucester-place, where he has furnished a house in a style of modern elegance, and, so far as appearances are concerned, indulges in several luxuries; but his domestic habits are still the same, and his table seldom labours with the pressure of heavy dishes. He has one nephew, to whom he allows, or did allow, 300*l.* per year; has but few other claims of family; and it is probable that his immense wealth will be bequeathed to charitable purposes, as the great object of his ambition is to leave his name to posterity as the founder of some public institution. To that passion may, perhaps, be attributed the purchase of Fonthill Abbey; for his age and infirmities totally unfit him for the enjoyment of such a place. He is diminutive in person, and by no means prepossessing in appearance; his dress has all the qualities of the antique to recommend it; and his domestic expenditure, until the last year, has not exceeded 200*l.* per annum, although his possessions, money in the funds, and capital in trade, are said to amount to a million and a half!"

"Why, he is an oddity indeed," exclaimed Tal-

LYHO, "and I think he ought to be exhibited as the eighth wonder of the world."

"Certainly we cannot look upon the like every day: there are instances, it is said, of his having returned letters merely because the postage was not paid, although he has, on more than one or two occasions, given away, at once, for praise-worthy purposes, ten and twenty thousand pounds."

"Then," rejoined Sparkle, "he is a trump, and deserves to be respected:—but where are we bound to?"

"Nay," replied TOM, "I have no choice upon the subject."

"Nor I neither," said Gayfield, stepping smartly up to him, and catching him by the hand—"so come along—I'll guide you to good quarters and comfortable accommodation.—Dine with me, and we will have a cut in at whist.—What say you?"

This proposition was acceded to, and away they went to Gayfield's apartments, where a very hospitable and friendly entertainment was presented to them with every mark of a hearty welcome. In the evening, the glass circulated freely, and cards being introduced, they enjoyed an agreeable and pleasant game, at which nothing particular occurred; after which they jumped into a rattler, and were conveyed home, very well satisfied with every attention they had received from Gayfield, except the eternal rattle of his tongue.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The proper study of mankind is *food*."

NEXT morning, while our party were at breakfast, who should make his appearance but Gayfield, whose elasticity of spirits, and volubility of tongue, appeared, if possible, to have acquired an additional impulse of action.

"My dear fellow," he commenced, addressing BOB, "as you are so soon about to leave us, I feel anxious you should carry with you all the information possible on that interesting subject, Life in London. Long as your stay in the Metropolis has been, still, where the subjects are so varying—so ever varying—so multifarious—and the field for observation so unlimited, it is impossible but that something must have escaped your notice.

"I have been scribbling to a friend in the country, whom I occasionally endeavour to amuse with "Sketches of Scenes in London;" and, as I flatter myself, it exhibits something of novelty both in character, situation, and incident, you shall hear it."

" Dear Dick—I told you that I was about to have the honour of being introduced to the celebrated Dr. Kitchen. ' He was a man, take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again.' It was evidently one of ' Nature's worst journeymen' that made him; for he has not a limb which appears to appertain to his body; they look precisely as if they were purchased at an auction. This little man, who seems born to be ' girded at' by jokers of all classes, sharing the prevalent rage for notoriety, has written two works, one in the character of a *gourmand*, and the other of a musician. But not content with the fame he has thus acquired, he has persuaded himself that he is an excellent singer. Nay, it was given out lately, by his own concurrence, that he intended to sing at a concert at the Argyle Rooms; and although he has no more voice than a cat, he was under the full impression that his Majesty, at the conclusion of the last court-day, intended to call upon him for a song. The Doctor asked me and Caustic to one of his literary dinners; and as I have supplied you with a sketch of a cook-shop *gourmand*, I make no apology for *shewing up* a more elevated class of *gastronomes*, by reporting the Doctor's speech on this occasion.—

" ' On entering the world, the acuteness of my palate and vigour of digestion disposed me to conceive that I should excel in the fraternal sciences of eating and drinking; and I entertained no doubt but my vapid organs would be considerably improved by frequent exercise. TASTE has various departments—

painting, architecture, sculpture, &c.; but impressed with the conviction that my only office in this world was to invent new dishes and devour them, I collected all the culinary writers from Caxton to Mons. Ude, of modern celebrity. As science proceeds by gradual advances, I frequented the better sort of coffee-houses, to initiate myself in the correct nomenclature of different dishes, and to judge of their skilful preparation. These, to be sure, are proper schools for a beginner; but I soon discovered that these victuallers, on account of their numerous visitants, who are disposed to eat much and pay little, could not afford to furnish the most costly and exquisite *entrées*. Sometimes I found that the same turkey had been twice subjected to the spit; a sole that had been broiled the day before, underwent the operation of frying on the following. Cold meat appeared as hot pie, with many other curious and ingenious devices. Then the wine was so adulterated, compelled, like a melancholic patient, to look old before its time, and fitted, like a pauper, with a ready-made coat perceptibly impregnated with bad brandy, and tasted of every thing but the grape, that, in about six months, I sickened, and no longer frequented these tasteless and inhospitable retreats for the hungry.

" ' To view the ordinary arrangements of a modern dinner is a " sorry sight:"—a dozen articles placed at once upon the table—then, on the removal of the covers, comes the ferocious onset; some tremulous paralytic serving the soup, and scattering it

in all directions, excepting into the plate where it ought to be delivered; then an *unhandy dandy* mutilates the fish by cutting it in a wrong direction; here, an officious ignoramus tears asunder the members of a fowl as coarsely as the four horses dragged Ravillac, limb from limb; there, another simpleton notching a tongue into dissimilar slices, while a purblind coxcomb confounds the different sauces, pouring anchovy on pigeon-pie, and parsley and butter on roast-beef. All these barbarisms are unknown at my table.

" ' Perhaps one of the most gratifying things in nature, far beyond any thing hitherto conveyed by landscape or historical painting, is to behold my guests in silence sip their wine. As the glass is held up, the eye and the orient liquor reciprocally sparkle; its bouquet expands the nostrils, elevates the eyebrow to admiration, and composes the lips to a smile. When its crystal receptacle, which is as thin as Indian paper, (for observe, to use a thick wine-glass is to drink with a gag in your mouth) touches the lips, they become comprest, to allow the thinnest possible stream to enter, that its flavour be thoroughly ascertained, and that successive perceptions of palateable flavour may terminate in the gulph of ecstacy.

" ' I am fully aware that the pleasures of the table cannot be indulged without some hazard to the constitution; it is therefore the business of my serious reflections to counteract the invasions of disease, and provide timely remedies for its attack.

A gold box is always placed on the table with the desert, containing a store of pills, which are of a very moving quality and speedy operation, called "Peristaltic persuaders." In an adjoining room, there is a basin, as large as an ordinary washing-tub, with a copper of chamomile-tea; and a cupper is engaged to be in constant attendance till the guests depart.

"'Gentlemen, I once became a member of a fashionable dinner-club, managed by a superintending committee, who purchased their own wine, and engaged a culinary artist of established reputation. This club was a diversified assemblage, consisting of some sprigs of the nobility and a few old standards; several members of Parliament, who became very troublesome by repeating the speeches that had been uttered in the house, and were, besides, always attempting to reform the club. But this was less offensive to me than others, as I make it a rule never to attend to conversation unless it relates to improvements in cookery. The remainder of our club was composed of a few hungry querulous lawyers, two or three doctors, who had increased the means of gratifying their appetites by destroying the digestive faculties of their patients. There is nothing permanent in the world; therefore, in about two years, the club dwindled away; a set of rascally economists complained of expense; the cook, a very honest man and skilful professor, was accused of peculation by the reformers, and turned adrift for modestly demonstrating that he could not make

turtle out of tripe, nor convert sprats into red mullet. Several members moved off without paying their arrears. The managing committee disposed of the premises, plate, furniture, and wines, and pocketed the money; and thus the club was dissolved.'

"It was on this occasion that the Doctor proposed his celebrated 'committee of taste,' with the proceedings of which I shall, perhaps, have occasion, at some future time, to make you acquainted."

Gayfield's humorous epistle amused the party much, and Bob felt complimented by the attention paid to the finish of his studies of Metropolitan Life and Manners. The fine appearance of the morning determined them on a stroll through the leading thoroughfares, as it would afford Tallyho the opportunity of completing such purchases as were necessary prior to his departure for the country. In passing Covent Garden, their attention was attracted by a numerous, and grotesque assemblage, in which they soon mixed, and were highly diverted by the following whimsical exhibition, displaying the astonishing sagacity and feelings of the monkey species.

An itinerant showman, who for some time past exhibited two dancing monkies about the town, had pitched his stage in a part of the Market. When his poles and cords were fixed, and the monkeys in their full dress were about to commence, the celebrated flying pieman came by with his basket, and, having furnished himself with a bottle of gin, he leaped upon the stage, and treated the showman and one of the monkeys with a glass each; the other

monkey however declined taking any, and was leaping about to avoid it; but the pieman served out the second glass, and the former monkey took his with apparent gladness. The pieman again seized the monkey who declined it before, but he still scorned to take any. The by-standers called out to the pieman to throw it at him, and the pieman flung it in his face. Instantly, the monkey who drank the gin, and who was half drunk by this time, to resent the injury, sprung upon the pieman, seized him by the arm, and would have torn that piece of the flesh entirely out, only for its master, who with much difficulty made him relinquish his hold. The pieman was dangerously wounded, and was carried to a doctor's shop to get his arm dressed.

Passing on, the next object of attention was the Police office, Bow Street. Here the party determined to rest for a short time, and after listening to several uninteresting cases relating to hackney coach fares, they were at length rewarded for their lost time and patience, by a case, in which the tables were completely turned upon Mr. Jehu, and which we hope will act as a caution to others of the profession who have a taste for swearing and abuse.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In cities, foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness and gluttonous excess.
In cities, vice is hidden with more ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world;
By riot and incontinence the worst.

The arrival of the day for separation was anticipated, and the morning arose upon Dashall with a gloomy aspect, originating in the temper of his mind; for he was by no means pleased with the adventure of Laconic which operated to prevent his departure with his friends. Sparkle and Tallyho were however, upon the alert, and determined on pursuing their original intentions. Tom had none of his usual vivacity about him. In vain he tried to muster up his spirits, his attempts at wit were pointless and did not escape the notice of Sparkle, who secretly

enjoyed his chagrin, feeling assured that as it was created by their departure, he would not delay joining them longer than necessity absolutely required. "Why how now, Tom," said Sparkle, "you are out, and seem to be in queer stirrups, as if you had an uneasy saddle. You seem to part with your cousin as a young man would with the beloved of his heart."

"I confess I am disappointed," replied Tom.

"But since grieving's a folly
Why let us be jolly."

"I am determined to spend the last moments with you—so start off the rattle traps, the upper toggery's and travelling caps, we will take a last turn together, and a parting dinner and glass of wine at the Bull and Mouth, and I'll warrant you I won't be long behind. All I regret is, I can't accompany you at present." Upon this intimation, the remainder of their luggage and clothing were despatched by a servant, with an order to provide a good dinner for them at half past five.

Things were now all in a fair train, and this business being despatched, all was anxiety for the arrival of the moment, though with different sensations; Sparkle to meet his wife, Bob to return to his native home, and Tom displeased and disappointed in every way, although he determined to be as agreeable as he could under existing circumstances. Time however being heavy on their hands, but as Bob was anxious to make a few more purchases for presents on his return home, they started early for the Bull and Mouth.

"You have now," said DASHALL to his cousin, "had some experience in REAL LIFE IN LONDON, and I have reason to think you will not return to the country a worse man than you left it. Variety is charming, and the change from one to the other will give additional zest and pleasure."

"I have reason," replied BOB, "to feel myself under a very particular obligation to you for the excellent care, kindness and attention, as well as information I have derived, and it cannot easily be obliterated from my recollection; but I at the same time must observe, that I have no very great relish for London as a continual residence. When you arrive in the country I will try if I cannot be as explanatory and amusing. At all events I expect you will give me the trial.

"I'll give you a chevy over the hills, a pop at the pheasants, and a pick at them afterwards; besides which, you know, we have some very pretty lasses in our neighbourhood, to whom you have already been introduced, and to whom you shall be better known."

"I know, I know," said TOM, in a hurried manner, which strongly indicated some other motive for regret than that which arose from mere disappointment at not being a partner in their journey, and from which Sparkle did not fail to draw an inference, that some roguish eyes had been darting their beams into the bosom of his friend.

"I see how it is now," cried Sparkle, "TOM is not cut but caught, and I'll sport a fifty, that the Evergreen TOM DASHALL, of London, will be trans-

planted to entwine with some virgin blossom of the country, before another twelve months."

Tom was silent.

Tallyho smiled in accordance with the sentiment of Sparkle, and declared he would not take the bet.

"Its of very little use," cried Dashall, recovering himself after a short pause, "I may as well make a merit of necessity. I confess I have a sort of a liking for the gay and sprightly Lydia Forcetext, the parson's daughter; and if—but curse if's—I hate if, I wish there was no such word in the English language."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Sparkle, "I thought we should find you out—but come, I think I may say there is not much for you to fear—if you are but serious."

"It is a serious subject, and if we continue this conversation I shall grow downright sentimental—so no more at present—we have not much time to spare—and as I mean to make use of every minute, let us look around for any novelty that may occur before your departure."

"Well," said Sparkle, "I must say I do not know of any thing so new to me as the very subject we were upon—but as you wish it dropped—why e'en let it be so—I have no desire to be either particular or personal."

And as London's the object we've *long* had in view,
As *long* as we can, we'll that object pursue.
And as *visions* we know have been for an old grudge meant,
We'll make ours *a view*—not *a vision of*—*judgment*.

"Good," said Tom, "and as the lines are extemporaneous we will not be overnice in the criticism."

"At least," continued Sparkle, "you will admit it is better to be a bad poet—than a bad man."

"Agreed—agreed," replied Tom.—"But who in the name of wonder have we here—the emperor of hair-dressers and head-cutters turned print-seller—Why, this was Money's, where I have, before now, had a clip."

"Nay, nay," said Sparkle, "don't be in a hurry to form your judgment—his ingenuity is at work, and really it will be worth while to have a *cut* all round; for I find he gives a portrait, displaying the most fashionable Parisian dresses to every customer. Some you know present *bank*, or more properly speaking, *flash notes* upon these occasions; but certainly this is a less exceptionable plan.—What say you?"

"With all my heart:" and into the *Magazin de Mode* they marched; to which they were welcomed by the artist himself—ushered up stairs with all due politeness, and in two minutes Sparkle was under his incomparable hands, while Tom and Bob amused themselves with a peep at the newspapers and the Gazette of Fashion.

"Fine morning, gentlemen," said the friseur.

"Is there any news?" asked Sparkle.

"We have the Paris papers, Sir, regularly, and a constant supply of drawings of the newest fashion."

"I am more for domestic or home news," continued Sparkle.

"Not aware, Sir, of any thing particular—oh, yes; I recollect I was told last night, over at the Haunch, that the mermaid is discovered."

"What," said Tom, "discover a mermaid over a haunch!" laying down the paper.

"Beg pardon, Sir, beg pardon, a trifling mistake, Sir—nothing more—I usually pass a recreative hour, after my daily studies, at the Haunch of Venison, over the way: the landlord is an intelligent, accommodating, and agreeable sort of man, and we have many gentlemen of considerable consequence, both literary and scientific, who meet there of an evening to pass a convivial hour—to hear and impart the news; and, Sir, as I was saying, the mermaid is stated to be a fine hoax upon the credulity of John Bull, being nothing more than the body or skin of a smoke-dried old woman, ingeniously connected with the tail of a fish. I don't vouch for the truth of the report, I only state what I hear, and can only assert with confidence what I am acquainted with in my own business."

"I suspected the mermaid from the first," answered Tom, "I thought there was some deceit in it."

"There is a great deal of deceit in the world, Sir," replied the active clipper.—"A little Circassian cream, Sir—acknowledged to be the best article ever produced for the preservation and restoration of hair."

"Certainly," said Sparkle.

In this way our friends obtained a portion of

amusement, and a Corinthian clip from the intelligent and communicative Mr. Money, of Fleet Street notoriety, in return for which he touched their *coin*.

"Now," said DASHALL, "we will make the best of our way and just call, by way of taking a lunch, among the lads of Newgate Market. There is a house where I have been before, in which we can have some very fine home-brewed ale, &c.; and besides, according to the landlord's advertisements, he has opened an academy, and gives instruction in the art of brewing. The College of Physicians is just opposite, and I suppose this wag of a landlord has taken the hint, and opposed his beer to their physic—perhaps you may wish to carry his valuable receipt into the country with you?"

"I have no inclination to turn brewer," replied Sparkle, "but I must confess I like the idea of a little genuine beer—free from the poisonous ingredients of the public brewer."

"And so do I," continued TALLYHO.

"Come along, then," said TOM, "the Bell in Warwick Lane is the shop, where you may be served to a shaving."

In passing along Warwick Lane, BOB observed he thought his friend was leading him through a not very agreeable neighbourhood.

"This place is filled with slaughter-houses, and is to be sure a great nuisance to the City; yet such places are necessary, therefore bear up a few minutes, and you will have comfortable house-room and agreeable refreshment."

Entering the Bell, they were met by the landlord of the house, a round-faced, good-natured, real John-Bull-looking man, who knowing his customer DASHALL, immediately ushered them into the coffee-room, where being supplied with stout and mutton-chops in high perfection, they enjoyed themselves with their regale. This done they had an opportunity of looking about them.

In one corner sat two or three tip-top salesmen of the market, conversing on the price of meat, while they were devouring a succession of rump-steaks with most voracious and insatiable appetites. In another was a hungry author, bargaining with a bookseller of Paternoster Row, for the sale of a manuscript, by which he expected to realise a dinner. While near them was an undertaker and a master-builder, vociferating at each other for interference with their respective trades, and so far attracting the attention of the bookseller from the work of the author, that he wished, from the bottom of his heart, "that one would build a coffin to bury the other:" while the salesmen laughed so loud at the observations of the controversialists, as almost to make them wish the subject dead without the hope of resurrection.

Bob liked the stout—ordered a replenish, and asked the landlord to partake.

"With all my heart—gentlemen—good health—, —real malt and hops, gentlemen—nothing else—all brewed under my own eye—good ordinary at two—excellent fare—good treatment—comfortable

beds—happy to see you at all times at the Bell brewery."

Having proceeded on their journey they shortly found themselves near Bull and Mouth Street.

On their way to the Bull and Mouth, Sparkle made a proposal, which was cordially acquiesced in by DASHALL and his cousin, and a mutual pledge was given to carry it into effect: this was no other than an agreement to take a trip over to Dublin in the course of the ensuing winter, in order to acquire some knowledge of LIFE IN IRELAND.

"I have lately," said Sparkle, "been almost convulsed with laughter, even to the danger of a locked-jaw, by the perusal of a work under this title. The author, nephew to a late Irish chancellor, is an old acquaintance; added to which, and the genuine, irresistible humour that runs throughout the work, I feel determined to visit, and have ocular demonstration of some of the places where these scenes of humour are so admirably described."

On entering Bull and Mouth Street—"Bless me," cried BOB, "this is a very confined street for such an inn."

"Hoy," cried a coachman, rattling along the street in double quick time.

"By your leave," bawled a porter with a heavy chest on his back.

"We shall certainly either be knocked down, or run over," exclaimed TALLYHO.

"Never fear," said TOM, "do but keep your

ogles in action, all's right enough, and we shall soon be safely housed out of the bustle; but before we enter the house we will just cast our eyes about us. On the right, after passing the gate, is the coach-offices for receiving, booking, and delivering parcels, and taking places for passengers by the various vehicles which start from this place. On the left is the hotel and coffee-house, where every refreshment and accommodation may be obtained. The remaining part of the building, together with several others adjoining, which almost occupy the whole of this side of the street, are devoted to stables, waggon and coach-houses, and out-offices."

"It is an extensive concern then," said TALLYHO, "though it stands in such an out of the way obscure situation."

"Why you are already aware that situation is not absolutely necessary to success in all cases in London," was the reply. "The extensive circulation of a name or a sign are sometimes sufficient to obtain business; —and who has not heard of the Bull and Mouth, or the name of Willan—from the former runs a considerable number of long stages and mail coaches, daily and nightly, the proprietor being a contractor with Government; and upon one occasion it is said, he was in treaty to supply an immense quantity of horses to convey troops to the coast, on the threatened invasion by Buonaparte, so that the epithet patriotic, might properly be applied to him. He however is lately deceased, and supposed to have left a considerable fortune.—But come, dinner is ready

—now for the parting meal, and then heaven speed ye to your destined homes."

After partaking of a hearty dinner, and a bottle or two of generous wine—" Come," said DASHALL, " it is time we are alive and look out, for the yard is all in a bustle, here are lots of coaches preparing for a start, so let us get out, look around, and see what is going forward."

Upon this intimation, they sallied forth to the yard, where the confusion created by the arrival of one coach heavily laden, and the preparation of two for departure, afforded a scene for a quiet contemplatist, which however it is not easy to describe.

" Coachman," said an antiquated lady, just alighting, " I paid my fare."

" Yes Ma'am, that's all fair," said coachy.

" Mind how you hand my dear little boy out of the coach, poor little fellow he is quite dizzy with riding."

" I thinks as how you had better have brought a man with you, for you want taking care of yourself," grumbled coachy, as he handed the young one out. —" There he is Ma'am—stand upon your pins, my man."

" Come Charley—Oh coachy you have got my box in your boot."

" Aye, aye, Ma'am, I know it, I wish my boot was in your box—here it is Ma'am."

" Stand bye," said a Jack Tar, " let's have a little sea room, and no squalls."

" Coachy, what a rude fellow that is, he says I squalls."

"Never mind him, Ma'am, he is as rough as the element he belongs to—thank ye Ma'am—that's the time o'day," pocketing a half-crown which she had just given him. "Here Bill, take this lady's luggage out of the way."

"Just going off, Sir—do you go by me?"—"Yes," replied Sparkle, "how many have you inside?"

"Only four, Sir, and you two make up the number—all ready—Jem, bear up the leaders."

At this moment a hackney coach stopped at the gate, and out jumps a gentleman who immediately entered into conversation with the coachman.

"Can't do it, Sir," said coachy,—"all full—I might manage to give you an outside passage to be sure."

"Well, well, I will make that do, perhaps you can afford an inside birth part of the journey."

"I'll see what I can do, but can't promise—now gentlemen."

"Here coachman," said the person desirous of obtaining a passage, tipping coachy some money.

"Aye, aye, that's the way to look at the matter."

By this time Tom discovered it was no other than Van Butchell,* whom he observed to Bob, there was

* It is fortunate for the rising generation, that the late Martin Van Butchell, not more celebrated for his eccentricities than his utility, has not departed from the world without leaving an able successor to his practice. Edwin Martin Van Butchell is now almost as well known as his late father. Such indeed is the estimation of his abilities, that a large society of journeymen tailors have entered into a weekly subscription among themselves, in order that their afflicted brethren may have the benefit of his practical knowledge and abilities.

little doubt had been summoned on some desperate case, and must go at all events.

"Now, gentlemen, you brush in and I will brush on. Shut the door Dick, all right—ya—hip."

"Adieu, dear Tom," exclaimed Bob.

"Zounds," exclaimed Tom, "the coachman will hardly allow us to say good bye—well, the dearest friends must part, so good bye, heaven protect you both."

By this time the vehicle was out of the yard.

"I don't like it," continued Tom, soliloquizing with himself; but, however, as I have bid them adieu for the present, the best thing I can do is to arrange Laconic's affairs, and then bid adieu to Life in London.

THE END.

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